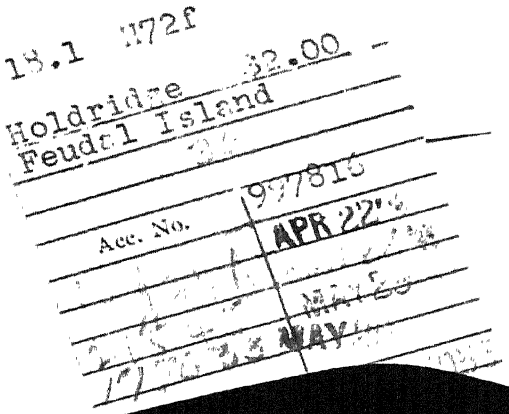
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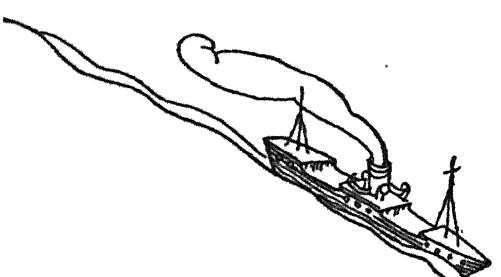
FEUDAL ISLAND

Also by Desmond Holdridge

ESCAPE TO THE TROPICS
WITCH IN THE WILDERNESS

Feudal Island

BY DESMOND HOLDRIDGE



HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY NEW YORK

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A FOREWORD ON PURPOSE AND PRONUNCIATION

IN a very secondary way, this book is meant to be a description of a social anachronism—a feudal society operating successfully today and paying dividends—against a strange background. Primarily, however, it is intended to be an outline of the feelings and experiences of an American couple during a prolonged visit to the place. The length of the visit is due partially to interest in the land but in much greater degree to the leisurely hospitality of Brazil, where weekends tend to be months long, house parties to last half a year, and time to fly with a charm and velocity not to be found in other places.

An unpleasant feature, hard to avoid when writing of a foreign land, is the occurrence and reoccurrence of different and unpronounceable names. In this book I have introduced as few as possible but still they are there and, before beginning, it would be well for the reader to have some means of converting them from jagged and unfamiliar arrangements of type into sounds, some of which are rather beautiful. All the words native to Brazil are spelled in the Portuguese phonetics. Thus Marajó is pronounced *Mah-rah-jó*, and the *j*, the Portuguese *j*, has the same value as the French *j*, or that value which most of us give to the *z* in the English word *azure*. When a Brazilian place name contains an *n* followed by an *h*, as in *Gavinho*, it may be pronounced like the *ni* in *onion*. Thus, *Gavinho* is pro-

nounced *Gah-veén-yo*. That puzzling Portuguese diphthong *ão* is not equivalent to *ow;* it is a nasal version of *an*, approximately like the French *an* diphthong. *Ch*, when it occurs, is pronounced like the *sh* in *mush*, rather than like the *ch* in *much*. Otherwise consonants are like ours and vowels are as in any Romance language. It is really very simple.

D. H.

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FEUDAL ISLAND

I. INTRODUCING THE ISLAND

THE thrust forth bar of one great wing shut out a spacious section of sky; it did so gaily, almost like an awning over an outdoor café. The motors were noisy and triumphant for this was eight years ago; the air-line had just started and had not yet gone in for sound-proofing. I was not accustomed to planes and the big cabin looked lonely and empty without passengers; I felt as if I were in a dentist's office. The pilot and the mechanic were talking about something they called a flutter and vaguely alarming me with these technicalities; their invitation to go on a test flight had seemed open-handed generosity but now, with the pair of them peering intently at the wing and talking of flutters, I began to think their hospitality a little sinister.

Nothing happened, though, and in easily banked circles we rose higher over the yellow river, higher over the rows of anchored barges, higher over the long line of ocean-going vessels at the docks, higher over the red, the blue, and the orange sails of the big canoes, higher over the red-tiled roofs of the colorful city. Then we leveled off at an altitude where ampleness made the bedevilings of the men below less important and substituted the land and the water as centers of interest. The Pará River, huge and yellow, one of the lesser throats of the Amazon, bore up the canoes and steamers, and showed itself vast and island dotted; wherever there was water it was this same saffron flood, laden with the debris of a continent, and wherever there

was land it was forested, the trees so thick, so close, that they crowded their outermost brothers into the water itself.

Level and droning we crossed the river and then, amazingly, there was land where the forest had been displaced by open savannahs, open grasslands that swept away to a misty horizon; the only trees were packed closely along thin lines of watercourse. It was a beautiful and astonishing country there beyond the river but before I could absorb what I saw, we wheeled, flew back to the city, and glided down to the reflecting surfaces of the river. I tried to ask about the big prairies but the pilot and the mechanic looked at me vacantly, their minds on their flutter; I left the airport without finding out about the flutter and without finding out about the open grasslands.

It was Marajó, though; a man in the Consulate said it was and he showed me the place on a map; it was a big island, as big as Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined, and fully half of it was grazing country supporting almost three quarters of a million head of cattle. "It's an interesting place," he said. "If you go out to the Museum you will see the pottery that has come from the burial mounds over there—beautiful stuff; like nothing I've ever seen. It's a grand opportunity for a man who likes that kind of digging."

A day or two later, that man from the Consulate introduced me to a Marajó rancher. The rancher was thickset and above medium height. He was well-dressed, self-contained, and precise in his movements. He was unmistakably white. "This is an American who would like to visit Marajó," the Consulate man said. "I thought that you might arrange something. . . . He will be here for some weeks; his equipment is in the customs."

The rancher looked at me stonily, though he was smiling. "We would be very glad to have him," he professed, "but it is too wet over there for visitors."

I looked at the slot of bright blue sky between the red roofs. "This is the dry season," I pointed out.

"Nevertheless," said the rancher, with finality, "it is too wet for visitors."

Later, at the hotel, I met an archaeologist from the *Museu Nacional,* in Rio de Janeiro. She had dazzling white skin and fine, dark eyes and her thick masses of glossy, black hair were drawn tightly against a good head. She had just come back from Marajó and she showed me something of her collection; it was small but fascinating, for the designs of the red and white and yellow vessels were painted and incised and different from anything I had ever seen. "It is the best I have been able to do," she grieved. "I had the greatest difficulty in getting permission to work and most of the ranchers would not have me on their estates. It is hard to understand; they are not interested in their archaeology; they place no value on such things and yet, in most cases, they will let no one else work. It is that they don't want visitors."

"But couldn't you go to a hotel?" I asked. "You could live in some little place and go dig in nearby sites."

She smiled at my naïveté. "There are no hotels except in the little towns and the sites are all owned by ranchers. You may not trespass. And it's odd about their not wanting visitors," she added. "When they do accept them, they are the most hospitable hosts one could imagine."

As she talked, I looked at a curious ring on one of her slender hands and because she used them vivaciously in conversation, my regard was noticeable. She took the ring off and let me see it; it was gold, with a Marajó design. "I

even have several evening gowns done with these same designs," she said. "It will have a vogue in Rio and, who knows, perhaps the world."

It has since become a vogue in Rio but it may be that Dona Heloisa Alberto Torres is thereby flattered as much as the artistry of the long dead folk of Marajó.

I looked at a blue mansion under shady trees on one of Pará's wide, clean streets and when I asked who owned it, I was told that it belonged to a Marajó rancher. I ate remarkably fine steaks at the restaurants and was told that they came from Marajó. I saw an exotically beautiful girl surrounded by an admiring court of lesser beauties, catching and reflecting the light from their central sun; she was the daughter of a Marajó rancher. If I asked about a big sailing canoe, heeling gently under the weight of a bellying, red sail, I heard it was bound for Marajó with supplies for a ranch.

Ultimately, I visited the island and passed months on those enormous ranches, riding the tough island horses and the big saddle oxen, and digging in those fascinating mounds. A German friend introduced me to Lucien Bieder, or Luciano, as they have made the name there; he was a Swiss who managed one colossal estate and, with his wife, owned another. Luciano invited me over and I saw an unbelievable world, a feudal world with a few great white families owning the land they got during the days of the Brazilian Empire and living, with their brown retainers, in one of the rarest things, a state of economic security.

Perhaps it impressed me more than it ordinarily would, for that half year in Marajó was in late 1931 and early 1932, the depths of our depression, and I returned to America to find breadlines and terror. There in Marajó we

had not known there was a depression—no one in Marajó knows it yet—and the contrast between this feudal solution of the problems of production and distribution and the misery and paradox of our own situation was violent and upsetting.

Those servants of the big estates could not read or write, they kissed their patron's hand, and they left the ranch only with permission. But their children showed never a sign of malnutrition, they lived to a decent age and not one of them ever knew worry as to their next meal. It has long seemed to me that a good society feeds all of its contributing members well, permits their marriage as soon as they feel the mating urge, and allows them to rear their children to maturity in health. It shelters them in accordance with the necessities of the climate and clothes them in the same degree. It permits each member a feeling of self-respect and certainty of a security to be invaded only by acts of God. If, to these fundamentals of the body, it could add similar services performed for the mind and the spirit it would come very close to being a perfect society.

Marajó is a good society. It is—if you incline to the left—a brown peasantry exploited by a white owning-caste or—should you incline toward the right—a brown peasantry guided by a white aristocracy which supplies the leadership that means the difference between chaotic savagery and a productive organism. There is something in both views; the peasants are exploited and, from my knowledge of them, left to their own resources their security would soon disappear. Conditions, of course, vary from ranch to ranch. I know of one estate where there is a system of old age pensions and an active medical service maintained at the hardworking owner's expense. I know another where

the cook has not been paid for three years and the owner does not see his lands two weeks in fifty-two.

It was not an easy place to forget, Marajó; within a few years of leaving it, I found myself thinking always a little more of the stability and security of this island where not one of the world's political currents penetrated, where the only new economic notion in two centuries was co-operation among the ranchers. Now and then I corresponded with Luciano or with his wife, Dona Sofia. Six months or a year would elapse between our letters. Their communications would say that the branding was being done or that the floods had been exceptional that year; once a note said a German moving picture company was on location at their ranch. In another, I told them I had married and Dona Sofia, characteristically peppery, wrote that she hoped I would treat my wife decently.

Vaguely, it was assumed that I would revisit the island and as vaguely, I intended to. I showed my wife these letters and often we spoke of the Marajó cattle country.

"Only," I warned, "if we do go some day, don't expect too much; it is a feudal country but that does not mean there will be people in armor and plumes and that the favorite sports will be jousting and falconry. It is feudal in the size of the estates, in the absolute authority of the landowners, in the independence of each ranch from the rest of the world. It's very modern, on the other hand, in its mortgages and its Co-operative."

Bet said she did not care about the armor and plumes; social security was a startling phenomenon wherever found and, if we could see some of it instead of hearing about it, she was entirely in favor. I suppose it was inevitable that, sooner or later, we should be anchored in the yellow Pará River, staring over the side of the steamer at an approach-

ing tug loaded with port officials. There was the same blast of sunshine, the same vivid color, the same blistering quiet; it did not seem six years since I had last seen the place.

It did not seem six years since I had last seen Dona Sofia for she was precisely the same, waving from the tug; broad-shouldered, hearty, handsome with her red hair and fair skin; a most excellent friend, Dona Sofia, and very frightening if she did not like you. She gently directed our feet down the path they should tread in the matter of customs and red tape and, in half an hour, we were out on the broad, shady streets of old Pará; it was founded while the Pilgrim Fathers were wondering if they ought to go to America and it is cleaner by far than any American city of my acquaintance.[1]

"Do you notice any difference?" Dona Sofia asked me expectantly, on our way to the hotel. "We are having a building boom now. A new hotel goes up here"—she pointed out a big, nearly completed building, in the modern manner—"and a lot of new houses are being built, also in that new style." We saw some of them and, oddly, they did not jar among the heavy Portuguese-Moorish structures of an older day. But we spent little time talking of Pará; the city interested only in relation to Marajó. Dona Sofia said that Marajó was the same as ever which, while I expected it, was still a pleasant confirmation.

"Luciano is in French Guiana," she told us. "He had to

[1] The city's name is really Santa Maria de Belém do Grão Pará and it is familiarly termed Belém. But all foreigners erroneously call it Pará and I will here perpetuate the misnomer. It has three hundred thousand people and is like other cities, being prettier, however, and more picturesque than most. It has an imbecilic telephone system. The street cars are an outmoded collection of traps now being pushed out by good buses.

leave last week on a schooner and there was no getting out of it; he thinks he can get a jolly fine contract for supplying the French government with beef for those prisoners up there in St. Laurent and on Devil's Island. And Raul, my brother, has gone up on the plane. I'm afraid you'll have to wait for them to come back; you'll not like the ranches if you're over alone."

"Why don't you come over now?" we suggested.

"I can't; suppose Luciano comes back while I'm away; it wouldn't do. You wait a bit. That will be the best. At Raul's place, Gavinho, there is a man now—some kind of foreigner, a German, I suppose—he is an unemployed lion tamer. At Matinadas, our place, there is a Portuguese, José Martins. Wait. We'll all go over together."

We said we thought the idea a good one but after two weeks had dragged by without so much as a letter from that seagoing cowboy, Luciano, we began to get restive. It was fine to play tennis with some of the foreign colony, it was fine to revisit Brazilian friends, it was fine to sit in the cool, sidewalk café in front of the Grande Hotel, but only sixty miles away was another world, a world more like twelfth century Europe than twentieth century Brazil, conscious of a great future and reaching for it. We went to the Museum to see the ancient Marajó ware and began to fulminate. There were urns, elaborately carved and painted, and some were even sculptured with grotesque heads, their tongues stuck out at the riflers of the grave. Many wore round, peaked hats.

We told Dona Sofia we were very tired of waiting when we saw her that night.

"Well, you *can* go over, you know," she told us. "It's that you won't be comfortable. Matinadas has much of its furniture in storage and I so hate to have you there while

it's that way." Like all the members of these big ranching families, Dona Sofia loathed having anyone see her estate at less than its best.

We assured her we did not mind and pointed out that I had spent months at Matinadas and knew it well. We would, we asserted, be quite comfortable and in the end she agreed we would. At once there were plans and sailing dates and, above all, letters of authorization. You do not visit a Marajó ranch without a letter from the owner giving you liberty to do so and stating in precise terms the degree of that liberty. You may get a letter informing the manager that you will visit and, if it does not add that you are to have horses, you will have no horses. The visitor may have visited a dozen times, but if he comes without a letter he will not be permitted to sleep in the ranch house, he will not be fed, he will be uncommonly persuasive if he gets a drink of water.

When we left Pará—on a steamer which sailed exactly on time—we were armed with Dona Sofia's letter and another from Raul Engelhard's wife, Dona Tété, allowing us to make free with Gavinho. The steamer carried us down the river to Soure, a town on the Marajó coast remarkable for being a river port in the rainy season and a seaport in the dry, for when the river is swollen the water in the harbor is fresh enough to drink; when the river falls, the sea invades and the water is salty. The town, a small affair of white houses and wide streets, exists because it is the shipping point for cattle from the ranches and because it supplies those ranches that do not bring their necessities direct from Pará.

Nothing in it had changed, at first inspection. There was the same wharf for the steamer, there were the same huddles of tide-dried sailing canoes, there were the same shady

streets. But, by trying hard, we located a few novelties; there was now a little movie house specializing in "the world's best cowboy films," and a grocer had died. The hotel man said it proved something.

"He had to die, João Gouvea," the hotel man insisted. "It *had* to be. Thus he was ready to go to Pará with his son and there were two ways of going: a big schooner and a launch. He got drunk and took a dislike to someone on the launch and, leaving his son aboard her, he went in the schooner. But he *had* to die; that night he came out on the deck and stood near the rail. As I have said, he was drunk and when the schooner rolled a little—over he went. He sank like a stone."

The hotel man looked at me expectantly and I had the decency to be puzzled.

"But he had to die," he went on. "That same night the launch foundered and all but two members of the crew were drowned, including João's son. So," he concluded triumphantly, "you may say that he had to die. Had he gone on the launch—death. And in the schooner—equally death. It was all prearranged."

I admitted that it was a striking example of something and asked him to get a sailing canoe to take us up the tidal creek at the mouth of which Soure was situated. The hotel man said we need not incommode ourselves and an hour or two later came to tell us we must be ready at five in the morning.

The canoe was small and it had blue sails. Her crew had just returned from a twelve day voyage to a place with a bewildering name and they were tired of travel but, Gavinho being only four hours away with the tide and a breeze, they had decided—against their better judgment, they said—to take us. There was a small sakiwinki monkey

aboard, inevitably named Chico. With this equipment we swept away from the town on a strong current and entered the *Igarapé Grande,* the stream that feeds the interior ranches.

The canoe pointed up only fairly well to the light, rainy breeze, but her going to windward at all was a miracle. Most of Marajó's trade is carried in these craft and every one of them, from the little eighteen foot mosquito of a canoe to the big hundred foot long schooner-rigged cattle ships is a true sailing canoe. None of them have ballast and almost all have a flat bow like that of the Chinese junk. They are, in almost every hull detail, enlargements of the canoes that ascend the rivers of Amazonia. Every now and then one of them capsizes, which is certainly a disadvantage but, on the other hand, they are rather fast and, in the murderous sea kicked up when the piping dry season trade wind blows against the outgoing tide and current, they are beautifully buoyant and dry, though the flat bow is inclined to slap.

Our canoe, like the rest, was clean and well kept up; all these sailors of the Amazon's mouth do well by their craft and it is a most heart-warming characteristic.

"And four hours will take us to Gavinho?" I asked the captain, a sleepy boy with excellent manners.

"There can be no doubt," he told me.

So I was not surprised when we lost the tide while still miles from the ranch and had to tie up to the thick jungle along the bank where there was nothing to do to save tease Chico until he began to swear and thereby attract wild monkeys down to look at us. I kept telling Bet that behind the fringe of jungle lay grassy meadows with cattle and cowboys and ranches, but it did not sound very convinc-

ing; we were shut into the creek by tall trees on every hand.

"Gavinho," I said, firmly, "is only a few miles from here. In fact, that point we passed an hour before the tide turned is the beginning of Gavinho's lands. Of course, it's ten miles or so from there to the estate's great house."

"Ten miles!" She was impressed in a pensive sort of way.

"Ten, and then from the house to the western boundary of the estate is a good day's ride. And all the way, thousands of head of cattle; fine, fat horses; cowboys galore; and acres of imported grass with which Luciano and Raul experiment."

"And lion tamers and Indians; don't forget them."

"One lion tamer and one Indian. The lion tamer has just happened; Dona Tété also said he was a German. The circus went broke in Pará and he was left stranded. As for the Indian, that's only Edy, the Arekuna I left with Luciano six years ago."

The crew of the canoe were excited about something and we stopped talking to see why; a couple of big land crabs were out of their holes in the tide-exposed mud bank and the men were talking about how good they would taste if cooked in various manners, all of which were discussed exhaustively. They were still talking about crabs, in a desultory fashion, when the tide changed and we proceeded with our interrupted voyage.

The big chute for the shipping of cattle at Gavinho was ornamented with a small group of men when we nosed up to the wharf. They were fishing. Almost at once, I picked out Vitor Mata-Onça—Victor, the Tiger Killer—the only one of the lot whom I knew. He was lean and hard as ever, not a year added to his grim, brown face in the six since I

had last seen him; only his kinky hair was different; that had gone pretty gray.

"Oh, *Seu*[1] *Doutor!*—we are glad to see you back!" he cried as he gave me his hand. Vitor often called me *Doutor* because I had been digging in a very learned fashion when last in the island. "It is a long time since we have seen you; a little more and we older ones would be dead." Then cordiality fled. "Your letter?" he suggested. "You have a letter, of course."

I gave him the letter and while he was frowning over it I met the only other man who presented himself, this being a good-sized, blond man; thin and harried looking, but able to speak English. This was the lion tamer. In the gathering dusk, the other men, brown and inarticulate, slipped away.

Vitor put the letter in his pocket. He was smiling broadly.

"That is good," he said. "I had already received a letter saying you come so we are ready. This one confirms and now you have only to ask for what you need. We are all at your disposition. And you must tell the white lady we are crude fellows but certain to do our best. It will explain any small deficiencies."

Vitor said this with an air and with sincerity. On his shoulders was the responsibility for the estate's reputation and because, like most of the Marajó men, his loyalty was entirely to the estate, even before it was to its owner, he would see that we were happy. Our baggage came out of the canoe and an hour later we were seated at a big table in a lofty, spacious room, having dinner with the lion tamer. The Arekuna served us.

[1] *Seu* is the rural Brazilian of the Portuguese *Senhor;* it corresponds, roughly, to "squire" as once used in the United States although its application is less restricted.

II. THE LION TAMER, THE ANCIENTS, AND LUCIANO

THE lion tamer talked about a river in Matto Grosso and ate his soup with hurried gusto; he stopped only to remove those occasional beetles that fell into it. Small beads of sweat stood on his pale forehead and beneath his conversation ran an undercurrent of excitement. It was possible, of course, to blame the rum-and-lime at his elbow, but he was being moderate, so it seemed not quite likely; rather, we thought, it was because a long time had passed since outsiders had come up the creek.

"I tell you, it was a difficult voyage. The *piumes*, the *maruims*, the *borachudos* . . ." He commenced to catalogue the major insect pests of the hinterland.

We nodded; we were a little tired from being cooped up in the sailing canoe all day and glad to let him talk on in his rather good, though occasionally startling, English. Thus, he somehow had confused "to get" with "to become" and once, he said, "I became a bunch of bananas."

When we had done with the soup, I whistled and the Arekuna came in and silently removed the plates. Then there was the great haunch of a freshly killed Zebu steer. Outside it was broiled brown—almost black—but inside it lacked little of being raw. There were some small, yellow potatoes, very good, and violent little peppers.

Somewhere back in the big, rambling house an uncouth, frightening series of shrieks and mouthings rose. It sounded very bad.

"Just the deaf-mute," said the lion tamer, indifferently.

"Deaf-mute?"

"*Jah;* Mister Luciano found him in Soure; he was passing badly. Nothing to eat, and no work. So Mister Luciano brought him here and taught him to be a gardener. He is a good gardener."

It was very like Luciano. In the course of a year the oddest procession of people passed through his house: deaf-mutes, hunchbacks, indigent Europeans, cattle experts in the pay of foreign governments, archaeologists, moving picture companies, bacteriologists, naturalists—a whole host of people. And now, on this black night, at the opening of the rainy season, there was the Arekuna, the lion tamer, Bet, me, and this deaf and dumb gardener, not to mention Vitor, with his bullet-maimed hand, and Leopoldina, his tiny Indian wife.

"It is good to hear news from Mister Luciano," the lion tamer went on. "People here are saying that he runs away; that is because of the visit of the police. Ah, but he was furious when he heard they had been here: 'Police on my ranch! I'd have shot the bloody lot if I had been here when they came!' " The lion tamer chuckled. "But from that, these fools have made a great story. All about how he ran away to French Guiana because the police want to jail him for hiding that young boy after the trouble in the city. Of course, the girl was of a good family, a high family, and seducing a minor is a bad offense in this country. But there must have been something of politics in it, too."

"There must have been," I agreed. "I definitely know that he went to Guayana to see if he could get the contract for supplying the government with meat for the convicts. He'll be back soon."

We ate some guava preserve and then the Arekuna

brought small cups of hot, black coffee, sweet and strong, and probably roasted that very day. Bet drank hers diffidently, but with dawning approval which was remarkable for, generally speaking, she is allergic to coffee. Then she yawned and the lion tamer smiled.

"Have you ever slept in a hammock before?" he asked.

She shook her head ruefully.

"Well, you will get used to it. But do you know how to ride?"

"I'm no cowboy," she told him, "but I do ride."

He seemed to think that there was probably little in the statement. "Wait until you see; tomorrow we will go out on the horses and then you will see how you travel at a trot for hours over these big grasslands, and it looks so you will never arrive, and you must ford deep streams swimming with the horse, and farther inside the fords have crocodiles . . . it is not easy for people who are not accustomed." His tone said that woman's place was in the home. "Of course," he continued, turning to me, "you have been here before but still . . ." I felt that he faintly resented my experience of the place; it robbed him of full exercise of cicerone-ship and modified the authority he might have had were we completely new to the land. Still, he really did not care much; he had been lonely too long.

Bet's yawns were getting out of hand, so she rose, bade us good-night, and retired to the whitewashed bedroom or, more accurately, hammock-room.

"Are there any wars?" the lion tamer asked. A little eagerly, I thought.

"The Spaniards are busily wrecking Spain. No end in sight. The Japs are killing the Chinese. Lots of incidents; I suppose there could be a first class explosion at any time."

He shook his head. "I don't think there will be any war—

no big one. The reds will be beaten and nobody stops Japan, now. England is decayed and weak; she cannot stop them, and as for . . ." He left the thought unfinished in reluctant deference to my nationality. "Have you brought anything to read—newspapers, magazines or books?"

"Books and magazines. There is a novel or two, some travel books, some technical books, and some photographic magazines. If you like . . ."

"I'm glad you brought no newspapers," he said, slowly. "It is bad for the head to read about all these—these things." His manner of being glad was that of a drunkard who abstains upon finding the bottle empty. "I have some German magazines and newspapers—do you read German?"

"No," I replied regretfully.

"Well, they have pictures; you will like them. Mister Luciano has some Swiss magazines."

"So he still subscribes to them! There was one—the *Sweizer Illustrierte Zeitung:* he always had that. There was a German edition and a French one."

"*Jah.* He still gets both. After sixteen years out here, too."

We smiled indulgently at Luciano's one tie with his high little homeland and then were silent for a while. Outside it was dark, the wide, deep creek barely visible between the fringes of solemn trees. The chorus of frogs made bedlam and the bats flew in and out the open windows; once we heard the leathery whistle of the flight of an owl. But this halting talk of the world away had precisely nothing to do with Marajó. Not a newspaper was published on the island, most people were too busy living to be bothered with printed opinions about things that mattered not at all to them. New ways to save worlds do not sell to people whose world needs no saving. Here in this land of cattle

and horses, the lion tamer was as exotic a growth as an orchid in a New England garden. And his talk was as bizarre and unwholesome. He brushed away a profusion of beetles about the glaring gasoline lantern and somehow connected the quantity of bugs with the general improvidence of cowboys and their womenfolk.

"These people are lazy!" he told me though I knew they were not. "They do as they please. Look at this!"

He led me over to a big window and pointed at the cowboys' quarters, the Marajó equivalent of a bunk house. The orange glow of a kerosene flare lit the door and dimly we could see the faces of a couple of cowboys, wild, barbarous-looking fellows, talking together; we could hear the faint hum of conversation—*prosa*, as they called it—and now and then there was the untuned squawk of a homemade violin.

And so it was at that moment in a hundred other such bunk houses all over Marajó's plains. Tired—dog-tired—cowboys, rain drenched, sun-scorched hours in hard saddles behind them, were listening in the torch light to the dim recollections of old men, to the minutiae of the day's work, to frank criticism of The White Man, as they always call the owner of the estate, and to somebody's version of a carnival song of three years before as played on an unidentifiable stringed instrument. It looked like well-earned rest, but the lion tamer did not see it that way.

"There," he said; "so they will sit until three in the morning and then they will do nothing all day."

Something nuzzled my leg and looking down I saw the big, dark-gray dog, old Tejo. I patted him and tweaked his ears; it was very affecting, really, that the old, one-eyed warrior should remember me after so long. He had been a great hunter in his day and many were the armadillos that had been dragged from their holes, owing to the excellence

of his remaining eye, and the keenness of his nose. Now he lived in retirement, it seemed, getting half a kilo of meat per day as his allowance, and lording it over the two young dogs, Faisca and Tony.

We mixed another rum-and-lime and went out on the broad veranda. The bright starlight, wavering, was reflected up from the smooth surface of the creek; the tide was going out. In the distance a band of monkeys howled disconsolately, and in the faint night air the palms waved gently.

"What happened to the lions when the circus went broke?" I asked, curiously. "And the tigers?" They seemed such unwieldy creatures, so undisposable.

"They got sold," he told me sadly. "All of them. Somewhere in the South; there's always a ready market for a good lion or tiger."

"I suppose," I admitted, without conviction. "But the elephant?"

"I don't know what became of him. It was a shame; he was a fine elephant. I took him to the picnic that the French governor gave in Cayenne. His girls liked the old elephant. And in Paramaribo, when Mrs. Guggenheim's plane stuck in the mud, I just hitched the old elephant to the plane and pulled it out; he was a fine elephant."

He gave other instances of the elephant's sagacity.

"It must have been an interesting life," I started, but there were the paddings of bare feet and into the room behind us came a heavy, brown youth in blue pants and coat, the coat being opened so that his belly was bare. We called to know what he wanted.

"I have come to find out if you want horses in the morning," he said, and his voice was remarkable, for it ran up and down the scale, quite beyond his control, staying, how-

ever, in the last extreme of the upper register, for most part. It was very strange; a kind of croaked shriek.

We said we would, but he was joined by another man of particularly villainous appearance; short, swarthy, bare-bellied, and armed with two knives, one a short dagger and the other a heavy, eighteen inch blade of indeterminate use. He had a thick growth of black beard some four days old, and his whole chest and belly were covered with the same swart profusion; Bet, upon seeing him earlier in the day, had affirmed her belief that his mother had been frightened by a door mat not long before his birth. To boot, he had an exasperating air of self-importance and a swaggering independence of manner that stopped just short of insolence.

He announced that he had persuaded his wife to wash my wife's clothes, and he showed plainly that he felt the arrangement identified him as a man of the world, not to be lumped with the half savage cowboys. He asked if we would go to Matinadas in the morning and I told him it would be only to Teso or, at most, Maria José.

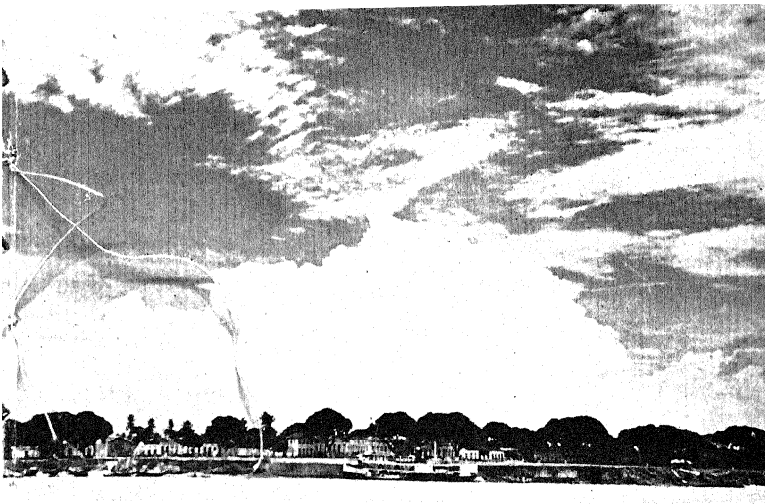
"Be careful when you go to Matinadas," he objured. "They say you like to fish and you will want to go to Guajará. But that lake is not for everyone; it is a dangerous lake."

"Dangerous?"

"Yes, patron, it is dangerous; the Lake of Guajará is enchanted!"

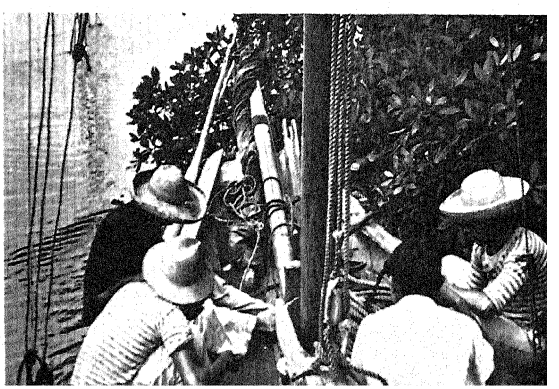
"Enchanted, yes!" screamed the one with the funny voice.

They gave circumstantial details. At night people were heard to pass in canoes, their paddles beating a steady rhythm, but, by bright moonlight, the still waters were always seen to be empty. A big sailing canoe had capsized



SOURE is the only town of importance in Marajó, having some fifteen hundred people. It is clean, has electric lights, a bathing beach nearby, and enjoys a reputation as a health resort. Many of Pará's leading families have summer or dry season homes here, and there are boarding houses sufficiently cheap to make the place available to the lower income groups in the white collar class. The weekly steamer from Pará is at the municipal dock.

TIED UP to the jungle's edge, the tide against them, the crew of the sailing canoe relax and have a lunch cooked over a charcoal pot. There is no rush to finish, there is no fretting at the delay, time's decrease in value symbolized by the conspicuous aloneness of the only mechanical devices aboard—levers in the shape of long oars and a block and fall





THE MONTHLY SUPPLY CANOE at Gavinho's wharf. This ranch brings its *farinha*, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cloth direct from Pará. Less important ranches buy in Soure.

GAVINHO GREAT HOUSE is set up on stilts beside the *Igarape Grande*. In size it is a kind of cross between a railway station and a Tibetan lamasary; in architectural trimmings it has a number of Swiss chalet effects and a spaciousness and height of ceiling authentically Brazilian.

here, in this very creek, and later its rudder was found floating in Guajará, nearly forty miles away over the grasslands. There was the Hour of Silence when not a sound came from the birds, the frogs, the small animals; even men felt a rare compulsion that closed their mouths. The Lake of Guajará was not for everyone. Sometimes it thundered desperately, and at other times the few fishermen who dared go there were entertained by an underwater spirit that played on the clarinet. It was not for everyone; those who fished there prayed for how many fish they needed and got them at once; if they took more they were certain to see a ghost and be seized with fevers.

"Have you ever been there?" I asked of Hairy-belly.

He said he had not, but added that he knew what he knew.

The one with the funny voice said he had never been there either but, he finished, in an asthmatic shriek, it was hardly possible for so many people to be deceived by the plain evidence of their senses.

"These people are all fools," said the lion tamer, gloomily.

I nodded my agreement to everybody and the two employees of the ranch trotted out, their bare feet padding on the hardwood floors and their knives slapping against their thighs.

We sat quietly on the veranda exchanging odd scraps of conversation and rather divergent points of view. But mostly I was conscious of the smell of cattle out on the dark meadow. Away from us in every direction ran the wide savannahs and on them pastured the hundreds of thousands of cattle that supported this system; that kept every man, woman and child on the island unaware of hunger except as a missed meal occuring in the course

of a hard day's work, and sent the sons and daughters of the aristocracy to Europe for expensive educations. Yet, regardless of the fact that there was not an unemployed man on all Marajó, there was not one who practiced the arts, if we except a few who, in their spare time, painted flowers on gourds and a youth in Soure who painted infantile water colors. The island had given the republic one president but the nearest thing to a literary work it had produced was the Baron of Marajó's description of all the major rivers of the Amazon Basin.

And right where the lion tamer and I sat chatting there once had lived people to whom creation had been the breath of life. Their graves were tightly packed with all they thought and felt, expressed in terms no longer understandable and in the only medium the island afforded—baked clay. The Portuguese, when they came, called them Nheengahibas and said they were cannibals, said they lived in vast villages built on piles, and said that they were surpassingly courageous and well organized. Their blood flows strongly in the veins of the cowboys of the ranches today but making a cord lasso is the upper limit of their creative abilities. Apparently, security was not enough.

The lion tamer was rambling on happily about measures taken in his native land to ensure all sorts of fine things by careful fiddling with what he seemed to think was security; when I mentioned the big burial mounds he admitted he had never heard of them. But there was something mysterious in this sudden extinction which had overtaken the mound builders. Marajó, today, was richer in some respects than it had been before the coming of the Dutch and Portuguese who had fought so desperately for possession of this part of South America; today it had cattle. But no longer were the deer and tapir in numbers to sup-

port a population and, while the wild ducks made dark blots on the sky, there was a time within the memory of living man when their numbers were so great that they cast a strong shadow when they flew between the sun and those who watched them. It is easy to believe if you have seen the modern flocks. The capivara, a big, nutritious animal, is nearly extinct because the price of his hide went up about ten years ago. Mounted lancers hunted them down by the hundreds.

While the people of the mounds thrived and fought off the white invader in the middle of the seventeenth century, by the middle of the eighteenth they were a legend, their blood degraded by mixture with that of Europeans and Africans and their culture destroyed by the new religion and the new economic order which rose with the introduction of cattle. Padre Antonio Viera wrote to the King of Portugal under the date November 28, 1659, and, while discussing the missions and reductions under his charge, related that: "In the great mouth of the Amazon, one finds flung across it an island larger and wider than the whole Kingdom of Portugal, and inhabited by warrior tribes of Indians who, because of the difficulty and diversity of their languages, are known by the generic term Nheengahibas."

What happened is very like what happened with the Mayas of Yucatan. They are there today, racially intact, even their language alive, and yet they stare uncomprehendingly at the works of their forefathers, the vital spark gone from them for no obvious reasons save Spenglerian ones. In Marajó, the cattle and the new religion came at the same time under the Jesuits who established their aristocratic communism in the island long before any other attempt at colonization was made. The Indians flocked to

their missions and the framework of the ranch system had been laid when an order for their expulsion arrived from a jealous and misinformed Crown. The State then owned the ranches and gradually they were auctioned off until, in the late days of the Brazilian Empire, the greater part of the open range was owned by a dozen white families.

Along the northern or Amazon coast, the land is held by the Lobatos, the Cavalcantis, and the Pennas, all of Portuguese descent, and the Chermonts, of French. In the middle of the island, around the Arary Lake, there are the Mirandas and the Ferreira Teixeiras, of Portuguese descent, and in the big district of Soure there are the Lobatos, the Pennas, the Bezzeras, the Acatauassú Nunes', and the Martins', all of Portuguese descent; the Monards—French originally—and the Engelhards, who came from Switzerland. Since the early days, other families have crept in but these are the greatest and the oldest.

The Lobatos have some sixty thousand head and a couple of hundred retainers. The Pennas have the richest dwellings on the island, and the Chermonts own a Pará newspaper with national influence, as well as their ranches. My excellent friend, Epaminondas Ferreira Teixeira, has done more, perhaps, for his people in the way of health than any other. The Engelhards, with José Ferreira Teixeira, have been the moving spirits of the Co-operative which attempted to stabilize prices and introduce modern ranching methods. The ranching aristocracy is a group, traveled, educated, and cultured to a degree difficult to match among most owning castes.

There are other small owners with a hundred head of cattle or two hundred and it is among these that the remaining ten per cent of the usable land is distributed. These people tend to be of cowboy stock with the Indian strain

predominating. And in Soure, which has about fifteen hundred people, and Chaves, Condeixa, Muana, Johannes, and Cachoeira, all with a few hundred people, there are storekeepers and craftsmen and their dependents. They owe their existence to the ranches.

Luciano is the only foreigner on the ranches save a Portuguese or two. Starting seventeen years ago, as manager of one of the Engelhard estates, he is today part owner of Matinadas, manager of Gavinho and all its appendages, and busily buying into the north shore ranches. Dona Sofia was an Engelhard.

"Luciano gets badly discouraged sometimes," the lion tamer broke in on me. "It is hard work and all the responsibility lands on his shoulders. I have seen him ride six hours in from Matinadas, drink a bowl of milk, lie down on the floor for an hour's sleep, get into the saddle, ride two hours to Ilha Nova for branding, go over to Maria José where they were taming wild horses, and come back here late at night, only to be up at four in the morning to go out again. He works like a dog."

That was true, all right. I had often seen him do it. But on ranches whose absentee owners lived in the city and abroad on the income of their feudal estates, the herds increased at only ten per cent a year; Luciano's herds increased at nearly twenty-five per cent a year. And it was no joke working with those cattle; every year the crocodiles had to be lassoed and killed—a few months before the ranchers had in one day killed twelve hundred of the big devils as they lay piled on top of each other in the drying pools. Sometimes during the floods, *piranhas,* savage little fish, tore up cows' teats as they stood, belly deep, in the rising waters. And almost any ride of fair distance would disclose a cloud of vultures wheeling over the carcass of

a steer that had stepped on a snake, some big *jararaca*, perhaps, during the night. Once in a while there were droughts and the half-dead cattle subsisted on the dew that gathered on the dry grass during the night. There were the wily merchants in Pará, there were the careful bankers. There was the baronial bent for quarrels with fellow ranchers. What must have been the homesickness of a man born in the mountains, living in a land as flat as a billiard table? The highest mound in it was only seventy-five feet above the surrounding plain, and it was artificial. I know, for I had excavated in it; it was built up by layer after layer of the graves of the ancient inhabitants of the island who had disappeared, probably, before the first white men came, leaving only their weirdly beautiful pottery to attest their civilization. It was a man's job, and Luciano did it well.

There did not seem much more to talk about, so we said we hoped he would be back from Guayana soon, bade each other good-night, and went to our hammocks.

III. A LITTLE OF THE PEOPLE

IT was brilliant morning and the hot sun was drying out great Marajó after a week of equatorial rain. The big herd of Zebus and Zebu crosses that kept close to the ranch house was plodding across the wet meadow on the beginning of their daily round; they were systematic cattle and it was almost possible to tell the time of day by their position on the green carpet. An unmannerly uproar proceeded from a noisy population of big orioles that had swung their nests in the palm grove. Swallows and all sorts of birds with queer wild names, sang, hooted, squeaked, or whistled according to their natures and Vitor Mata-Onça was supervising the saddling of our horses with the shortness of temper for which he is noted all over the cattle-raising end of the island.

The Arekuna entered with a tray on which there were three small cups of coffee, hot and black and sweet and, in every particular, the finest coffee in the world.

"This," said the lion tamer, "is just by itself worth being in Brazil."

We agreed. It would be difficult for the republic to have any lack that could offset the excellence of its coffee.

The little cup of coffee down, we maintained idle conversation, looked at the rack of rifles, and fussed in the stack of catalogues, seed books, veterinary manuals, and French novels. We examined the family crest on the dark wall; the rights of a burgher, it proclaimed, had been granted by the Republic of Zurich in 1383; the crest had

been granted in 1581. Then the Arekuna came in with coffee, milk, sugar, butter, bread, and three Gargantuan cups; we had a typically Brazilian breakfast.

Then we got in the saddle. The horses were tough Marajó cowponies, not too small, and capable of the most unusual feats. They can run most of a day when it is a matter of a round-up and they are so sure-footed that, at full gallop, they will often cross a concrete-hard wallow that has been made a small reproduction of a lunar landscape by the rainy season stamping of the cattle. Or they will plunge full tilt into a deep stream to the consternation of the crocodiles and flounder across before these latter have time to compose their dim wits. I have always liked them, especially their short, quick trot, a pace that destroys distance in good manner.

We trotted out across the tide-wet meadow and took the *estrada,* the word by which Marajó dignifies the vague ruts and paths that lead from estate to estate. Faisca, the fox terrier, and Tony, of impressive but indeterminate ancestry, accompanied us, running off to right and left in the wildest kind of sallies, only to rejoin us a half mile or so ahead. Soon we were clear of the stands of forest that bordered the big creek and verging into the "blue" of Marajó's enormous interior. On every hand there were groves of spiny *tucuman* palms waving in the wind; ahead, though, they disappeared in the featureless grass that ran way to the horizon as unbroken and level as the sea. Fat cattle browsed in the green grass, bands of sleek mares with their colts strayed over the plain; they surveyed us anxiously as we passed.

It was a beautiful country. Dots of white marked the big cranes called *garças* by the people of the island and several times we saw an aldermanic kind of stork with a black

throat; these were called *jaburús*. I watched to see if Bet were liking it; I had led her to expect much and had begun to worry lest I be letting the memories of six years before take on a gloss their original never possessed. She seemed to be delighted, though, and I lapsed into listening to the creak of the saddle: eenk-a-da-unk-a-dunk! eenk-a-da-unk-a-dunk! [1]—one of the pleasantest travel sounds I know.

There were flocks of parrots winging from grove to grove, their strident screams belying a decorous morality implied by their custom of traveling in affectionate pairs. On small bushes there perched flocks of swallows and a kind of Marajó robin with a brilliantly red breast and a sunny disposition that let us approach within a few feet before reluctantly taking off. The people called them *Espiritu Santo*. Snakes we saw none, nor was I surprised; Marajó is probably one of the snakiest places in the world, but they do not bear up under the blast of hot sunshine and consequently they are rarely astir during the day. It is only after dark or in the swamplands to the north that there is any danger of encountering them. It is at nighttime that the unwary cattle are struck down, for the interests of serpents and cows are diametrically opposed and, though they live in mortal fear of each other, there is eternal war between them; the hoof of a half ton steer is the symbol of death for the snake, and a barely perceived rustle in the grass the beginning of the end for the steer. Most of the snake bite mortality, I imagine, is by the big *jararaca;* the rattler has only to wiggle his tail to send a whole herd thundering across the dark plains.

In the swamps of the interior there are big anacondas, perhaps the biggest in the world. At any rate, I was assured

[1] I am afraid that this is a little too metallic.

that this was the case by an Austrian I met in Pará; he proposed to catch one and take it to Coney Island, where it was to be exhibited at ten cents a look. But he was such an indefatigable teller of tales that he could not bear to be long enough away from an audience to catch a snake, so nothing came of the project. However, he may be right about the size of Marajó's anacondas, for I once saw two that had been captured, fire-stupefied, after the grass had been burned off in the dry season. The rancher who made the capture had the pair of unfortunate serpents in his guest house, and I will make no estimate of their size for such approximations have no more reputation than fishermen's claims. But they were very big snakes. And later the rancher put them to death because he was unable to think of a practical use to which they might be put.

After nearly an hour of pleasant jog-trot, the lion tamer suggested that we stop at a little station called Bom Fim where we could get a drink of water. Bom Fim means Heaven. It was a small structure of unpainted hardwood planks, the whole elevated some six feet above the ground. Rarely does the land about Bom Fim flood, but this trick of putting a house on stilts was developed in those parts of the island where floods are heavy and that type of architecture is used all over Marajó.

A little girl of eight or ten years, dressed in the least possible amount of clothes that would support the name of pants, came smiling to the door, followed by her mother.

"Ana, can we have water?" the lion tamer asked. There was a good deal of exchanged courtesy and an endless fuss to find the one glass of the house; this was filled from a red clay jug and handed to us on a tray. The people were brown and in their features they were of the Indian mold, but a faint curl to the hair told of an African strain while

a definition of contour bespoke traces of white blood. They were very polite and much upset because they were unable to offer us coffee, the monthly issue of rations not having arrived as yet.

"Only milk now," said the mother. "My husband is away at a round-up and Ana gets the milk for me."

"Ana gets the milk?"

"Yes. She mounts a horse and drives the cows into the corral; there she milks them. She is a very expert little girl. Very expert!"

We imagined Ana climbing up into a saddle and agreed that she was a very expert little girl; the lion tamer said she was formidable. Then we rode off toward Teso.

Teso, according to the lion tamer, had the distinction of being one of the oldest habitations in the island, having been built in the seventeenth century. Anxious to see the old place, we galloped on the long, open stretches and floundered through the boggy creeks that crossed the route. Then, at midday, we pranced up to Teso and found it to be a dilapidated shack, indistinguishable from the other cattle stations, save in its being without stilts and having half tumbled-in walls of clay that may have once been painted, for all I know. Obviously it was not nearly as old as claimed.

The lion tamer waved at it. "Those German boys had their *festa*—you know, a party—given here. Their scenario demanded that the film become a party somewhere, so they gave it here. But the light was bad inside and they were afraid it would be no good. So Mister Luciano took the whole roof off, and they had plenty of light. And the film became a good party."

He was still talking on about the moving-picture people when a brown man of mature years said: "You may un-

saddle." He was sharpening a long knife and wore only a ragged pair of pants cut short at the knee. We protested that we would remain only a few minutes and dismounted. He waved us to a bench on the ruins of a veranda, booted a pig out, and saw us seated.

"What is the news?" he asked. "Is the man coming back?" They always spoke of Luciano as "the man."

"Yes, he is coming back," we said.

"He tarries," the man observed, continuing to sharpen his knife.

The lion tamer shrugged. "Business is so," he told him. The man did not answer. The state of the knife seemed to please him and he put it back in the leather scabbard at his belt.

"Well, whatever may be the case," he said, "our rations have not arrived. I am sorry, for I cannot offer you coffee."

We assured him that we felt no need of coffee and told him that the rations were sure to arrive soon. Then two little boys, quite naked, came in and looked at us mournfully. We cannot have been too frightening, for presently, one of them came forward and put a large, green fruit in Bet's lap. She thanked the child and asked what fruit it was; I could not remember but I could recall that it was good. Just as the lion tamer was about to ask, the other child stepped forward and tendered another fruit.

"They are very fat, those boys," I said, for they were. "What do they eat?"

"They don't eat," their father sighed. "That is, very rarely. They live on milk. I have no idea how much they drink in a day, but it must be liters."

"All the ranch children have all the milk they want to drink," said the lion tamer. "That is why they are fat and healthy. Not like the town babies."

The pig came in again and our host drove him out. Then the children decided that they were overgenerous and took the fruit back, to Bet's considerable relief.

"Oh, but not thus, my sons!" protested their father. "Not thus." So they gave the fruit to her once more, and Bet had a very hard time explaining that she did not really want it. Then the pig came in again, and the man sighed resignedly and let him stay. So, feeling that we were forcing him to unaccustomed protocol, we thanked him for our rest and mounted.

"I'm sorry that I could not offer you coffee," he repeated. "But my wife is away and our rations have not arrived; I hope the man comes soon."

"He will," we said and left; at a little distance Teso was extremely picturesque.

The sun was at its highest but, while too hot for a snake, it was not at all unpleasant for people, principally, I suppose, because of the brisk sea breeze and the blanket of moisture that hangs over the whole Amazon Basin. I am always hearing of places where five minutes in the sunshine will kill a white man, but so far I have not succeeded in finding even one. I still have some faith in Africa's abilities but that is all. In any case, Marajó, with the Equator just missing its north coast, is not one of them, and I have never heard of sunstroke in the Amazon region. Nor do I believe that anyone else has.

It was about this time that one of us noticed that Faisca and Tony had fallen somewhere by the way and, going over the matter, we discovered that we had none of us seen either since some time before we reached Teso. The lion tamer wondered if they had got their noses into a rattler's hideaway and come off second best in the encounter, but it seemed hardly likely that two such sagacious and experi-

enced dogs would do anything so silly as that. Nevertheless, we were worried; Luciano would raise an awful rumpus if anything happened to his dogs.

Consequently, when we heard loud barks ahead, we galloped full tilt over the plain to find the cause of the uproar. And in no time we were over the grass clump where Faisca burrowed industriously after some kind of prey while Tony, having the better voice, kept up a constant clamor designed to attract our attention should we return over the same route as they apparently had calculated that we would. Dismounting, I pushed the terrier aside and found something with a hard shell burrowing deeper into the mud in an effort to escape the dogs. I poked at it gingerly but could not identify it. The lion tamer looked awhile and finally recognized it, but he did not know the English or Portuguese word for it, and the German word meant nothing to me. So we stood there fretting our knowledge of the two languages we had in common and getting nowhere, until he assured us that whatever it was, it was relatively harmless. So I dug down to the edges of the shell and dragged out a perplexed and very dirty little armadillo. He immediately wriggled loose and trotted slowly away, with the dogs after him. When they caught him, they stood over him in stiff-legged menace, growling frighteningly until I picked him up again.

He was a queer, antediluvian little beast, looking rather like a medieval Japanese knight, full of Saki, for he was so bored, once he found his feet off the ground, that he promptly went to sleep or, at least, made believe he did. His mouth did not look up to anything much in the way of biting, and testing the strength of his feet, I found that his perfunctory claws were more or less harmless. His ears were dry and leathery.

We tied him to a saddle and at Bom Fim they gave us a sack to put him in; the dogs barked at him all the way back to Gavinho. As a sensation, the armadillo might have lasted fully the rest of the afternoon, but when the ranch house came into sight, we saw a big sailing canoe, the *Cidade de Soure,* alongside the wharf and the lion tamer pointed to it pridefully: "You see," he said, "all these people are fools. They complain because their rations have not arrived and yet there is the canoe loaded; all they have to do is come and get them."

The word went around quickly enough and by nine o'clock the next morning the cowboys from the interior stations were putting in an appearance. A few came on horses, but most of them rode big Zebu oxen, an ungodly sight until you get used to it. The riding oxen all had rings in their noses and a cord passed through the ring sufficed, as well as anything very well could, to steer them. I hate riding them; they are slow, even-gaited creatures and apparently without the ordinary sensations of flesh and blood, for they will permit themselves to be leathered unmercifully with a heavy quirt and, withal, not increase their pace in the least. During the rainy season, though, there are certain Marajó expeditions that can be performed only on their backs; where a horse bogs down and becomes hopelessly weary in a few minutes, they plow along placidly, thrusting their bulks through tangles of brush and wallowing through flooded bottoms as easily as over dry, open plains; it is rather like riding some deliberate species of tank without knowing just where the throttle is.

Cargo oxen were also brought in and most of the cowboys wore brilliant red capes of some heavy material that kept them warm and reasonably dry; a fine drizzle was falling and the sky promised something better for the after-

noon. The cowboys admired our lightweight waterproof ponchos made, I think, of impregnated silk, but said they preferred their red capes which, while not so dry, kept them warm in the rain and cool in the sun, while just the opposite was true of our arrangements. They grinned at us wisely, showing teeth that in many cases had been filed down to needle points. Frequently I have read the assertion, or perhaps just the implication, that pointed teeth are the hall marks of a cannibal. Be that as it may, in Marajó the cowboys and their wives are often so equipped with a view to enhancing their good looks and preventing decay. It is done, shortly after the permanent teeth make their appearance, by careful chipping with a sharp knife or razor; it must be very painful.

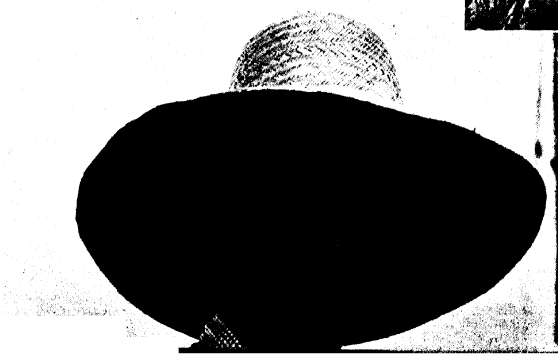
The sailing canoe was painted light red as far as the sheer strake; that was pale green. The decks were red, the cabin sides were white, and the sails were orange; she was noticeable at a considerable distance. Aboard her there were numerous bags of *farinha,* a coarse flour made from the mandioca root; several sacks of coffee; bags of sugar; tobacco; matches; and bolts of cloth, together with odd boxes of knickknacks requested by individuals. The *farinha*, coffee, and sugar were all that came from the outside; the rest of the ranch diet was made up of beef, milk, eggs, wild ducks, fish, goat, and pork. The crying lack, of course, was green vegetables and fruit but, while you can induce a Marajó cowboy to sit in a saddle twenty-four hours in pouring rain without food, you cannot, by any consideration, induce him to work twenty minutes in a garden. And, on those ranches where fruit trees are planted and curses and blows have sown an acre of sugar cane, mandioca, bananas, peppers, corn, sweet cassava, cabbage, and potatoes, the yield is astonishing. But no one enjoys the fruit because



HAIRY BELLY. No comment.



THE DEAF MUTE. Query: how can a man who has never heard, never spoken, and is completely illiterate entertain religious notions? But somehow the deaf mute of Gavinho has absorbed them, as witness the little medal with the image of a saint now around his neck.



JOSÉ MARTINS. As mentioned in the text, he is a typical Portuguese peasant, hard - working, good - humored, and without that frightening bad temper and touchy belligerence so



THE ADMIRABLE JAYME LOBATO, lord of sixty thousand head of cattle, thousands of acres of rich pasturage, a couple of hundred retainers, and dozens of fine ranch houses. Riding an ox fifteen times heavier than he is, Jayme manages him with the same kindness, firmness, good sense and lack of grabiness that characterizes his management of the whole set-up.

DONA SOFIA. People who believe in the fictitious, indolent, tropical woman would have difficulty explaining her. She rides well and often, she can and does care for such maladies as crocodile bite, she is capable of managing a whole great ranch, and she wears a Paris gown as competently as she here wears a pair of old riding breeches.





LUCIANO BIEDER. Born and raised in Switzerland, it was a chance conversation at a dance that turned him toward Marajó. Today he is one of Marajó's leading cattle

they knock it down while still green, and the devil himself could not stop them from this stealing. As for the vegetables, it takes careful work to keep the ants out of them.

"These people are all fools," said the lion tamer, for the tenth time, when I told him it was a shame that no one bothered to plant. "Why, not six months ago Luciano and his brother-in-law had a fine house built over in those woods"—he pointed—"and had a big clearing made and the ground prepared. Then they offered the land and the house to anyone who would move into it and work it as a farm. They demanded for themselves only one third of the produce and, since they owned the land and cleared it, and built the house, I think that was fair. Don't you?"

I said that I did.

"Well, a man moved in and in a week he moved out. Another man tried it and only stayed a few days. And now it is empty, the ground is starting to grow up again, and it is proved that these people are all fools. And lazy, too. Only in the saddle will they work."

I agreed that they were very foolish not to accept Luciano's proposal, for vegetables fetch a good price in Soure. Then I went inside to pull off my boots.

The Arekuna was looking at the pictures in a book when I entered, so I asked him about the house-and-land failure. He was a good gardener himself; why, I wanted to know, had he not taken it?

"There are reasons," he said, readily. "That house is haunted. The people who went there had constant trouble with ghosts."

"Ghosts?"

"Yes, ghosts. The first man was asleep in his hammock when the ghost took hold of it and pulled and banged it until he fell on the floor. Then, during broad daylight

there were ghosts in the house thumping the walls and making noises. He was afraid to stay." The Arekuna was very casual and even a trifle fatigued by my interest; to him ghosts, devils, goblins, and all such were tiresomely commonplace. "The same things happened to the next man so he left, too. They told everybody; now no one will go."

"So! And have you ever seen a ghost while you were here?"

"I haven't seen one, but it is only because I was afraid to look. It happened one night when I was here alone in Gavinho; *Seu* Luciano had gone to Soure and the others had gone to a dance at São Joaquim. I went to my hammock early and then I heard footsteps outside. Knowing it was a ghost, I kept quiet. The ghost walked into the hall here, sat down in a chair for a while, got up and walked around and then stopped outside my door; he was carrying a lantern."

"A ghost with a lantern!"

"Yes. But I kept quiet and he went away."

"And how did you know it was a ghost?"

"Because there were no people here."

There was no arguing with so simple an explanation, and I dropped the matter, contenting myself with saying that what Marajó needed was a good and accomplished mountain witch doctor; the Arekuna said there could be no doubt of it.

A few mornings later José Martins arrived, which was a good thing, for he was the administrator of Matinadas, the interior ranch to which we were bound, and it was to him that we looked for transport of our baggage. He was an amazingly small man; hardly five feet high, and he had a brief brown mustache; his dark hair was wavy and well sprinkled with gray, and he had very dramatic eyebrows,

employed to register each of his rapidly changing emotions. He was a typical Portuguese peasant, hard-working, good-humored, and sensationally ignorant. He also had a nervous trick of winking involuntarily with his left eye, a circumstance that often gave to his most casual and innocent statements an air of indescribable lewdness and cunning. Also he was without that belligerent ferocity and frightening bad temper that characterizes so many very small men.

"I hurried here as soon as I could," he said. "I knew you would be in a hurry [Wink]. Where is your baggage? Is there much?"

We showed it to him.

"You will need a cart," he decided. "Now, does the *senhora* ride? [Wink] So many foreign ladies don't [Wink-wink].

I told him that she did, so it was arranged that we make the six or eight hour ride direct to Matinadas instead of being carried upstream in a canoe to a point where it was only three or four hours' ride to the ranch. Orders for coffee and horses at five were given, the lion tamer resolved to accompany us, and we bade José good-night.

"My wife will be glad to see you," he said with a significant wink.

IV. A LITTLE OF THE LAND

IT was still dark when the Arekuna called us and the hammocks were at their most comfortable but outside the jingling of metal against teeth told of bits being thrust into barely willing mouths, and we tumbled out and dressed hastily by the yellow light of a smoky lantern. Petulant and wordless, we drank our coffee and, at once, were filled with good humor and a desire to be off. Bet, mistrustful of a six hour ride on a bowl of coffee and milk with two slices of hard bread for ballast, made herself a cheese sandwich which she billeted in the pocket of her shirt. Then we mounted and, in the dim light, crossed the meadow with a taciturn cowboy who was to show us the way to Matinadas; I remembered it fairly well, but I did not remember the fords, and that was the important point.

We watched the sky lighten rather anxiously, for an all day downpour would have been unpleasant, but the sun flamed over the trees, the clouds were in dispersal and soon, in broad daylight, we rode along at a brave pace; the cowboy watched slyly for signs of a Foreign-Lady-Getting-Tired. At Bom Fim we stopped for a moment to see the "expert" little Ana milk and then on to Maria José, where a nine-year-old boy stood in the middle of a corral full of turbulent horses and, with precision, lassoed the ones destined for the saddle that day.

Not one Marajó child in a hundred ever learns to distinguish A from B, or to add four and three without referring to his fingers. But by the time he is eight years old he can

ride and lasso and milk. The first step in his education comes with holding his father's horse while he unsaddles or washes the animal. From there he advances to shinnying up the leg of some old, retired horse, clutching its mane and swinging himself onto its back; as soon as his legs are long enough to reach stirrups pulled as high as possible, he is ready to ride over the big plains and learn the country in which he lives. During the day, he drives the calves crazy by practicing on them with a lasso. When he is fourteen or fifteen he is ready and able to do a man's work.

And while he cannot read or write, does not know who is the president of Brazil and cares less, thinks America is a city somewhere between Pará and Rio de Janeiro, and believes in ghosts of infinite variety, I still count him a decently educated man, being to his own environment as a Ph.D. to his.

We admired a brace of tame but somewhat warlike parrakeets and, pushing on, we were soon clear of the patches of woodland and out on the enormous grassy distances of the interior. All around the flat horizon, the grass met the sky save where there were patches of woodland and these were called by the cowboy "islands" as indeed they were; islands in an ocean of grass. Ahead of us the islands rose gradually out of the blue distance and behind us they fell away, exactly as islands appear and disappear for a ship. I found myself remembering names and places that, until the moment, I had altogether forgotten.

"That," said the cowboy, pointing, "is Curuxys."

Far off there was a red-tile roofed house and a grove of cocoanut palms; I recalled it at once. There was a burial mound there in which I had once excavated, and in the evening the owner of the ranch, an extraordinarily pleasant person, had read aloud reams of Brazilian poetry, his face

rapt and intent in the lamplight as he accompanied every phrase with appropriate gestures. It was good stuff, strongly tinctured with the regionalism so characteristic of the country.

"Then that will be Santa Cecilia ahead of us, won't it?"

The cowboy nodded. "One of Vitor Engelhard's ranches."

The Engelhard family owned an astonishing amount of land and cattle; nothing, however, like the amount the Lobatos, with their sixty thousand head and league after league of *latifundia* enjoyed. Then we plodded through a long stretch of flooded plain with almost a foot of water on it. The cowboy got a little tired of waiting to see the collapse of the foreign lady and, wrapping up in his cape, kept himself to himself thenceforward.

Gradually we dropped the fringe of woodland which bordered the tidal creek and approached the middle of Marajó. It is a peculiar fact that the island is shaped, in section, like a plate, the coasts being higher than the interior portion. Consequently, it is the center that has the big Arary Lake and the extensive areas of inundation. Therefore, as we proceeded, the bird life became noticeable, then profuse, then startling and, at last, almost unbelievable. A dark cloud rose on the western horizon and our guide bestirred himself long enough to point casually and murmur: "*Marrecas.*" The cloud was composed of thousands of ducks.

Big *jaburú* storks moved uneasily at our approach and finding it inexorable, rose slowly, wheeled in a great arc, and made off. Nor were all the clouds of birds black; many were brilliantly, incredibly scarlet, for Marajó is one of the few places where the red ibis flourishes.

But the sun was high and hot and the flooded areas

slowed us down so badly that by the time we had traveled six hours Matinadas was only a dim, white blob in an island still on the horizon. We passed places called "Filhos de Eva"—the Sons of Eve—and "Parapará," some old Tupi word with meaning long forgotten, and others with curious names. We floundered through swollen creeks full of warm, still water. We got quite hungry, even though Bet did not touch her "lunch." And then, after more than seven hours' riding, we pulled up under the mango trees in front of Matinadas great house and dismounted.

José Martins, his trousers rolled up to his knees, met us; he had been supervising the washing of the floors in the house, which had been closed for months.

"Lunch is ready," he piped, with a knowing wink. "Lunch is ready."

The various cowboys attached to the ranch came, hats in hand, to pay their respects and, after them, their womenfolk. José's wife was also Portuguese, but we rarely saw her except at a distance. She was much larger than her husband, though, and sometimes, after dinner, we heard her laying down the law to José in a loud and forceful voice.

On the following day the lion tamer rode back to Gavinho and we were left to our own devices.

As I have mentioned, the house had been closed for several months and any tropical house left by its people soon gets animal and insect tenants. Matinadas was no exception and our first night was an exciting affair that ended with bags under our eyes. It was a big, two-story building, with a dining room, a bathroom, a dispensary, a saddle room, and a store room all on the first floor; on the second floor there was a big living room and four bedrooms, all rather bare of furniture, since Dona Sofia had gone to Pará. But

there were a few tables, chairs, and sideboards and chests of drawers. Beds had long since been shipped off to the city, so we swung hammocks and mosquito nets. As for the Arekuna, he pre-empted a back room on the second floor, partly because the ghost question was more serious below, and partly because he did not get along too well with the mixed blood cowboys. We noticed that they treated him with considerable respect, placing a deferential "*Seu*" before his name and carefully leaving him out of any horseplay.

As soon as the lamps were lit, sundry squeakings began, and large bats, with remarkably poor senses of direction began to rush back and forth in quest of insects not yet attracted to the light. They fluttered madly, left their droppings on the table, threatened to get in our hair, and constituted a number one piece of haunted house property. The wood of which the house was built had been subjected to nearly thirty years of alternate drying and swelling, and therefore gave forth unaccountable groans from time to time. A large wicker chair inhaled night moisture into its pores and, several times, succeeded in sounding as if some heavy and invisible presence had seated itself in it. Once a steamer blew its whistle just beneath a window; this later turned out to be caused by a cow with a defective bellow.

With matters at this pitch we went down to dinner.

The yellow lamplight carried a distinct halo about it, owing to the fine particles of moisture in the humid, rainy season air. José Martins, in the shadows, superintended the Arekuna's primitive butlering, and contributed occasional remarks on Luciano's failure to put in an appearance. Outside a storm was gathering; the moon was so hidden in dense, black clouds that it hardly shed a ray of light on the earth. While we ate the air was still and hushed.

"Matinadas is a lot noisier than I remember it," I told José. "Has it become haunted in the past five or six years?"

He made an impatient gesture with his hands.

"Of course it's haunted," he said. "There isn't a cowboy on the place that would sleep in it alone. I don't quite believe it, but they say it's haunted."

Bet and I exchanged glances.

"What haunts it?" I asked, somewhat unwillingly, for I was loath to hear the word.

"A man. A man of the other world." He shrugged resignedly. "Some poor, damned soul, I presume," he said, summing up.

"And what does he—well, what does he *do?*"

"Ah, nothing. Just appears. It makes ignorant people like cowboys nervous."

We looked at him a while and dropped the subject.

When the Arekuna came from the kitchen with the coffee, the first breath of the storm struck. A flash of lightning was followed by an appalling roll of thunder. Then it was still for a whole minute, only to be followed by a howling wind, blinding sheets of rain, jagged spurrings of lightning and the incessant thunder; it was still doing much the same thing when, having found it difficult to read, we took to our hammocks.

Naturally, we did not get to sleep very soon. The dog of the house, Jasmin,[1] a fat beast, gelded in his long ago youth, displayed an uneasy tendency to overturn furniture and pad up and down stairs, and this racket vied with sundry

[1] This dog was noted for his unusual reasoning powers; reliable persons have seen him cross a crocodile-choked creek by barking for twenty minutes or so, a few hundred yards above the place where he intended to traverse. When the crocodiles had all been attracted to the barking, Jasmin would rush to the ford and swim across in safety.

cracks that we never did identify. The bats now began in real earnest for, during our attempt to read, a good many bugs had gathered around the lamp; periodically they banged against the wall and, on occasion, against our mosquito nets. I had thought them to be vampires, and the Arekuna confirmed the opinion, saying that every one of them was a blood sucker. José disagreed with him.

Gradually we grew accustomed to this tumult and drifted into sleep, only to be dragged out of it by a hideous smash of glass and a frantic beating of wings, accompanied by heavy crashes against the wall.

The Arekuna had his lantern lit (to keep off vampires; he had no mosquito net), and we called to him for information. He said an owl had come through a broken pane of glass after the bats and, having eaten all he wanted, found himself unable to get out. After a good deal of bad navigation, this venturesome bird extricated himself and left the air peculiarly quiet after his eerie, whistling flight.

It began to rain again and we were just dozing off when there was a terrific thud and the whole house shook from top to bottom; I thought it had been struck by lightning. Looking outside with a lantern, however, we found the trouble. A three hundred gallon water tank, perched insecurely on a frail platform, had filled and overturned, falling against the house with all its authority.

So we had a cigarette on it, and made a final effort to get some sleep before dawn.

In the morning I asked Bet how she had slept and she said not very well.

But the house, open and lived in, composed itself, and we never had another such night. On the other hand, we were never entirely unconscious of the fact that, do what we would, we shared it with various other beings whose

principal care seemed to be the production of unexpected noises. One we did succeed in isolating. I awoke in the middle of a black night to hear something walking in the wastepaper basket. From there it bumped into my hammock and sat in a chair. I therefore struck a match and found a cat, which fled immediately.

In the morning, I told the Arekuna. He raised his eyebrows.

"There are no cats on this ranch," he said. "That one can only have been a ghost."

"Well, find out how the ghost got in here; the doors and windows were all closed on the ground floor."

He laughed cynically. "A ghost cat," he observed, "makes no question of doors and windows."

Nevertheless, he did look around and found a hole in a board. He also discovered that José was the owner of a cat of precisely the same character as the one that had bumped me. But this cat's failure to be a ghost made no difference in his complete faith in the existence of other cats who were *de facto* ghosts.

José we came to know quite well in a short time owing to his trick of standing by our table and chatting during meals. In great detail he would relate the private lives of almost any person mentioned, trace the effects of early errors on later years, show how different policies would have produced different results and give biographical examples of the policies in question. He was, in fact, kind of a cattle country Plutarch and we came to call his stories "José's Lives." During these animated, not to say dramatized, accounts, his young sons invariably came to announce that his dinner was ready and their mother angry. Since he never paid any attention, every dinner he ate while we were at Matinadas was a cold one.

The boys were nice kids but completely wild. Two were blond and two brunette, but all had arrogant black eyes and quick tempers. Like everyone else on the ranch they wore knives, and on horses they were superb; the oldest was not over thirteen. Only at these mealtime conversations did they show any signs of bashfulness, for then they listened quietly, and almost never spoke. Just once do I remember their taking part, and that was when I mentioned the enchanted lake, Guajará.

"Oh, it's enchanted, all right [wink]!" José affirmed. "That lake is not for everyone. Only those who know and have practice dare go there."

"Were you ever there?"

"No. But I've heard a great deal; it is only one hour's ride from here. There was a fisherman that used to frequent the place and one day, when he stepped out of his canoe, he saw before him a woman. She told him that she was bewitched and begged his help. 'Go to the big tree on the opposite shore,' she said. 'Climb it. Wait there and a calf will come. It will be an enchanted calf; kill it and it will turn into a man, a great, hideous Negro. Kill him. Then I will be free. And pay no attention to anything you hear.' The woman disappeared then."

The children followed the story with eyes like grasshoppers.

"Well, he went to the tree and climbed it. A clap of thunder came from the depths of the lake. The same spirit in the bottom began to play on a clarinet; that is common. He was badly frightened but he stayed and soon, just as the bewitched woman had said, a calf came and stood under the tree. And he was too frightened to fire. Instead, he clung there, trembling so badly that he almost fell out of the tree. At last the magic calf left and he ran back home.

But he was so scared by what had happened that he fled to a ranch on the shore of Lake Arary and there, a few days later, he died of fright; that lake is not for everyone."

The little boys were as pop-eyed as was practicable.

"No," said the eldest. "It is not for everyone. There are enchanted horses there in the dry season. Strong, fat horses. Beautiful ones. And the people at the station rounded up a lot and put them in the corral. In the morning they had all disappeared. Enchanted horses!"

The next oldest had his story.

"The wife of the manager of the station was by the edge of the lake a few months ago with one of the cowboy's women, and a big, black giant appeared before them! They fainted. When they became conscious again, the giant had gone."

"The lake is not for everyone," said José emphatically.

"What other drawbacks does the lake have?" I asked.

"Crocodiles," he replied, readily, "crocodiles and snakes. It is one of the worst places we have for them because the lake never dries and that makes them hard to kill. There are anacondas in there—may God deliver me!"

"Good, then. I would like to go over and kill some crocodiles. My wife has never seen any and I would like to pull one out for her to look at."

"Ah, then, you need not go so far as Guajará; over here in Bom Jardim we have plenty and that lake is open so that you can get to the water's edge easily. We killed a lot there last summer, but it still has the devils; it still has them."

"Can we get there on horses or must we ride oxen?"

"The horses can go yet."

"Then let's do that tomorrow."

We talked of the bad habits of crocodiles for a while; it is little wonder that they are a favorite topic of Marajó

conversation, for there are few places in the world where there are more. I have seen them piled one on top of the other, by the score, in the mud of a dried lake, their nests all about in the grass, each one with a ferocious guardian, and their exposed heads and tails filling the remaining water space. In Marajó you grow so accustomed to them, in a short time, that an attitude of contempt develops but, if you stay long enough, something happens and you recover your respect.

There is an old Portuguese trader who makes the rounds of the ranches buying pigs, delivering messages, and transporting merchandise, thereby getting a small kind of living, and one rainy season, he was crossing a deep creek near Matinadas with a brace of hens tied behind his saddle. The water was about five feet deep and the bottom muddy, so progress was slow until they reached the middle. There a big crocodile, attracted by the sound of his passage, rose to the surface and charged. With one sweep of his tail he flung the Portuguese from his saddle and then, instead of attacking him, the brute made off with a grinning mouthful of squawking chickens.

José was full of these upsetting incidents.

"Take the case of the child just over here at Nazareth. His mother had him beside the water while she washed clothes. She went to the house for more soap and when she returned, the child was gone. The whole crowd of people searched for two days without finding him. On the third day they killed a monster of a crocodile. They opened him up [wink]. And in his belly was this poor child. All that was missing was the head; apparently the crocodile had bitten it off and lost it. Do you believe that?"

I nodded. "Yes, I believe it; I've heard about the case several times."

Then José went on to explain that oxen were much superior to horses when there was a matter of fording a deep, crocodile-infested creek on hand. A horse, he said, becomes so frightened when a crocodile is attentive that he is capable of throwing his rider, if the latter is not on guard, or of losing his footing in his mad efforts to escape and, falling down, leaving his rider to face it out alone. The ox, on the other hand, is stolid and, at most, he will merely take what may remain of the ford at a run.

For some time we considered these matters and made plans for a trip to Bom Jardin; while so occupied several dogs slipped in to see what kept us interested and one of them was very queer; an altogether outlandish kind of dog. He had bright, blue eyes, big ears, a long, pointed nose and rather short legs, considering the length of his body. His coat was quite the strangest I have ever seen, for it seemed to be made up of the superimposed coats of three distinct dogs, one with brown spots, one with black ones, and one with white ones, more or less as if a triple exposure had been made on a single photographic plate. He was a dog to end dogs.

"Now that dog, José," I said. "Is that an enchanted dog?"

José pulled a cigarette from his mouth and looked down at this notable animal.

"Enchanted?" he barked. "Of course not; that devil is just a goddam mutt!"

V. CROCODILES AND BOOKKEEPING

AT the start, the path over the savannahs was dry and encouraging but, before we lost sight of the house and its appendages, the ground grew damp and we entered into an area of "wild cotton," an ant-ridden plant of no utility whatsoever that rises to the shoulders of mounted men and ofttimes higher. Two cowboys, Raymundo and Manoel, rode ahead on oxen while with us was José's oldest son on a horse that would be commonly considered as spirited but, by this constant deviling, was made little short of frantic. We had horses and behind us came the Arekuna, in a white suit, with my rifle over his shoulder and, on his head, a big straw hat rather like a crushed pie in aspect. He rode an ox and it was a deplorable beast that gradually lagged until he was barely in sight.

Coming out of the "wild cotton" we entered a vast, flooded area that grew deeper, gradually, as we plodded toward the still invisible lake of Bom Jardim. Numerous red ants had attached themselves to us during our passage through the cotton and now we carefully picked them out, where we could, and endured the inaccessible ones, complimenting ourselves, the while, on our enforced stoicism. The going continued to grow worse but the clouds of ducks and red ibis kept us too astonished to fret at it. By the time we had the lake (a pond barely a quarter of a mile long) in sight, the horses were up to their bellies half the time.

The crocodiles were floating on the smooth, brown sur-

face of the lake and there were only a few from the Marajó point of view—twenty, perhaps. An enormous flock of ducks occupied a bit of reasonably dry ground at one end and they made it reddish brown with their close-packed bodies. From time to time some of them took flight and flew into the air with a vast beating of wings, only to drop back when they had come to the conclusion that we were more strange than dangerous. This we took to be a sign that people seldom shot here owing to the sloppy traveling conditions. But there was a limit, and having approached it we waited for the Arekuna, who had the rifle. He arrived in a whimsical fury at his mount and then I fired into the ducks, killing five of them. The morality of this procedure is a trifle tangled: I had no shot gun and could hardly hope to pot them on the wing with a rifle. Also, they were about two hundred yards off. On the other hand, they were packed tightly together and a bullet that cut through them was bound to kill many. In any case, they tasted remarkably good when we ate them that night.

The sound of the shot seemed to have no effect on the crocodiles, so we rode as close to the edge of the lake as we could and waded the rest. The crocodiles took note of all this and some swam toward us in a leisurely fashion. So I fired at what seemed to be the largest and the water boiled. The crocodile I struck performed a big leap into the air and the rest dashed off frantically, some on top of others and all making a tremendous turmoil. I shot and killed a second one and the uproar grew greater.

At this moment one of the cowboys, Manoel, touched my arm. "How does the *senhor* propose to get them out?" he asked.

"Oh, that . . . Why, I don't know." It was a point that

had been overlooked in the fulsome discussion of the night before.

"We will try to wade out and get the dead ones," said Manoel, recklessly, but this turned out to be impossible, for in addition to the depth of the lake there was a fringe about eight feet wide which was kind of a *purée* of vegetation and water, it being out of the question to say where the land left off and the lake began. And in this stew numerous crocodiles lay on the bottom taking their ease.

Manoel and Raymundo conferred at length and came to the conclusion that we would have to return to Matinadas, send for a canoe that was in another lake, and drag it to Bom Jardim in an oxcart. Then we would be able to harpoon the crocodiles. So, feeling rather foolish, we went back to Matinadas.

José heard this tale with admirable resignation and said, "Only tomorrow." As we got to know him better we discovered that any new project was automatically greeted with this phrase so that he would have time to think. Then, tomorrow having come, he would say, "Only tomorrow," and the present day would be consumed in sending word to people, in gathering horses, in writing notes and, generally, in complicating most hopelessly the slightest kind of affair. Worse, it frequently happened that, the best plans of José Martins carefully laid, it would rain for a week just as they were about to bear fruit.

Nevertheless, he was a good fellow.

The canoe arrived in record time and we set off again for Bom Jardim with our boat in a cart drawn by oxen. One of the oxen, however, was the beast ridden by the Arekuna in the first instance and he got us into the flooded "cotton" and very calmly collapsed. Manoel beat him with a quirt and Raymundo prodded him unmercifully with a

long pole, but he lay in an apathetic heap, refusing even to grunt. At last, they were too tired to punish him any more, so the canoe was pulled off the cart and hitched to the riding oxen; these dragged it along in the shallow water in great style and, once in the open, inundated grass, progress was good; the lazy ox got up and went home as soon as he realized that he had won.

It made a strange picture; the two cowboys on their oxen with the canoe in tow, while the relaxed Arekuna sprawled in the thing's stern.

The same flock of ducks was at the edge of the lake but they were on their guard and took to the air as soon as we came in sight.

"The ducks are surly today," said Manoel.

"Ducks are always surly when fired upon," Raymundo observed. "That is why we don't eat them oftener."

This is all these two philosophers said the whole way from Matinadas to Bom Jardim.

One of the crocodiles I had shot on our first visit floated, tail and belly up, in a lamentable state of decay; the other had been eaten already. After considerable fuss we got the canoe into the water and the two cowboys poled it in the general direction of the wary crocodiles. Getting close enough, Manoel flung the harpoon and matters became distinctly lively, for the harpoon was in a *jacaré assú*, one of the big kind, and he did not like it. He yanked the canoe about, sounded, broke water, leaped in the air and in the end was ignominiously dragged ashore, fighting fiercely, and whacked over the head with an ax by the agile Raymundo. One whack only aggravated the crocodile but several more rendered him reasonably dead and we were able to examine him at leisure.

He was a handsome black and yellow creature covered

with knobs and bumps and such; he belonged to another geological period really, but in a way, I suppose the same might be said of Marajó. Bet admitted that it was quite an animal.

Having dragged out one, we now decided to pull them all out, and so be of service to the cattle and ducks they would otherwise kill. A big fellow was therefore harpooned and, with much more trouble, was dragged ashore, breathing furiously and putting up a splendid battle. This was a fine brute, and rather than have his brains beaten out with an ax, I asked the boys to hold him with the harpoon while I made a picture of him. The crocodile, a little winded at this point, held still while I snapped him and then, feeling that a more candid kind of portrait could be made, I thrust the Leica within a few inches of his nose.

But my not too cautious approach gave him new energy and he began to fight and flounder so wildly that I shot him in the head with a revolver. The bullet must have touched something ticklish, for he gave a terrific leap, broke the harpoon line, charged frantically among us, and tore off across the lake in a twinkling, the point of the harpoon still somewhere in him.

We stood looking foolishly at each other for some time and then got in the canoe with the vague idea of finding him. Nothing, however, came of it. Manoel said that crocodiles were in the habit of sinking to the bottom and, not satisfied with that, even went to the extent of digging themselves deep into the mud.

"That was a very important crocodile," Manoel told me, "very important."

Raymundo nodded in solemn agreement. But we never saw the important crocodile again and rather than return so ridiculously early, we began to pole alongside the float-

ing vegetation of which I have already made mention. By prodding the mess with a certain resolution, Manoel soon got startling but unsatisfactory results; the water and leaves would suddenly explode, something large and swift would rush toward us and, with very unsettling kinds of sounds, pass underneath the canoe. That would be a crocodile.

We had been doing this for some time, always with similar results, when I decided that we were more or less like small boys sticking pins in bugs, and ordered the canoe ashore. Manoel was persuaded to stop his curious sport only with difficulty: "The crocodile is a lewd creature," he proclaimed. "He is lewd and I hate him."

Just on the other side of the mush, Bet and the Arekuna were fussing with the dead crocodile, trying to pose him diversely for photographic purposes. The corpse was heavy, though, and they floundered ludicrously. So we put the canoe behind the oxen and waded back to Matinadas. Thus ended the great crocodile hunt; it was a singularly futile proceeding. But it was also a good deal of fun.

José would not hear of our crocodiles; he had killed much more "important" ones and in great number. What weighed on his mind was the failure of one Joaquim Padeiro—Joaquim, the Baker's Man—to arrive. The Baker's Man was our postal service, telegraph system, caterer, and shoulder-borne cross. He was, in fact, the same old Portuguese trader I have mentioned as having had an adventure with a crocodile who stole the chickens off his very saddle. Approximately twice a month, he arrived at Matinadas with mail and such and then, having spent a night on the ranch, he would set out for Pará with the complicated set of errands we had thought of since his last visit.

"That damned Baker's Man!" I exclaimed when I heard all this.

"Oh, no, the poor old Portuguese isn't damned, he's simply delayed." José bridled at the aspersion cast on a fellow countryman. "Simply delayed. Sometimes he gets held up out there on the Bay of Marajó. Sometimes—" He went on telling of the innumerable catastrophes that could befall an honest old Portuguese trader whose record was admitted by all to be without blemish. I suppose that, had the Baker's Man not arrived during the following afternoon, we should have heard that he was frequently bitten by snakes.

Incidentally, this old *farceur* was called "Baker's Man" because he trafficked in fresh bread.

In his mail bag he had a grand lot of letters for us and they were all stamped on the back with the hall mark of the authoritarian state: "Opened by the Censor." The two greatest annoyances in such governments, to my way of thinking, whether they be Russian, German, Italian, or simply the mild Brazilian variety, is that they want to read other people's letters and that they meddle with the exchange. Foreign exchange has always been a mystery to me, but it was not difficult to decide that there was something wrong with any financial arrangement whereby the bank gave me seventeen and one third *milreis* for a dollar, while private business men were anxious to purchase American dollars for twenty *milreis* apiece. There was a matter, too, of Greek meeting Greek, when a German tourist ship came to Pará; it was loaded with people of, I believe, great distinction and wealth, but they were allowed the equivalent of a hundred and fifty dollars each to spend in some fourteen ports.

Brazil has lately decided to have a nice, authoritarian state and when the *coup d'état* was annouuced many peo-

ple in the United States were convinced that fascism had come to the New World. It cannot be too emphatically stated that the Brazilian Government is very little different from what it has always been, that it is not fascist, and that it is a typically Brazilian arrangement designed to solve peculiarly Brazilian problems. The best thing we can do is to be uncritical and help when we can; it is the one South American country where American prestige is really great, and it would be a pity to alienate a nation passing through a very difficult period of growth. Also, the government's careful liquidations of fascists and communists has been done (when it has been done) in the usual decent Brazilian fashion, being accompanied by sporadic jailings and banishments, but without benefit of firing squads, castor oil, rubber hoses, or other paraphernalia of European purgings.

One of our letters stood out from the others by reason of its being without the censor's stamp; it was from Dona Sofia, and in it she said that Luciano had left French Guiana for Pará. He had only to stop at a certain island of Maracá and should, therefore, arrive at any time. Looking at the large, angular handwriting, forceful and direct, I could almost see Dona Sofia—reddish hair, gray eyes, a jaw almost too firm for a woman; the letter was in excellently idiomatic English for she has a splendid ability with languages, having been educated in Switzerland and England. We read the letter twice and felt disappointed because she made no mention of coming to Matinadas herself.

The part of the letter that referred to Luciano we read aloud to José and to the cowboys; some of them began to sweep up about the cowsheds, others began to mend neglected saddles, all of them gave various demonstrations of coming out of the reverie into which they had fallen about two days after he left. When he came, all the exciting

cattle work would begin and the ranches would come to life for Luciano was the brains of the whole organism, the driving force that converted sixteen thousand head of cattle, over a hundred square miles of grasslands, a dozen odd stations and a hundred cowboys, women and children, from a vegetable thing to an economic and social organism which, despite numerous defects, represented a secure and individual way of life.

Managing one of these ranches, purely from a business standpoint, is a difficult matter. The margin of profit, considering the amount of capital invested, is good but not startling. The attractive part of being a great rancher is the security and ample power involved. The money represented by one of these estates might, possibly, be invested in Wall Street, at a larger profit, but during 1929 it was discovered that a wad of valueless stock may not be eaten; let the price of cattle go down ever so far, the steer remains an upstanding mound of beefsteaks. The rancher may know difficulties about getting clothes and trips to Europe and his people's shirts may get threadbare but they never land in a breadline and they never have to apply for relief. The system can support them without exporting a single head of cattle.

Taking the finances of an average ranch and figuring in dollars, the set-up is roughly as follows: the whole estate is valued at seventy thousand dollars, at the present rate of exchange. It contains about ten thousand head of cattle and, perhaps, a thousand horses. It has about a hundred square miles of land, more than three quarters of which is pasturage. The rest is wood and bog land. Beside the great house there is probably another big one, formerly an estate in its own right, and ten lesser stations, or *retiros*. In each station there are two or three, sometimes more, able-bodied

cowboys; in all, the ranch can probably muster about thirty-five or forty paid hands. These, with their womenfolk and children, make a total of a hundred and fifty persons depending on the ranch.

Each cowboy receives a dollar and eighty cents a month, a factor gets three dollars a month, and an administrator, such as José Martins, gets six dollars a month. The payroll, therefore, is approximately eighty-three dollars and forty cents a month, or one thousand dollars and eighty cents per annum. It costs approximately four dollars a month to feed a cowboy, the principal imported items being the coarse flour, called *farinha*, coffee, sugar, and tobacco. The meat and fish, of course, are provided by the ranch but, in the above estimate of the cost of feeding a cowboy, the market values of the meat and fish have been allowed. The yearly cost of feeding the ranch's cowboys is therefore sixteen hundred and eighty dollars.

This average ranch will have against it a mortgage for twenty-five thousand dollars, at twelve per cent per annum, so the interest to be paid will be three thousand dollars a year. In this part of Brazil, no one is expected to pay off the principal of a debt and doing so is regarded as eccentric. There may be a connection between this attitude and the high rate of interest charged.

In addition, there is a vast clutter of miscellaneous: expense of repairing the numerous windmills, cost of replacing old ones, cost of experiments in the introduction of blooded animals or new types of grass, fencing, occasional dabblings in boat ownership, construction of new buildings, repair of old ones, making of new saddles, cost of occasional parties for the cowboys and so forth. These will come to some two thousand dollars a year.

Meanwhile, the herd, if carefully handled, will yield an

average annual increase of twenty per cent or, on this average ranch, two thousand head of cattle, all of which are exported to Pará, for that city of three hundred thousand people uses a good deal of beef in the course of a year. The typical steer, after the low transport charges and taxes have been paid, pays its owner seven dollars net at the slaughter house in Pará. Therefore, fourteen thousand dollars a year from the export of the cattle. There are other items such as fish and cheese which, on some ranches, amount to a considerable sum, the cheese being shipped to market and the fishing concessions rented at so much per lake. The average ranch will make another thousand dollars from this source.

The picture is now more or less like this:

Gross Income		*Expenses*	
Cattle	$14,000.00	Wages	$1,000.00
Fish, cheese, etc.	1,000.00	Provisions	1,680.00
Total	$15,000.00	Interest on mortgage	3,000.00
Minus expenses	7,680.00	Miscellaneous expenses	2,000.00
Net income to owner	$7,320.00	Total	$7,680.00

Since the ranch is worth seventy thousand dollars, the net income is just a trifle more than ten per cent of the capital invested which, of course, is not at all bad. But it must be remembered that this twenty per cent increase in the herd is attained only by men like Luciano Bieder or Epominandas Ferreira Teixeira, who work hard, take the greatest care of their sick cattle, provide them with water in the dry season by a network of windmills, and are constantly inspecting, supervising, breeding, killing off the crocodiles, snakes and jaguars, and seeing that the greatest

possible number of calves dropped, live and are branded. It is hard work. On the other hand, in North Brazil, one of the world's lowest price areas, seven thousand dollars a year is a princely income and when the *milreis* was three to the dollar, as it was in 1923, that income would be reckoned not as seven thousand and some dollars a year, but as forty thousand.

On ranches where a paid manager is employed and the owner does not interest himself, the net income is less than half that of our typical owner-operated estate. It remains a very nice income, in North Brazil, especially when it is considered that it is earned without more than an occasional lifting of the finger.

The figures regarding cowboys' pay and upkeep are enough to give a good left winger fits because it looks like exploitation. It *is* exploitation. But cold recital of the salaries paid does not complete the picture. In addition to the wage there is the right of the cowboys' children to all the milk they can swill. There is his right to keep chickens, pigs, and cattle on his own account and most of them have small flocks and herds of their own. They do very well in the matter of health, for cattle-raising Marajó is almost entirely free of malaria and their diet, while it runs to beef, makes strong, healthy bodies unacquainted with the malnutrition responsible for many of Amazonia's ills.

Judging solely by the figures is unfair, in any case, for such judgment is made with the basic idea that man's happiness and man's income are the same thing. I am violently opposed to poverty and consider it much nicer to be rich than to be poor, but figures here deceive because they indicate poverty when, as a matter of fact, the retainers of the ranches are not poverty-stricken. And I believe they are happy. I came to this conclusion by investigating the sui-

cide rate which, I feel, is much more sensible than buttonholing people and asking them if they are happy. I talked to ranch owners, to cowboys, to their wives, to old women, and to merchants in Soure. Not one of them had ever heard of a suicide in Marajó. In Pará, where there are capital, labor, unions, syndicalism, and government control and arbitration, there is a rather appalling amount of suicide, chiefly over love troubles. At bottom these love troubles are economic because the set-up in the city does not permit early mating and Brazilians seem to get bed-bent while still quite young. The considerable prostitution takes care of the physical urge but the emotions remain as disorderly as ever. In Marajó, a boy can marry as soon as he takes a fancy to the idea; he will get the thoughtful advice of his White Man and be given some wedding presents and a decent wedding; consequently he never regards his sexual difficulties as anything nearly serious enough to cause him to take his own life.

To be sure, many people feel that a laboring population's being happy is no excuse for not informing them that they are exploited. I can only point out, before they buy their tickets to Marajó, that in our own mythology it was a snake that told Adam and Eve they were naked.

VI. DEAD MEN'S BONES

LUCIANO, despite Dona Sofia's letter, was slow in coming and we continued to amuse and instruct ourselves with the aid of José Martins. I had not, at first, intended to do any excavating but, at Matinadas, with a burial mound only a few miles away, this resolution went awry and presently we were talking of going to Laranjeiras for a day with the spade. José felt that Jayme Lobato, the present owner, would be much nicer about permission to dig than had been the Portuguese bankers who once held a mortgage on the place.

"It is much easier now that *Seu* Jayme owns it," he told us. "Of course, if you wish to take out a big collection that would be another matter."

"No. Just a few things."

"There! Why, I'll just send word to the manager and we'll go over and dig." He looked speculatively at Bet. "I have something here, but I hardly know if I should show it; it is a little shameful, and it might give offense. It is—well—a *tanga*."

"Oh, bring it," I told him. "They aren't shameful."

He was speaking of one of the strangest articles of dress ever worn anywhere, and soon he was back, his face apologetic in the yellow lamplight. In his hand he had the *tanga*, a three-cornered piece of baked clay. On it was painted a painstaking and highly individual design. At each corner there was a hole for a cord; this *tanga* had been the only clothing of the ancient Marajó woman. It was, in fact,

a sort of aboriginal step-in. Oddly enough, though they are to be found in all the old mounds, for years their use was unknown. Finally someone dug up a feminine idol about two feet high and there, still in place, was a miniature of one of the mysterious curved triangles. Then everyone wondered why they had not thought of it long ago, it was so obvious.

With the *tanga* to arouse our digging energies we hounded José through the usual mess of getting started; first a letter had to be sent to the administrator of Laranjeiras asking his permission and co-operation, then the horses turned out to be hard to find, and then it rained torrentially for a couple of days.

Somehow we did get off to Laranjeiras, at last, and when we did we were a considerable company because, in addition to ourselves, there was José, his two oldest boys, the Arekuna, and a nondescript cowboy. José's boys insisted on galloping at every opportunity and one of them, the one we called "the little Goya boy," was a remarkably fine rider, roaring along with his feet barely touching the stirrups and his straw hat on the back of his head, held by a cord under the chin; he looked very like a little Sunday School boy on a runaway horse. Inevitably, of course, they overdid it and a horse stumbled, throwing a boy over his head into a puddle. He got up in a great state of embarrassment and leaped into the saddle again, doing his best to make believe nothing of the sort had happened and curtly discouraging inquiry.

There were different people at Laranjeiras and they did not remember me from my last visit or, perhaps, they were too startled by the spectacle of a Foreign Lady on a Horse to try, but the house was the same, a rambling, two-story affair on top of what, for Marajó, is a mountain, for the

mound is about fifteen feet high and over two acres in extent. We clambered up to the house, our eyes avidly noting the potshards that littered the ground of this ancient cemetery.

Inside, the house was unpainted and smoky, being furnished only with a rude table or two and some long benches. The hammocks were folded against the wall and there was a tiny, portable chapel built to resemble a church. There were bits of colored tissue paper tied to it and through a glass window, the Queen of Heaven, as represented by some unknown and very bad artist, was to be seen. It was a touching thing.

The men were away, mostly, but a light-colored woman, with a tired, good-humored face, greeted us pleasantly and bade us be seated. Then the children came to kiss our hands —for some reason they do this, asking one's blessing as they do—and an older girl brought out a big tray dotted with small, white cups of good coffee. All Marajó coffee is good, but Laranjeiras' is especially so; I did not find out why.

While we took coffee, cowboys came in and offered us limp, dark hands in this peculiarly white man custom which no other race ever uses with pleasure. Then they backed against the wall and stood watching us with polite but interested eyes; in this they were more courageous than the women who peeped out of half-open doors and were induced to come out only with considerable difficulty. After a suitable and mutually uncomfortable period had passed, we strolled out of the house and back to the big grove of mango trees.

Everywhere the ground was littered with the bits of strange funeral pottery—the roots of the great trees had reached down among the dead, expanded in their vigorous life, and crushed the urns that held the bones of the men

and women who built the very mound on which the trees grew. Cattle had stamped over the graveyard in the wet season, their dull feet destroying the art and dreams of whole generations. Ranch children had excavated, looking for dolls, and smashed what did not please them. Cowboys, drunk enough to brave the dead, had dug for gold and, in disappointment, destroyed all they could. Several archaeologists had been allowed a fly-by-night kind of permission to excavate which had served only to whet their appetites before they were asked to leave.

We ate a few mangoes and then began to prod the earth with knives, opening at once a forlorn collection of broken pottery. It was a stately place, with the big trees and soft, cool winds; it was pleasant to be alive there, and had the ancient people of the island not been quite so civilized, not quite so artistic, it would have been a pleasant place to be dead; in the size and dignity of the mango trees there was a kind of resurrection. But they were clever, the ancients, so we dug among their coffins.

José gradually got interested and then little short of frenzied. "Only with picks and shovels and axes!" he declared. "Fetch me crowbars, you lazy boys! I'm going to *dig*."

He belonged to the energetic rather than the careful school of archaeology, and once the crowbar was in his hands, he flung himself into the job with deplorable willingness, his little brown mustache quivering with excitement. Among some banana trees he discovered (and promptly smashed) a lovely big burial jar. Two stylized breasts indicated the sex of the occupant and then, inside, we found the pathetic heap of powdery bones. Despite anything I could say or do, José at last demolished the urn



LAND TRANSPORT is the horse in the dry season, though the riding oxen are still in frequent evidence. This picture, taken at the close of the dry season, shows the parkland quality of the savannahs nearer the coast and drier than those of the central portion of the island. The palms in the foreground are Tucuman palms and they bear an edible nut, although the coat of long, black spines they wear does much to discourage picking them. The small islands of low trees make good nesting places for the smaller birds and provide a kind of maternity ward for the cows.



TRAVELING TOGETHER is always better than traveling alone in Marajó, and particularly is this so in the wet season. A horse, for example, might be struck down by a snake in some shady, flooded glen, and there is his rider, miles from anywhere in a terrain that taxes a horse's strength and would be nearly impossible to a man. If that same rider is not alone, his companion can fetch a new mount, or if they are small, maybe they can ride away together on the remaining animal. Here, the cowboy and Jayme Lobato prefer big, slow oxen, while Bet and Dona Sofia insist on horses.

TESO is one of Marajó's oldest houses and, today, is a lesser cattle station. A group of young Germans who made a moving picture on the island were anxious to film a cowboy *festa* in this house but were on the point of giving up because of lighting conditions; Luciano solved the problem by tearing off the whole roof which would have greatly annoyed the family living there had they not been so overcome by the dance and festivities which followed.



and, triumphant, stood astride the fragments, sweat pouring down his face and his breath coming hardly.

"Try for another one, somewhere else," I suggested, and as soon as he moved on I got down in the hole he made for, with the urns, there is always a collection of household pottery. Digging carefully with a penknife, I soon uncovered plates and dishes, fragments of dolls and whistles, broken bits of *tangas*. And then the Arekuna got interested and with great care began to lift out the old things.

When the women who lived in the house came to give us lunch it was only after a good deal of persuasion that anyone would leave the layer-on-layer of unknown dead.

On the table where we ate lunch was a big bowl which had been taken out of the mound and now served its irreverent owners as a place to put mashed sweet potatoes.

And that is a strange and mysterious matter. At hand were the same materials, overhead was the same bright sky, brown bellies were just as well filled as they ever had been and, debased though it was, the blood of the mound-building people still flowed in the veins of the women who served us lunch; but, despite all this, they were so ignorant of any handicraft that they found it worth while to dig up and use as tableware the centuries old household pottery of their talented ancestors. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete stifling of a culture than that symbolized by the carved bowl on the long, wooden table with its cargo of mashed sweet potatoes.

It will be noted that, at no point, have I given dates to the heyday of the mound people. It is because no one really knows when they disappeared or why—that is, with certainty. It seems reasonably sure that their disappearance was catastrophic and one suspects that this catastrophe was the arrival of the first white men. Robbing the theory of

certainty, however, is the fact that there never has been found in the graves a single article of European manufacture and almost the first things the American races got from the whites were Venetian glass beads. Being practically indestructible and articles of personal adornment, they are almost always found in the burial urns of people who had contact with the invaders.

It is also said by some that the deeper you dig into the mounds the more complicated and beautiful the pottery becomes, but in the only mound where I had even a slight opportunity to examine the stratigraphy, this did not happen to be the case. This mound is by far the most important on Marajó, being about seventy feet high and entirely artificial. Monte Carmelo, as the mound is called, is on the estate of Epominandas Ferreira Teixeira, near the source of the Rio Anajaz. This, with a smaller mound nearby, makes a form like the *jaboti*, a little land tortoise which appears frequently, in a stylized form, in Marajó art. It is possible that, viewed from the air, other mounds would present recognizable forms, as does this one and as does, I believe, the Ilha Pacoval, a vast burial mound in the Arary Lake.

Owing to the "slipping" caused by heavy rains on the steep sides of Monte Carmelo mound and to the destructive action of the roots of the big mango trees crowning its summit, fragments of pottery were exposed from the river bed to the top. At both top and bottom there were quantities of simple red pottery, some of it incised, some of it not. Between these two layers was the highly developed ware, incised, sculptured, and painted, which is characteristic of Marajó. Such excavations as I made tended to confirm the impression that three separate strata existed.

The photograph on page 87 shows a large urn I re-

covered from Monte Carmelo. A layer of white paint had been built up over the red surface of the clay and on this had been painted the designs in red and dark brown. The red paint appeared to have been of vegetable origin—from the *urucú* (*Bixa orellana*) nut, perhaps—while the dark brown paint seemed to have been made by burning certain clays; at the ingredients of the smooth white paint, with its enamel-like surface, I cannot guess.

The sculptured figures are of especial interest. A hat is worn and it is of a type which occurs on most of these figures. The tongue is thrust forth in derision[1] and the genitals prominently displayed. Inside the urn there were fragments of several *tangas*, odds and ends of household pottery, and a quantity of bones. From the distribution of bones in this and every other urn I have seen, I conclude that the body was allowed to rot or left to the ants and vultures before burial, the bones then being collected and interred in small bundles. Similar practices exist to this day in Amazonia among the remoter tribes. This urn is now in the Brooklyn Museum.

Many of the trays and dishes found display an impish humor, for often there will be a pair of little men, wearing representations of the feather crowns probably worn at festivals, crawling bodily into the food and there are many little clay whistles in the form of birds. They are usually capable of three or four notes. There are tiny saucers in the shape of tortoises used, presumably, to hold peppers; the variety of household ware is enormous. All carry painted designs and it is to their complexity that we owe

[1] The outthrust tongue may have some other significance. In the ancient Mexican picture-writing, a tongue immediately before a mouth indicated, interchangeably, speech or authority. In the Marajó urns, it may also be a mark of authority.

the haphazard surmises to the effect that the people who made them were Egyptians, Chaldeans, Babylonians, Phoenicians, or even inhabitants of a lost Atlantis. But those who favor these romantic theories completely overlook the fact that the wheel and the true arch are not found in America before the landing of Columbus, that systems of keeping records were based on fundamentally original conceptions, as were such mathematical achievements as the Maya calendar, and that all American cultures were based on peculiarly American food plants, unknown in Europe, Africa, or Asia before the discovery.

The principal Marajó tribe, at the time the first Portuguese navigators arrived, was the Aruan, dwelling on the north coast and, I believe, spilling over into the adjacent delta islands, Caviana and Mexiana. There were others, of course, such as the Guajará, about Condeixa; the Maruanajes, at Soure; the Saracá, at Salvaterra, just across the *Igarapé Grande;* as well as the Juruna, the Muaná, and the Anajaz. There is also some doubt as to whether Nheengahiba was a generic term, as Padre Vieira states, or really the name of a large and powerful tribe in the northwestern part of the island.

In any case, the tribe most frequently mentioned in the old accounts was the Aruan and it is from their territory that the most perfect type of pottery has come. Nevertheless, while there are slight regional differences in the pottery designs and manner of execution, there is a general identity of artistic motives and technic, that points to an island-wide cultural integrity. The most complicated designs found in the Chaves pottery can be duplicated satisfactorily in a piece from Soure.

As has already been mentioned, these people successfully fought off both Dutch and Portuguese for a consider-

able period and dwelt in villages raised on piles. Atop these piles were a few huge platforms, roofed over and divided into compartments. An ancient Marajó village must have presented much the same appearance as a prehistoric Swiss lake dwelling. These apparently communal establishments were built on mounds not ordinarily subject to severe inundation; these were artificial, the earth of which they were formed being brought from a distance. Each village is said to have contained a separate burial mound. Archaeological evidence of the character of the villages is lacking; today only the burial mounds are identifiable.

But it is not entirely certain that the people who met the whites were the people who built the mounds and made the pottery. It is barely possible that several generations before, the mound builders had been wiped out by invading hordes from the south and that the "Nheengahibas" were merely savages who had destroyed a peaceful and artistic people.

One of the most fascinating objects found in the mounds is the *Murikitan*—the green Amazon Stone. These stones are usually in the form of a ceremonial ax or pendant and are made of green diorite or, in some cases, jade. This jade, unfortunately for romance, however, is of American origin. Sometimes the stones are beautifully carved and always they are highly polished. As the Amazon is ascended these stones, though always rare, become more frequent until, in the general neighborhood of Obidos, at the mouth of the Trombetas, there are more encountered than anywhere else.

Here is the legend: at the head of the Trombetas there is a lake called the Mirror of the Moon. About it lived the tribe of war-like women who gave to the great river its name. Orellana, the discoverer of the Amazon, encountered

them near Obidos where they attacked his makeshift boats and, according to his friar, "made war like ten male Indians." These accomplished women discovered that, on nights with a full moon, there were visible in the bottom of the lake chunks of this stone in a soft state. The stones were brought up by diving and, while still soft, worked into the axes, pendants, and zoömorphs familiar to all who have inspected collections of *Murikitan*. The ornaments were then given as gifts to the men who paid the annual visit and, by them, traded over considerable portions of the river, going, it would appear, as far east as Marajó.

No extensive examination of Orellana's adventure is necessary. He may have been telling the truth, he may have been telling what he thought to be the truth, he may have been lying. But the legend of the tribe of women who lived without men is to be encountered over most of Amazonia and it is quite possible that, for a time, such a group actually did exist. It is also quite possible that Orellana mistook long-haired fighting men for women, because the custom of wearing the hair long among the men is common in the region north of Obidos to this day, I myself having observed it among the Ulukuyana who dwell on both sides of the Brazil-Suriname border.

The interesting feature is the fact that the stones are distributed, roughly, in such a fashion that it actually does appear that the Trombetas was the place from which they emanated. The presence of the *Murikitan* in certain of the Marajó burial mounds gives some clue to the extent of trade in pre-Columbian times. Even today, a muzzle-loading shotgun can start in a hardware store in Georgetown, British Guiana, and two years later, turn up at San Fernando de Atabapo, on the upper Orinoco, having passed through the hands of three tribes over regular

aboriginal trade routes. It is entirely possible that there was once a trade system embracing all America from New Mexico and Peru to Marajó. I do not mean by this that these various peoples had definite knowledge of each other; I only mean that products and vague ideas, at tenth hand, could traverse the whole length of the routes, a state of affairs, in fact, analogous to Europe's trade with Cathay a century before Marco Polo.

The designs on the Marajó ware are in bewildering variety and usually without apparent meaning. Occasionally, it is possible to pick out a snake, or a tortoise, and many of them have a weird trick of looking like tattooed faces when examined absently; the resemblance fades the moment conscious interest is focused. There is a small, pointed ellipse with a couple of vertical dashes, top and bottom, which occurs frequently and, for the lack of a better name, we called them "footballs." In the museum in Pará, however, we found a ten inch high idol, elaborately painted, and there were our "footballs"—used to represent the eyes. Similar representations of the eyes are found in other parts of the world but before any jump is made to a conclusion, it should be remembered that eyes look much the same anywhere, and there is only a limited number of ways by which they may be indicated.

Most of the designs remain, however, undecipherable and it is almost certain that they all have meaning.

Just why these people should have crumpled at first contact with Europeans would not be clear to those unfamiliar with Indian patterns of thought. In tropical America, they have everywhere had their cultures collapse before the conqueror; Pizarro overthrew the Inca empire—which enjoys the distinction of being the only governmental system that ever abolished poverty—Cortez de-

stroyed Mexico and both did it with comparative ease. In neither place did the Spaniards ever replace the cultural vitality they tore down. True, the Indians still possess handicrafts but the spark of greatness is gone and the Indian population tends to be an amorphous proletariat. People who love Mexico may—overzealously, I fear—say that the Indian Mexico is still strong and vital, which no doubt it is; but greatness is gone; a *serape* is not a temple-crowned pyramid any more than, in Marajó, a painted calabash is a three foot burial urn covered with meanings now unguessable.

From personal observation, I would suggest it may be that these people conceive and accept authority only in terms of kinship. Social organization, in general, is: individual → clan → phratry → tribe → nation. While yielding complete submission to a father, an uncle, an older brother, and the witch doctor, a man still feels free; his part as a brick in the social structure does not degrade him. But when forced to yield obedience to any other system of authority, he rebels or submits dumbly, hopelessly.

The outstanding case of Europeans successfully ruling happy Indians comes from Paraguay where the Jesuits established their great reductions and those who would not work were denied food. Under their rule, the Guaraní prospered and actually enjoyed an increase in creative stature. An index to their success is that the Jesuits were also expelled there, being charged with raising a power that affronted the Crown, and in the continued use of Guaraní as a living language in modern Paraguay.

I have mentioned, from time to time, the Arekuna, and it may be that he has no place in a book on Marajó. But I feel that the experiences of the Arekuna, a free man, proud of his blood and his people, in Marajó where men are many

serfs and a few lords, as well as his relations with Luciano, type European master man, may show the germ of what has destroyed Indian greatness all over the New World. I will therefore devote more time to him than might otherwise seem necessary.

VII. COWBOYS ON THE GRASS, ALAS

AN hour's sunshine in the welter of rain squalls that now flayed Marajó always made José proclaim that "it was like a day in the dry season" and, as a result (if effect is that which follows cause) the sky invariably blackened and the cold sheets of gray rain descended. Riding back from Laranjeiras in the moonlight he made this stock remark so it rained for a week afterwards. I do not mean that the rain fell steadily for seven days and seven nights; but it seemed to; the sky was always leaden and the great squalls marched inexorably across the grasslands attended by violent winds and a chill clamminess that took possession of leather articles, plates, lenses, books, and, I suspect, souls. In any case, unable to leave the house, I found myself examining the state of my soul, an annual procedure with me, and the results were melancholy.

No further news of Luciano came, if we tried to get horses to ride in the rain it always turned out that they were far, far away—even when they were in plain sight from the windows of the upper story—and the cowboys passed their time in fiddling with saddles and singing *chulas* to the music of homemade guitars. The *chulas* were fine things and they had the merit of being composed by the more talented cowboys themselves. Simple, to be sure, but with the authentic note of folk-expression in them, for

they dealt with round-ups, lassoes, horses, steers, and always, always, *amor*.[1]

Other small events took place. The little Goya boy announced that he had the "son of the owl" in captivity and this rarity turned out to be a handsome and warlike young owl. He brought the creature in to us, holding him by outstretched wings. When placed on the floor he promptly assumed a boxer's attitude and plainly announced himself ready to take on all comers. His big, yellow eyes stared at us in arrogant wisdom (though he could hardly see us by daylight) and his powerful beak was half open. When I approached him with my foot, he lay on his back and kicked at it. However, approached from behind and stroked gently on the head, he relaxed and almost went to sleep, only to renew his belligerent protests when I tried to pick him up. I told the little Goya boy to put him away until the rains stopped but when they did, he returned in a frightful temper and said: "The son of the owl has fled!" I think he blamed it on me.

This same boy had a talent for catching unusual animals; once he brought us a queer marsupial rat as big as a rabbit and endowed with a difficult Indian name. The creature had a bad reputation for destroying ducks and chickens, so it was killed. But in this it was only one of the numer-

[1] Having left Marajó, I found this snatch of verse from a *chula*, written in an old notebook by Leonie Dias, lovely daughter of the island:

"La vae uma garça voando
Com as pennas que Deus lhe deu;
Contando penna por penna
Mais penas padeço eu."

"Yonder goes a white crane flying
With the feathers that God it gave;
But counting them feather for feather
They're still less than the regrets I brave."

ous enemies that preyed on the smaller domestic stock. Ducks were continuously stolen by the big boa constrictors that lived in the swamps for, with the rising water, they came close to the house. At times they killed calves and more is credited to them, but I shall not repeat it as it strains credulity a trifle. There was a pig whose tail had been bitten off when a crocodile lunged at his hind quarters and missed and on my previous visit there had been a pig with an enormous piece bitten out of his neck by a crocodile that had ventured up to the very door during the floods. Somehow he had survived.

And there was a cowboy who walked with a limp. He had been badly bitten in the leg by a crocodile and Dona Sofia, a very competent woman where her cowboys are concerned, had treated him continuously until his leg and, probably, his life were saved. It had been a ghastly task for a woman, for all are agreed that the worst smell in the world is the unearthly stench of a crocodile bite in human flesh; apparently gangrene sets in almost at once. Another man so bitten died of the infection and shock, but he did not have Dona Sofia to attend him.

Presumably, a crocodile's teeth are laden with the most potent kind of microbes, owing to their filthy eating habits, but a view down one of their throats is esthetically pleasing. Black, near the front of the jaw, blends away into the most delicate pink and beyond, at the entrance to the inner regions, there is a magnificent white with small, vein-like tracings of this same pink. The whole surface has a smoothness that belongs properly to porcelain and the teeth are beautifully clean and sharp. In fact, the whole animal is a functional joy, without a gadget on it, things in their place and a good, obvious use for everything. Nevertheless, their bite is dreadfully infectious and a clean tooth, while it may

not decay, can certainly be proved in this example to harbor an unreasonable quantity of deadly organisms.

At night, we read beside a lamp until it was bed or, rather, hammock time. One evening the Arekuna came in with a sheaf of papers and stood in a corner until he saw that we were not busy.

"I have tried to learn to write," he said. "To deal with these civilized people reading and writing are necessary. Otherwise you are cheated."

I said that he was right and asked if he had learned yet.

"Almost nothing," he said, bitterly. "No one will teach me. I can write the numbers and my name and that is all."

"Write your name here," I commanded, and gave him a piece of paper; laboriously but very legibly he wrote: "Edy do Carmo."

"But 'do Carmo'! What is this? Your name was Paramungá."

When I brought him away from his tribe, eight years before, he was named Paramungá and had just acquired Edy; since he needed two names, we decided the mission Edy and the tribal Paramungá would serve well enough for all dealings with civilized people.

He sat a while in thought.

"I kept Paramungá for a year after you left," he said, at last, "but people asked so many questions and, knowing I was an Indian, they made jokes. So I gave it up and when people asked where I came from I simply said 'Amazonas,' and they took me for a civilized person. I don't like these mixed bloods," he added, "and least of all the Negroes." Formerly he had had no racial antipathies.

"But how did you get this do Carmo nonsense?"

"There was a *festa* at São Joaquim for the baptism of a baby. I was invited to be the godfather. When they asked

my family name I said I had none. So they named me Edy do Carmo then and there."

We laughed at the story and he, too, admitted it was an unorthodox way of acquiring a family name.

"Now write the numbers," I instructed. "Write them from one to ten."

He took hold of the pencil and, absorbed in what he was doing, I could examine his face. It was young—six years before I had elected him to sixteen and he has kept the estimate, claiming to be twenty-two now, although there was a time when he forgot and passed three years as eighteen; Dona Sofia straightened him out on the matter. He had a long, powerful nose with a rather low bridge and long, scanty eyebrows. The jaw was not firm but the lips were decidedly so and the black eyes were alert and intelligent. His skin was a kind of sun tan color and, indeed, most of the color over and above a pale Mongolian hue was due to the sun. It was a face in which there was to be seen something rare in the world today—racial purity—for his mountain tribe has had very little contact with outsiders and there has been, thanks to their jealousy of their women, no crossing with other peoples.

The numbers, aside from a tendency to lie on their sides, were correctly written.

"How did you learn this much?" I asked.

"Dona Sofia taught me some. Some I copied from books. I was learning from a schoolmaster, but the dirty swine spent the hours he should have spent with me and the three other students making love to his *namorada!*"

I noted that he had learned to recognize whole words rather than combinations of letters and, for that, our writing was no different, to him, from the Oriental systems of ideographs. I passed an hour explaining how each letter

had a sound of its own and I taught him the alphabet as sounds rather than as a collection of names which meant almost nothing. The discovery that the whole thing actually had a coherent logic and system astonished and pleased him, but when he found that it could be used to write his own language it vaguely frightened him and we stopped.

He now showed me his accounts with the ranch for a period of over five years as kept by himself. The system used was one of his own invention and, interestingly, began by being decimal. Nine vertical strokes were followed by a small circle placed below the plane of the strokes. Some of it was too complicated for me to understand but he got an accurate result. The decimal notation, he explained, had come of reckoning on his fingers; the ability to count, however, he owed to civilized people. Carefully, he checked over the hieroglyphics with which he designated various purchases and, watching, you saw other thoughtful brown men who, commencing with fingers and toes, had achieved a mathematic and, commencing with men like the Arekuna, had produced the intellectual titans who devised the Venus Calendar and the Incaic system of government, invented a more perfect and diverse weaving than our modern one, and erected religious systems which, in one direction, degenerated into a monstrous, wholesale blood-letting and, in another, made people who told the Spanish friars that the principles they taught were already familiar to them.

We finished the discussion of his accounts. "And now," I began, because we had waited a long time for this talk, "what do you intend to do?"

He shrugged dejectedly.

"Do you want to stay here?"

"No!" he said, decisively.

"Do you want to go back to your own country?"

He ran his fingers through thick, blue-black hair. "I would like to visit—perhaps stay—but I'm afraid I might not like it. I am forgetting my language, too. I try to speak it to myself and it won't come out. I don't know what to say. And now, with Dulcinea . . ." He fingered a long scar on his left cheek; it was recent—barely healed.

"Does she know that the Arekuna nation runs around in loin cloths and bead aprons?"

He grinned. "No," he said.

"And then the children . . . it is a big responsibility." I waited to see if he knew what the word meant; he did. "You cannot steal a woman," I continued, "and then just walk off as if she were a monkey you had taken out of a tree and were going to put back again. She must eat and so must her children. Why the devil you couldn't have chosen a single girl, I don't know."

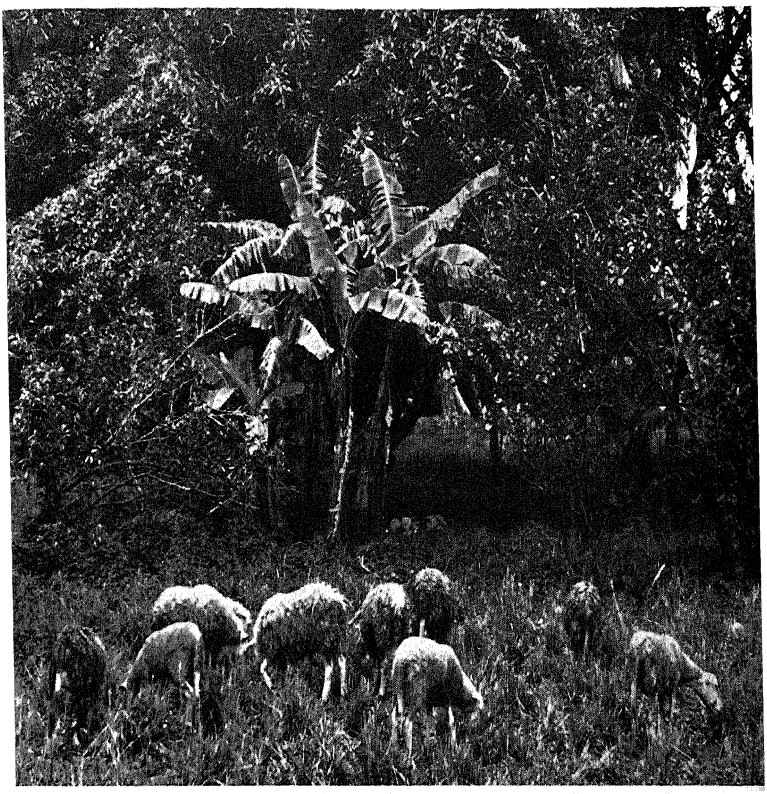
His face began to harden into characteristically stubborn lines; on this point he would not budge. The woman was older than he, she had three children by her husband, and the man was still looking for him with a cutlass; but there was no argument that would make him give her up.

"I could go to the Federal Ranch in the Rio Branco; from there it is only ten days' travel to my own people. She could live there. It is civilized."

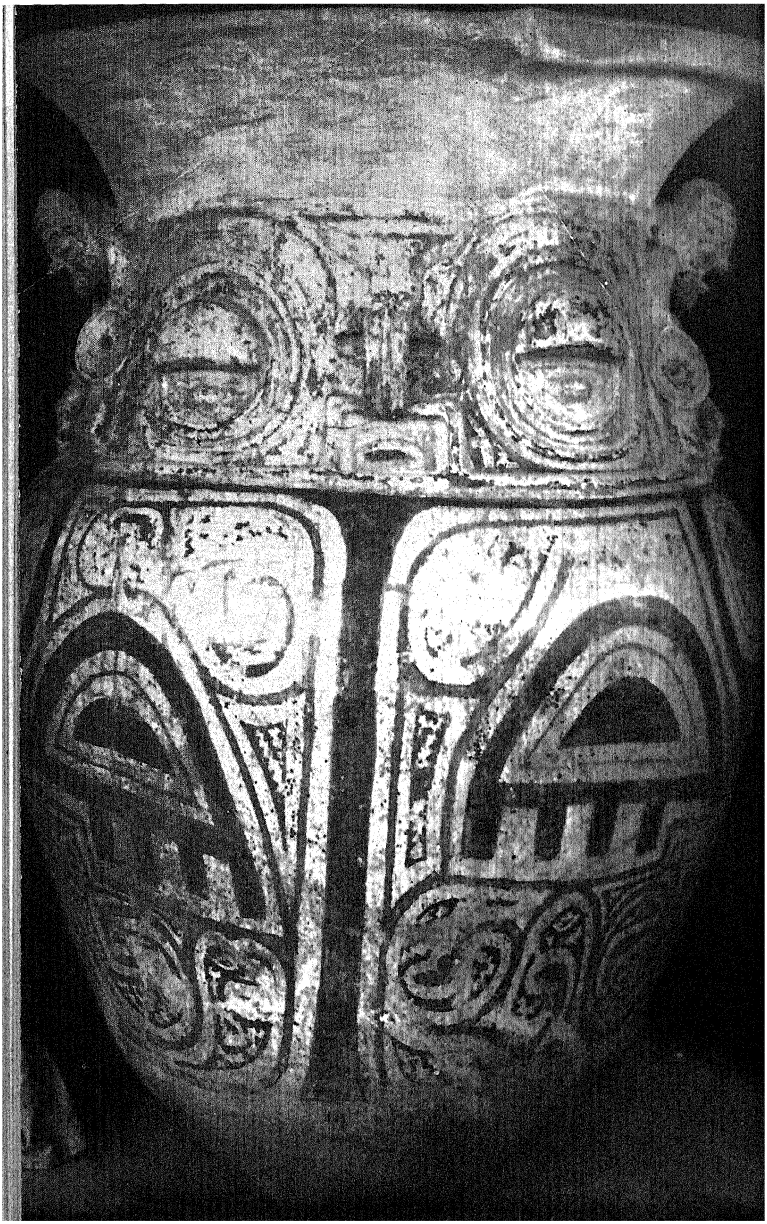
"But does she want to go?"

"I don't know. I haven't asked her yet. But if she will go, I will take her. If she won't, I will leave her."

I groaned; I felt mildly responsible for him. I had taken him when he could not have been more than fourteen years of age and, after a long trip in South Venezuela, brought him down to Brazil and left him on the Federal



OVER A BIG GRAVE, made of generation on generation of ancient Marajó Indians, graze these peaceful sheep. The surface of the ground beneath their feet is littered with fragments of funeral pottery. Until fairly recent times, human beings paid little more attention than the sheep.



Ranch where he learned to wear pants and speak Portuguese. Later I had taken him with me up the rivers between the Serra Parima and the Rio Branco and, on returning, left him with Luciano for five years. Now he was in a mess; he had stolen another man's wife, had his face chopped up by the irate husband and, in the bargain, was saddled with the burden of three small children she had brought with her. I felt singularly glad that I was not Edy do Carmo, né Paramungá.

"I don't see what you're going to do," I admitted. "Perhaps if you stayed on the ranch . . ."

He shook his head emphatically. "I want no more of being civilized," he said. "Being civilized is just working all your life to get clothes and enough food to give you strength to go on working. If you get a little more you spend it on rum so that you'll feel happy for a little while before the work begins again."

"And in your country?"

"In my country it isn't so. In my country each one works for himself and the people help each other instead of trying to make the rest work for them. But there is the fighting all the time—one family against the other—always trying to kill their kinsmen. That is why I don't want to live there any more."

"What about the city? You were working there for a while."

"Yes, and there you get your money 'dry,' as these people say. That is, you get no food with it, and it isn't enough to live on. There is nowhere to make a house. Somebody else always owns the land and even when he doesn't use it, he won't let you build a house on it. So you must rent a place to sleep, and that takes the money. While you are working you can't fish or hunt or make a garden,

and if you leave work to do that, you will die of starvation because there are so many people that the fish are few and the game is scarce."

The Arekuna had had the unique experience of living under communism in his own country; feudalism on the ranch; and capitalism in the city; and he had found them all wanting, not so much because of something lacking in the systems, but because of some basic lack in human beings, some ghastly, organic defect to which may be traced, I suppose, all the differences between what we are and what we might be.

"Well, you think about it," I told him, "and whatever you want to do, I'll help you do it. But you ought to see your mother and your brother; they will think you are dead."

"I'll think," he said and, gathering up his scribblings, he went out. "Good-night," he called over his shoulder, in English.

His father had been killed in the internecine strife characteristic of primitive people. So had his uncle. Then his mother had married a brute of a man, too lazy to make a garden or hunt; the Arekuna hated him and that, I believe, is why he originally came with me.

Even a Marajó rainy spell has an end and the next day dawned marvelously clear and bright, the flooded land exhaling moisture and the cattle fat with the lush, wet grass. José came in with the milk, his red cape negligent across one shoulder and the first smile on his face that we had seen since the rains began. "There is a round-up near Munguba," he proclaimed. "Earmarking and castration. Do you want to go?" Of course we did. "I know," he said, "so your horses are ready."

The cowboys had already left and our group was made

up of ourselves, José, the Arekuna, and José's two oldest boys. "It's in the direction you will go when you go to shoot buffaloes," he told me. "That is, if you do go. The water is getting deeper now and there in the Mondongos you go now only with canoes. You can imagine; you meet your buffalo and you shoot him and kill him. Excellent. But, suppose you shoot him and don't kill him: he will charge your canoe and capsize it, throwing you in the water. Then he will trample you and run his horns through you. He will take your tripe out. And what he doesn't do the crocodiles will, for the Mondongos are full of them, now. It is also the first place for snakes in Marajó."

It was a rather horrifying picture. These regions to which José gave the name Mondongos are wastelands lying between the ranches and the north coast of the island, and they are a veritable No Man's Land, often being called precisely that for large parts of them are, as yet, without private owners. The word sounds African but I am assured it is obsolete Portuguese, used in these days only in Marajó.

"Where did these buffaloes come from?" I asked.

"Oh, they came from Africa or India—one of those places," he responded airily. "I don't know, really. But they are valiant beasts and aggressive."

I never seemed to be able to get proper information on this matter; one perfectly intelligent rancher told me they came from North America, being known there as bison; but bison, of course, they are not. Others said they were Congo water buffaloes. Still better opinions stated that they were water buffaloes from Annam—and imported long ago by José Vicente Chermont de Miranda. When I asked why, I was told that it was because they were

strange animals. No one was particularly interested. More about them later.

An hour's ride got us to the stretch of dry, open savannah where the round-up was to be held; we came out on it suddenly from a flooded area of wild cotton and found four or five cowboys stretched out on their horses' backs, smoking and chatting; one was even asleep. The cattle, as yet, were far distant but the galloping figures of cowboys were etched against the bright sky and the far sound of thousands of hoofs disturbed imperceptibly the gently moving air. We dismounted and rolled cigarettes, talking drowsily while the herd was driven up. One of the cowboys stood on top of his saddle for a better view and said the cattle would arrive within an hour.

They did. A whole river of horns burst out of the wild cotton and rolled onto the savannah, its course directed by a dozen cowboys who shouted and galloped and lassoed and swore until the herd was in place. Periodically, one steer or another broke away from the herd and thundered toward the wild cotton, while two cowboys in violent pursuit flung their mounts after them and, their lassoes curved tautly in the sky, dropped the noose over the lowered, rebellious head and with a jerk from the horse, threw the steer to the earth. Always they gave the steer something to remember the next time he thought of flight; they castrated him, or they sawed his horns off, or they clipped his ears with the Matinadas earmark or they twisted his tail desperately. Then he was dragged back to the herd.

Calves that broke away were lassoed and earmarked. Cows were driven back. Bulls were overthrown and castrasted. Vultures, used to the proceedings, gathered and made free with the discarded parts. There was superb horsemanship from the barefooted cowboys as they rode

hotly after fleeing steers, lassoes aloft, or drove them back afterwards, furious, the blood pouring down their hind legs, while they bellowed for vengeance and charged at every moving object, all fear of mounted men gone from them.

It was a violent, beautiful scene—the primitive magnificence of men imposing their will on the dumb brutes; having the incredible effrontery to sit on one animal's back and make it chase another; and having the intelligence to turn all the seeming brabarous cruelty into part of a plan and pattern from which they drew life.

"Castration's the devil," said José, sadly. "Only branding gives more trouble. But that, at least, is in the dry season and the ground is hard enough to stand on. Here—ah, the devil!"

His gesture indicated the round area where the stamping herd had reduced the moist earth to a pool of muck where cowboys, horses, and steers wallowed in a slough of mud, blood, and sweat. It was the devil, beyond doubt. I tried hard to get photographs of cowboys close behind a fleeing steer, but nothing much came of it; at the gallop necessary to keep up with them, niceties of focus, composition, and exposure were impossible.

A Wyoming cowpuncher would have felt acutely unhappy, I imagine, had one been there. The men were using saddles that have a vaguely Moorish look, starting from the high peak where the pommel would be in a Western saddle and dropping rapidly away to a space that seems far too small for a full-grown man's bottom. When they lassoed, the end of the rope was made fast to the cinch and the horses threw the steers by running in a short arc at right angles to the taut lasso; in the American West, of course, the point of contact is much higher on the horse;

mechanically, it would seem that the Marajó system is superior. The men all rode barefoot, their big toe and the next one inside the tiny, two-inch openings of the miniature stirrups. Many of them wore leggings and those who did not, shaved the hair from their legs at the point where they would touch the saddle; without this precaution, there is chafe and infection.

But the man from Wyoming would have been as convinced of the rightness of his methods, after watching the Marajó men, as they would be of theirs could they see him at work. Cow men are very conservative.

At two in the afternoon, the work was finished and we started back to Matinadas, now racing each other with the overwilling horses, now progressing at a slow, thoughtful walk, both equally pleasant. José and I were together and he was groaning because no cord had come; in the dry season lassoes are all of rawhide, but in the wet season leather rots and breaks, so lassoes of cotton cord must be made, for there can be no mistakes when half a ton of furious beef is on the end of the slender rope. "A ranch has to have lassoes," he said (for the tenth time). "A ranch must have them. Otherwise, not even the devil can catch a cow. These today are borrowed." He smote his forehead with a clenched fist. "The shame of it! Borrowed lassoes! The man must come back. Sometimes I wonder if it isn't true that he has run away because of this defloration—you know how he was said to have hidden the man in Gavinho."

"Yes, but he didn't; that was just the lion tamer."

"I know; but why does he tarry?"

"Probably he is drowned," I suggested optimistically. "These schooners don't even have ballast. The coast of Guayana is dangerous. There is the tidal bore. There are the bad charts. There are the shifting sand bars and shoals.

There are the poor and difficult harbors. He's drowned, the poor fellow; I have a premonition."

"*Papagaio!*" said José. Brazilian exclamations are curious. *Papagaio*—parrot! *Egua*—mare! *Puxa*—pull! *Ora, Bolas!*—Well, balls! But so are the exclamations of other languages if considered objectively.

We rode on in silence, little José sitting superbly his big, white gelding and holding him in continuously. We passed the small house at Dominginho and then the first Matinadas windmill. When we sighted the house there was visible the riding ox of the Baker's Man.

José jabbed his horse with his bare heels. "Now, we'll see!" he shouted over his rapidly receding shoulder. "Now, we'll see!" Almost at once we were dismounting under the mango tree in front of the house.

It was the Baker's Man and he had odds and ends of mail for us and a letter for José; he took it to his house with some yarn about spectacles; the truth of the matter is that he reads with difficulty and does not like people to watch his lips while he is struggling with his correspondence. Presently, however, he returned.

"*Seu* Luciano will arrive," he said, grinning a mustache-swallowing grin. "He will arrive. *Seu* Raul has telegraphed that the schooner left Cayenne three weeks ago; it will arrive any day. So you see [wink]," he concluded, "the man is not drowned."

"That's a long, dangerous coast," I replied, for I liked to worry him a little.

VIII. NOTES ON FISH, HIDES, AND LIBEL

WE filled in a certain amount of the time, now, with fishing. All over the cattle country there are lakes of varying size, one, the Arary Lake, being about twelve miles long while many are a couple of miles in length. In the larger ones live the *piraracú* and they are the biggest fresh water fish in the world. According to the natives, the *piraracú* is equipped with lungs as well as gills and breathes on the surface. From its tongue is made a grater used to grate *guaraná,* an Indian vegetable product, from which is made the delicious *guaraná* drink, the Coca-Cola of North Brazil. From its big scales is made an excellent substitute for sandpaper. And the delicious meat is used all over Amazonia as a substitute for the salted cod common in the rest of Latin America. In weight the fish goes up to two hundred and thirty pounds and there are, of course, reports of larger ones.

Now, in this emotional century, the world is jammed with religious people who do not believe in God and for whom, by some queer, distorted logic, the scientific destruction of the mythological trappings of Christianity has also been the invalidating of the principles Christ taught. Hence there has been an upspringing of all sorts of odd little cults, their existence overshadowed by the confusion and clamor of new faiths that go masked as political systems. Among these brands of "opium for the people" we may very safely list big game fishing. Its votaries speak a different language, they wear headdresses and garments

unlike those used by other kinds of men, they nourish their sun-leathered bodies with great draughts of tomato juice, and they owe allegiance only to their invisible government, which appears to be administered by a ruling caste of high priests. These people—for women as well as men are numbered among them—devote all the resources of the Machine Age to the capture of such widely varying types of fish as the fighting little bonefish and the big broadbill. Some, like Heilner, Lerner, and Hemingway, are serious naturalists; others are congressmen who do it because the President does. I do not have any connection with the cult, despite trifles of fishing here and there; my claiming such connection would be analogous to the case of a man who had driven up Pike's Peak in an automobile proposing himself for membership in the Alpine Club.

But I did try to catch a *piraracú* on rod and reel and I now specifically direct the attention of big game fishermen to this fish. Some have already considered him, and they know vaguely of him under the name *haimara*, as he is called in British Guiana. The problem, as I found it, is one of bait. In Marajó, whenever there are *piraracú*, there are *piranhas*, and they destroy anything put out. We fished for *piraracú* at several lakes, including the enchanted and dreadful Guajará. We tried meat bait, live bait, cut *piranha*, and feather jigs. The feathers, when we were able to keep them off the bottom, never got a strike; all of the other baits were promptly destroyed by the *piranhas* themselves.

We went to the famous and dangerous Guajará for a trial and needless to say there were no enchanted horses, no ghosts, no spirits playing clarinets, and no great white crocodile, as was also related to us; bitterest of all, we were there during the Hour of Silence and the birds made a deafening uproar. But it was an eerie, spooky place, for

all that; antediluvian-looking; beyond the stunted, heat-tortured trees there was a solid wall of plants, tall, soft, pliable, and altogether weird. Through this stuff there passed a narrow, grass-choked channel which gave access to the lake.

We caught a few *piranhas* in almost no time at all by dropping a hook baited with raw meat over the side. Rarely did it stay more than three minutes before there was a swift strike, astonishing in so small a fish. The live *piranha* was then put out on another hook belonging to the rod and reel outfit and allowed to swim about freely. Here and there, often near us, the water was broken as portly *piraracú* came to the surface, in a brief flash of red scales. But, try as we would, we could not keep a live *piranha* more than fifteen minutes on the hook before his fellows ganged up on him and tore him to shreds. The *piraracú* never had a chance to inspect the bait.

Towing a feather jig was not successful, mainly because it sank and caught in the bottom. Later, at another lake, we tried meat, fresh and salted, we tried a spoon which we were able to keep near the surface and we tried again and again, with live *piranha*. All, however, to no purpose for the *piranhas* attacked everything we put out, even striking the spoon again and again. Ultimately we gave it up.

To a fisherman who wants to try for these *piraracú*, several leads remain open. A small outboard would drive a canoe fast enough to keep various artificial trolls afloat and they do have the merit of not being destroyed by the *piranhas*. Another possibility would be to go there in the dry season when the lakes are low and isolated; the fish would then be visible and you could cast for them; dropping the bait in front of them where the fish would have a chance to strike before the *piranhas* stole it. Still another

possibility is in searching out a place where there are *piraracú* but not *piranhas*, and it is possible that such a place exists in the flooded bottomlands near Prainha, on the Amazon, during the rainy season.

It would be a marvelous fish to get on a rod and reel for, from what I hear, they fight like a tarpon, going in for spectacular leaps and usually throwing the hook from their bony mouths. The few men who have got them to take a hook used *piranha* and did so at night, by moonlight.

On the Guajará trip we saw a house called Boa Fé and it stood on tall posts off in the middle of flooded grasslands. We were told that it was probably the most horrible place in Marajó to spend the rainy season. For months on end, the family stationed there had nowhere to stand save on the floor of the house; the nearest dry land or approach to it was five miles away, and under the house dwelt a voracious swarm of crocodiles attracted by the refuse of humanity. Their flounderings at times shook the piles on which the structure stood. Comings and goings were only by canoe. And yet, the family that lived there was rumored to like it and be unwilling to go to another station.

It was at about this point that Marajó began to get really wet. The gray rainstorms were of almost daily occurrence and the water in José's gauge pleased and surprised him more every day.

"Seventy centimeters!" he would ejaculate. "Seventy centimeters! *Mãe de Misericordia*, but that is rain." Then, laboriously, he would write it all down in a book kept for the purpose. In the end, Raul Engelhard would see that it was published in some meteorological journal in Paris.

Each day saw the rising waters come nearer to the house and they saw us abandon horses for oxen on most interior journeys. It is a startling sensation, the first time, this riding

of Zebu oxen. It is necessary to accustom yourself to the curious rolling motion of the saddle for all Zebus and Zebu crosses have an apparently unnecessary lump of flesh on the shoulder, which moves about without regard to the rest of the animal. Also there is the bizarre angle from which the long horns are seen and the queer way of boarding them; you pull the head around close to the stirrup by using the nose rope; if you are a stranger, you put your foot in the stirrup and up you go, but if you are a Marajó cowboy, you step firmly on the ox's face and get up that way.

I presume there are other places where oxen are used as riding animals, but my impression is that Marajó is the only country in the world where it is a common, everyday practice, and the reason is hidden in the fragmentary history of the huge island.

In 1644, the first cattle came to Pará from the Cape Verde Islands and in 1680 the first ranch was established in Marajó by a Portuguese carpenter. By 1696 such religious orders as the Carmelites and Jesuits had established ranches and mission stations, introducing, about that time, horses as well as cattle. By 1806 there was a half a million head of cattle browsing on the plains and one million head of horses. The horses were mostly wild and ownerless and in vast herds they devoured the pasturage and left little for the cattle. By 1830 there was some question as to whether Marajó belonged to the ranchers or to the horses; consequently, when an Englishman arrived and contracted to kill two thousand horses for their hides, paying about three cents apiece for the privilege, the ranchers embraced him. He made a lot of money and others began to kill horses, so that what an old account calls "many tens of thousands" were destroyed.

At the killing places the hideless bodies of the horses

were piled in heaps and mounds and left to the simple action of sun, rain, wind, and vultures. The dreadful smell of corruption made the land anywhere near such places utterly uninhabitable and an epidemic of a disease called "quebrabunda," characterized by paralysis of the hind quarters, made its appearance. In a short time Marajó had no horses, for the disease, a trypanosome affair, apparently transmitted through the vehicular agency of the very common *capivara*, killed about all of them and, in desperation, the ranchers and cowboys tried taming oxen for the saddle. They succeeded and discovered that an ox can go where a horse cannot in the wet season.

Today, the ox is to Marajó what the camel is to the Sahara; it is the ship that navigates the floodlands.

Nevertheless, I wish they had left well enough alone for they are, at best, unsatisfactory mounts; as I have mentioned before, they are slow, they are stubborn, and they are insensitive to a quirt. But they are very fine for long, boggy journeys as we found when we went to Munguba to see the herd of tame buffaloes there. Some of us rode horses and some rode oxen; in the mud and wallow of the inundated sections of the route, the horses all but gave up, while the oxen phlegmatically plowed along, munching shoots of thick grass. This place, less visited by its owner owing to its remoteness, was set on the edge of a mud pool, the corrals were under the windows, and on the ground floor a ghastly mixture of pigs, dogs, children, chickens, and their droppings mingled in a most revolting fashion. The wide-faced slattern that kept the place made a couple of ineffectual swipes with a decrepit broom and managed to push some of the filth under a chair before tiring, which was almost at once.

"Who is governor now?" she inquired, though months

had passed since a new one had been installed. I told her.

"Not the Major?"

"The Major has left for the South. And, anyhow, he is not a Major any more. He is a Lieutenant-Colonel."

"Well. So he was promoted. Colonel is a promotion, isn't it?"

I said that it was.

For a while she was silent. "That is sad," she sighed at last. "We all wanted the Major to be governor. He promised that when he was governor the ranchers would have to pay us in money instead of cloth and so on. Now that's all done, I suppose."

"I suppose."

For a while longer the woman complained vaguely and then left the matter to ask where America was. I felt very glad when the cowboys arrived with the herd of tame buffaloes.

By tame I mean they could be milked and treated like ordinary range cattle.

They were big, strong, gentle-looking creatures with sparse coats of hair through which showed the bluish black hide. When I approached to take close-up pictures they moved off, comically afraid of me. It was difficult to believe that these same peaceful milch-cattle could be in the wild state a dangerous species of big game, for in many parts of the world they are used as uncomplaining beasts of burden. But there could be little doubt of it; the son of the owner of the Dunas ranch, while hunting them in a canoe, was attacked by a wounded buffalo who capsized the dugout and thrust a horn clear through the huntsman's thigh. Only the other rifles saved him from death. A Frenchman, hunting them in the summer with one of Luciano's brothers-in-law, was attacked by an unwounded

buffalo and he and his horse were thrown to the earth by the unprovoked charge. The cowboys with him managed to draw the buffalo away before he killed the fallen man.

Yet their eyes were large and soft and shaded by beautiful long lashes.

We took a roundabout way home and skirted for an hour the edge of the Mondongos, that No Man's Land of Marajó. For miles the water was above the horses' knees and to the north the flooded country stretched to the horizon, broken only by a few islands of forest.

"There's the place!" exclaimed the cowboy. "There's the place. There in those Mondongos a man cannot travel in these days. There are snakes and jaguars and buffaloes and the devil knows what not more. On the few patches of dry land all the snakes of the whole of the Mondongos gather to pass the floods; imagine putting foot ashore in such a place!"

"Speaking of snakes," the Arekuna broke in, "what snake is that?" He was pointing at a spot in the grass not three yards away; on a bit of half dry land a big, black serpent wound a leisurely path through the grass.

"That's a black *jararaca*," the cowboy pronounced. "Treat him with respect." He flicked his horse with the quirt and cantered off with the rest of us close behind. I suppose we should have killed the *jararaca* but he was a dangerous-looking creature and the footing was poor.

Then the cowboy took us to various cattle stations where he had girl friends whose pictures he wanted; we took them all, but we were heartily sick of the game by the time we reached Matinadas, wondering why José looked excited.

He shouted his news before we could dismount.

"The man has arrived!" he bawled. "The man has ar-

rived. He is at Gavinho and tells me to inform you that he will be at Matinadas next week. And Gavinho is full of people now—foreigners—there is *Seu* Luciano, a Swiss; there is the lion tamer, a German, there is an explorer, also a German or an Austrian; and there is the explorer's wife who is said to be a German."

"Well!"

I read the letter Luciano had written; it merely told José to tell me he would be in Matinadas next week; for Luciano it was a long letter, and the only sort of letter he ever wrote, that is, a letter of instruction to the foreman of a ranch or cattle station.

"That's fine," I said. "That's fine. We'll just sit down and wait for him."

"Sit and wait," José agreed. "Only a few days more now. And how did you like the buffaloes and Munguba?"

"The buffaloes are smaller than I thought and Munguba is dirtier than I ever expected to see a house. Also the woman there was groaning about her pay."

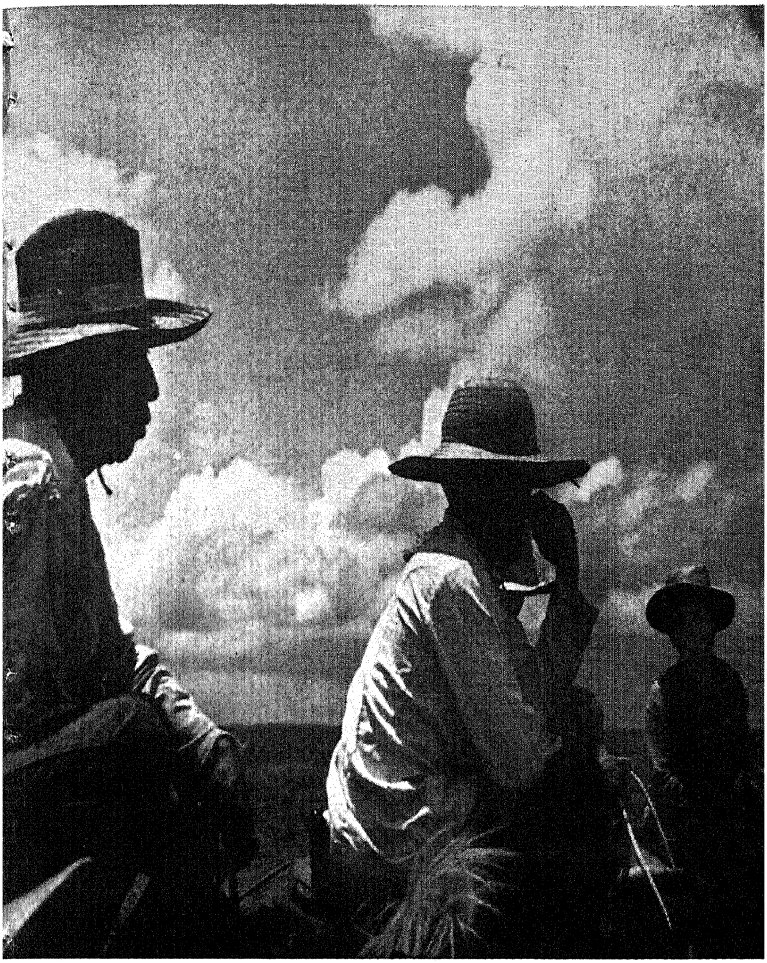
"Humph! Groaning about her pay. Did she tell you what those people there are paid?"

"No—she just said they wanted it in money and not in goods."

"Damn! Now you listen to this; that whole outfit is paid in *cash;* the system of paying in goods was done away with by the owner; he was sick of the bookkeeping and the trouble of transporting goods. If anyone complained to you over there, it is because they know they are going to be fired; the owner is firing them because they are so shiftless, lazy, and dirty."

And later I found this to be true.

We started to go in the house but José had an afterthought. "Oh, here are some letters for you. The Baker's



MEN WATCHING CATTLE. Arrived a little early at the site of a big round-up, this group of cowboys crosses legs atop saddles, dozes, gossips, smokes, and sighs resignedly. The horses go completely to sleep.



PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE. Another Man versus Beast picture, in this case Man being a lady and Beast a crocodile. The best name for the *caiman niger* is the Brazilian word *jacaré*. I have, however, stuck to "crocodile" as giving the best mental image of him.

BLIC ENEMY NUMBER
vo, the savage little
anha. Some people
ide in water contain-
fish that look much
e them and, unharmed,
ceed to debunk the
nha. Others wade in
ter containing the ac-
l *piranhas* and not be-
molested, they pro-
m him a fable told by
ionary travelers. This
very annoying to peo-
who have had toes,
gers, and worse bitten
by him.





PUBLIC ENEMY NUMER THREE, the deadly *jararaca* is among the snakes that climb out on the dry islands. This serpent, making no warning noise, is directly responsible for the deaths of many fine steers that step on him unwillingly during the dark hours. This particular specimen was killed a few yards from the buffalo-hunting camp on Uchy Island and the cowboy who posed with it is the redoubtable Gas-

Man is not coming to Matinadas this time but he sent your mail with a cowboy."

We thanked him and took it upstairs. It was an ordinary batch of mail but we read it with great excitement because letters in a lonely place take on an interest that nothing short of a pardon from a death sentence could have in other surroundings. We had finished reading them all when Bet noticed one, still unopened. It was quite a letter; to be brief, it informed me that an ill-advised remark on page so-and-so of a book I had written was now the subject of a libel suit for damages of fifty thousand dollars.

It was very flattering.

I gave it to Bet. "We can file this under Humor," I told her. "The man wants fifty thousand dollars, and the joke is I haven't got fifty thousand dollars. If he would sue me for fifty cents, now . . ."

But Bet did not laugh. Instead she looked first gloomy and then downright alarmed. "I don't see the joke," she said, when she finished. "The suit isn't against you; it is against your publishers and they can very nicely pay over fifty thousand dollars. And since writers, in their contracts, guarantee to hold their publishers harmless from such suits, you are sued indirectly; this is no joke."

I stopped laughing. "Let me see that letter," I said, weakly.

I re-read it. I re-re-read it. I re-re-re-read it.

"Isn't there still a nip of rum around the house?" I asked, in what I believe are called strangled tones.

Bet pointed faintly at a bureau. "In the top drawer, I think; there must be about half a bottle."

We poured two stiff drinks and agreed that it was a small world. Then we began to grow bitter. If you wrote

a novel, all your friends claimed to be able to see caricatures of themselves in the worst—never the best—characters. If you wrote a non-fiction affair, and were careful to offend no one (people offend with extravagant ease, in print) you were branded a liar. If you hewed to the line and strove for sincerity and accuracy, you get sued for libel.

"Maybe Luciano will give me a cow and a lasso; we could set up as ranchers. The literary life is too dangerous."

Bet nodded dismally. "Perhaps you're right; how long does it take a cow to have a calf?"

"I don't know, but sooner or later they all have calves. Then the calves grow up and have other calves and so on until you've got a few thousand head. It's a grand life . . . no libel suits. . . . And when I think about that —— —— —— being able to bring suit merely because I mention his having —— —— ——, it makes me sick." [1]

We growled over the misfortune for a while and then it occurred to me that there were people in New York urgently needing information which only I could supply.

"I'll have to go to Soure at once and cable," I said.

"Yes, the sooner the better."

So we gobbled lunch and since it was still dry enough on the way to Gavinho, had a horse rather than an ox brought; half an hour later I was in the saddle, bound for the coast and consoling myself for leaving Bet behind with the thought that alone on the ranch she would learn more Portuguese in a week than she had in the past two months.

I rode over another route than that which we had taken before and the creeks were deep: so deep that the cowboy and I had to carry our saddle bags on our shoulders and

[1] This part deleted on advice of an expert libel attorney.

swim with the snorting horses. The ride stretched interminably because I was anxious to arrive in Soure and send my cable and, also, because I wanted to see what Luciano would be like after six years more of managing and owning great ranches; it was nearly seventeen years since he had left Switzerland. We forded another deep stream; in the dry season they are devoid of even the breath of moisture.

Far ahead the fringe of forest proclaimed the headwaters of the big creek. To the south, a minute row of cocoanut palms ranged their feathers against a stern, steel gray sky; that was *Filhos de Eva.* In the north, there were visible the islands of woodland where I had excavated six years before. The land was beautiful in its spacious austerity.

It was already dark when we arrived at São Laurenço, a ranch about a mile below Gavinho and on the opposite side of the creek, so I commandeered a canoe at once and started upstream. Soon the bright lights in the living room appeared, advertising the presence of visitors and then the tide swept us alongside the stout wooden dock. I ran up the stairs to the house.

In the living room there was only the lion tamer and a solitary white woman, but while I stood uncertain in my sozzling wet riding clothes a man in his pyjamas came out of the shadows.

"Ho!" he croaked, in a choked voice. "I thought you might come out."

It was Luciano and he had the worst possible kind of a cold in the head, being barely able to speak, and then only in a hoarse whisper.[1]

[1] If this were a novel I would not have so many characters with abnormal voices. However, in the rainy season Marajó has its quota of colds.

"And look at this!"—he patted a considerable belly. "This is what a month of champagne and nonsense in French Guiana did for me. But it comes off. Here, this is Doctor So-and-so, the explorer."

The explorer was another figure in the shadows but when the light fell on his face, I remembered meeting him at Georgetown two years before. The white woman, a pleasant person with a strong German accent, was his wife; she said she expected to be at the ranch for a few days only. The lion tamer was the same old lion tamer but, I regret to report, considerably subdued by the presence of people with a "von" in their name.

I started to change my clothes but nothing came of it; instead I went to the dining room and sat down to a haunch of Zebu with Luciano who had already eaten but was willing to croak away for hours. We exchanged résumés of our lives in the past six years, discussed the present, and drank rum; it was one in the morning when we went to our hammocks.

"I'm sick of this nonsense," he said, "this owning ranches with my in-laws. They're nice people but when they fall out I take the rap here on the ranch. And then the money we paid back on those mortgages; we had to pay *twelve per cent* to the bankers. Twelve per cent! You pay off sixty thousand dollars of principal and on top of it the interest all in eight years and when you're done you know what work is. I'm going to get another place. A place all for myself. Or maybe with that man."

"The explorer?"

"Yes; he's got a good bit of money of his own and he has friends who want to invest in Brazil. The country's growing right along and, now that Getulio has liquidated these damned political parties, we'll be able to get things

done. Sometimes when I come in from the range, covered with mud, soaking wet, my belly empty, and find in my mail a lot of unpleasant news, I get so disgusted that I'm ready to go back to Switzerland. But the thing that always holds me back is my faith in the future of the country. It's going to be a great nation and we who are here now and have faith—we'll be the men of tomorrow, too."

In the yellow lamplight I could see that he meant it.

"And you want to go to Soure, eh?" he asked, leaving the subject for a while.

I said I did.

"Well, if it's to send a telegram, don't. It may be delivered and it may not; they are very careless in the Soure office. Better send it with the Baker's Man tomorrow. And now, tell me, what is your wife like?"

I gave what I considered to be a modest and uncolored report, but soon he was smiling and then grinning derisively, so I terminated the description rather sooner than I had intended.

"And Tim Smith; what about him? Is he married?" Tim Smith had been with me in Marajó on that other occasion.

"No, he's still single."

"Ho! there's sense. You know what Schopenhauer says: 'With women—a whip!' " Luciano was on his favorite subject, but now it was my turn to grin derisively.

"Ah, well," he said hoarsely, "let's go to our hammocks."

IX. STURM UND DRANG

AND so Gavinho, as advertised, had a houseful of foreigners and never before, on Marajó, had I seen so many at one time. Six years previously such a crowd would have been sufficiently unusual to have made the cowboys pop-eyed but now they barely glanced. We foreigners were taken for granted, and in this we may see that Marajó's feudalism is really a footnote to feudalism for a wedge of modernity is gradually being driven in and the old system will not stand the faintest breath of it. Let a few more foreigners come to own estates in Marajó and there will be widespread improvement. Electric lights and ice boxes (godsends that they are) will go into the ranch houses, the big, rambling houses themselves will be made more luxurious and more suited to year-around residence. There will be private flying fields and small planes so The White Man can pop over to the city in forty-five minutes instead of two or three days. And to support these betterments, every source of income must be exploited to the uttermost. Herds will be increased by scientific breeding and care, a packing and refrigerating plant will go up, meat will be exported to Europe, and Marajó will be the nucleus from which cattle are drawn to populate the vast, empty grasslands farther up the Amazon; this because Amazonia contains more cattle land than Argentina and ultimately will take that republic's place in the world market. Von Humboldt's prophecy that the

great Basin would one day be the food supply of the world is destined to be fulfilled first with meat.

But to exploit these resources to their uttermost it will be necessary to exploit the cowboys to their uttermost and, instead of regarding The White Man as friend and adviser, they will come to hate him as their first enemy. Instead of concentrating their loyalties on the estate they will look upon it as the cold stone wall to which they are chained. It will no longer be possible to ask oldsters if they ever heard of suicide on the island and get an amused negative for answer. They will be tinder for the power-hungry and the greedy, the uplifters who, in the course of rescuing classes or races (according to which racket seems likely to give the best result) have raised up a mundial mania for homicide. They will be taught to read, and be provided with radios, not for pleasure, not so their minds and spirits may be richer, but so that they may hear hate and excess under the name of education and cackling vulgarity labeled entertainment.

And then, if they have a suitable supply of needless geegaws to boot, they will have caught up to the rest of us and after that God knows what, for none of us knows.

I have connected the end of the feudal system in Marajó with the coming of foreign landowners because the opportunity for ruthless exploitation of the labor supply is present and failure to take advantage of it can hardly be expected of men who see no farther than a balance sheet. The present Marajó aristocracy does not take advantage of it, partly because of a good-natured inertia, partly because they distrust all change and improvement, and partly because they conceive of themselves, not as owners of meat factories, but as responsible lords of lands and peoples. It is as definite a loss of social position to have your cowboys

go into town in rags and utterly penniless, cursing your name, as it is to be unable to provide your daughter with suitable costumes at carnival time. Eighty years ago the best families in Pará would not let their daughters learn reading and writing, holding that it was unladylike and today their descendants do their best to prevent their children from going to the movies, holding that *americanização* is a shoddy thing.

And from these considerations it may be seen that the presence of a wandering American scribbler, a German explorer, and a German lion tamer, in the house of a Swiss rancher, is not without significance. Twenty years ago there were no foreigners; twenty years from now there will be many more, and even if there are not foreigners there will be South Brazilians whose bustling methods and worship of progress are perfectly modern. Either way, the present set-up is doomed to slow extinction. The event of wars on a world scale will be swift extinction, for it will force the development of the Amazon cattle districts at a pace feudalism will not permit.

While touching on the attitude of the Marajó ranchers I would make a most emphatic point. Under Porfirio Diaz, in Mexico, the *hacienda* system flourished and, from all accounts, the most ghastly crimes were committed against the brown serfs of those giant establishments. Rape, murder, and every sort of infamy were commonplaces and it might be supposed that, on Marajó, where a similar economic system flourishes, similar devilry has a free rein. It most definitely does not. Between the Marajó ranch owners and the old-fashioned Mexican *haciendado* no kind of comparison exists. There is a broad difference between the Spanish and Portuguese traditions and while they are, like the languages, basically similar, there are the widest kind

of divergencies. The streak of cruelty that seems to run through all things Spanish is notably lacking among the Portuguese or people of Portuguese descent. I saw the 1930 revolution in Brazil and I was in the country when the 1932 uprising was suppressed after outright civil war between well-armed, determined men. Never, on either side, were there the nauseating mass executions and barbaric killing of prisoners which have dirtied the records of both sides in the present Spanish Civil War.

Also the Marajó owning class tends toward a Latin version of Puritanism. There are some left-handed children scattered about the ranches but not more than could be found on a nineteenth century English estate. An attempt is made to pretend they are not there and such doings are frowned upon though admitted to be inevitable in view of the loneliness of men and the frailty of women. But these stray unions are not forced and more often than not are sought out by the girls. Once in a great while you hear of coercion, but it is rare.

To return to our little house party at Gavinho: the explorer was having a royally difficult time. When I met him in Guiana, he was rumored to have a radium mine somewhere near the point where the boundaries of Brazil and British and Dutch Guiana meet. In Dutch Guiana one of his assistants had caused him so much trouble that the government would no longer permit him to ascend the river where his mine was located. Then, in British Guiana, the customs authorities had held up his equipment because they felt the amount of ammunition he had with him was out of reason. Now, he had come to Brazil to ascend the Rio Paru which, incidentally, had its headwaters on the Dutch border, and the customs had held up his elaborate equipment and had held it for months. The Department

of State had been co-operating since he was financed by an American group but, upon discovering that he was not a citizen, its support had been withdrawn.

"It is the devil of a time for me," he said. "One devil of a time. And call me Otto; this is no place for formalities!" When we came back to the house, Otto showed me radiographs made, he said, by placing a key between a piece of his radium ore and a photographic plate.

"Then," I suggested, "you're going up to visit your radium mine?"

He smiled enigmatically.

"Well, I'm going to capture snakes—poisonous snakes. The poisons are to be used in research work . . . great value . . . infantile paralysis cure. I have a very complete bacteriological laboratory to take into the field, too; it's in the customs." The smile changed slightly. "Of course, it is very convenient that my scientific work should lie so close to the place where the radium is."

I said that I thought it was very convenient.

Luciano's cold kept him speechless and delayed the return to Matinadas so we went shooting up the creek several times. When we left, on the last expedition, our host's remarks had been confined to squeaks and peeps but as we drew near the dock, returning an hour after dark, a bull-throated roar came from the veranda: "Ho, lads! I can *talk* again!"

Luciano had his voice back.

"Witchcraft," he explained. "Marajó witchcraft." In his hand he had a big tumbler full of rum and honey. "A little more of this witchcraft and I'll yodel for you. But yodeling's no good," he added pensively, "with just one person. Better three people yodeling; one on this mountain, one on that, and one on that." He indicated on the living room

floor where the mountains ought to be located for the best results. "However," he concluded, "let us all have a little witchcraft."

At dinner conversation was fantastic. Luciano and I spoke in Portuguese. The explorer and his wife used German with Luciano and half the time with each other. For the other half and with me they used English. The subdued lion tamer, speaking all three languages, addressed his brief remarks to whatever conversation might be in progress, in the language of the moment. Naturally, we kept getting mixed up, using the wrong language to the wrong person and getting perilously close to a nervous breakdown. It gave, however, an atmosphere of great animation and affability.

With dinner we had wine, a kind of *vin ordinaire* (or Dago red, if you will) made in Rio Grande do Sul, the big *gaucho* state in the south of the republic. It was not at all bad especially when it is considered that it only costs twelve cents a quart. On the label was a little stamp: *Industria Brasileira.* Six years before, that stamp had been a rarity and the manufactures that bore it had been less than first-rate. (I once saw a canoe man throw a defective cartridge in the water and say in complete disgust: "The only national products worth a damn are the women!") Now the label was everywhere—on wine, on cloth, on furniture, on tools, on radio sets, on ready made clothes, on all sorts of things formerly imported from England, the United States, and Germany, not to mention Japan.

"It's going to be a great country," Luciano croaked. "That's what I cling to. A great country."

The Teutonic bloc nodded sagely and with an unvoiced reservation I have noted in every German in Brazil, and there are many. It is the idea that all Brazil needs to

attain greatness is a nice Nazi penetration, first economic, then political, and finally military. The economic penetration is underway.

"These people are fools," said the lion tamer.

Vitor Mata-Onça's wife, tiny, Indian Leopoldina, entered softly, impassively, observantly, and removed dishes. She was from the Upper Amazon, from somewhere near the Peruvian border, and she once told me that her mother had been caught in the forest with a lasso; obviously a yarn someone had made her believe. Outside, there was the stamping of horses and the low zum-zum of voices. Cowboys back from twelve to fourteen wind-, sun-, and rain-castigated hours in an iron-hard saddle on half wild horses were going to their supper of dried beef, milk, and *farinha.*

None of them could have noticed these sounds for there were nods of agreement to the lion tamer's often repeated dictum.

"But the cowboys have their good points," said Luciano, for he likes justice better than facile generalizations.

We rolled cigarettes of strong, black tobacco and returned to the high-roofed living room. For a while we talked about radium and about the possibilities of the explorer's wife, who did not ride, going with us to Matinadas in the morning. Decision finally went against it, since she had had a major operation within the year. Then Luciano herded us off to sleep since we were to start at four in the morning.

I did not go to sleep at once but swung back and forth gently in the dark considering the explorer, his wife, the lion tamer, Luciano, and myself. There was always a faint tension in the air and, at first, I thought it due to the squelched manner of the lion tamer. But there were other

matters. Every other day a canoe was accustomed to arrive from Soure and deliver mail and telegrams to the visitors. With these communications there was always a thick sheaf of paper, immediately pounced upon and opened. With everybody but myself gathered around the explorer, in a circle, he would commence to read, in German, what were obviously news despatches.

These despatches were never read to me in English, though certainly I had a pardonable interest in the latest news of the planet.

"Where does your newspaper come from?" I asked, after the second session.

"Oh, it's just a radio thing; a friend in Soure gets it on the radio, copies it, and sends it to me; he knows I like to be informed."

My interest grew when I noted that every item from New York, Washington, or London was greeted with derisive laughter, and I asked Luciano about the matter; he never joined in either the laughter or the elation that attended the readings but sat listening, grave and noncommittal.

"They are news despatches broadcasted from Berlin," he said. "The Integralist chief in Soure copies them and sends them to Otto."

The Integralists are the now illegal Brazilian fascist party.

I think that it was the source of the news, the sneers at items from Washington, and the failure to let me partake of whatever benefit I might have gained by hearing translations that began to make me dislike the explorer. If there were any sneers at Washington performed I preferred to perform them myself in the company of fellow countrymen; sneering in German seemed a most disagreeable thing.

There was only starlight when we saddled and rode off for Matinadas but it made the land luminous; the slow wind was cool and to the southwest was the Southern Cross. It is the fashion for people to make fun of it; I cannot imagine what they expect; I think it is a very fine constellation, the best in the sky after Orion. Then the sun came up and the rest of the ride was standard or perhaps somewhat wetter than standard; ten hours after leaving Gavinho we dismounted at Matinadas.

Bet looked a trifle tired and, it turned out, had had a mild attack of fever. Quinine, however, had straightened the matter out. Parenthetically, she must have been infected in Pará for the cattle district of Marajó is practically free of malaria.

The Arekuna came to remove saddles; his face was pale and he avoided Luciano as carefully as Luciano avoided him. The cowboys came, hat in hand, to greet the master of the ranch; those to whom he was godfather kissed his hand.

"Now begins the work, lads," he told them briefly. "Now it begins."

"Yes, patron, we know."

"Tomorrow, the whole crowd makes cord lassoes. Understand?"

"Yes, patron."

"The day after, round-up at Parapará."

"That will be good."

"After that at Ariel, Morcegeira, at Bopacaina—" He enumerated the places where there would be *apartição,* that being the annual round-up for the purpose of allowing the neighboring ranchers to withdraw any cattle of their own that might have strayed over to the Matinadas herds.

They nodded their heads under wide-brimmed straw

hats. They made suggestions. In low, even voices they answered questions having to do with the whereabouts of scattered bands of cattle in a checkerboard of thirty-six square miles of wet savannah.

Matinadas came to life with a rush.

On the next day lasso making began, this being Marajó's only machine work if we except the electric light plant in Soure and a few rachitic motor boats. The whole of the machine was made of wood, and it required the attention of at least five men. But it made very fine and very strong rainy season lassoes and there is no need to say they were made with the greatest care; tomorrow the workers' lives might depend on the strength of the work they did today.

Otto watched every phase of the operation with the greatest attention. He glanced keenly at the pigs. He nodded wisely over the cattle pens and corrals. He showed himself an intelligent and indefatigable investigator of life on ranches. Constantly he was being reminded of the fine things he had in the customs' house in Pará. If one of us used a knife to cut up plug tobacco he was sure to bemoan the better knife he had in the customs' house. The crocodile hunting canoe made him think of the big Canadian canoes he had in the same place. José's ancient and wholly disreputable muzzle-loader all but reduced him to tears for it made him remember his Mannlicher, also in the toils.

The moral is: if you are going to do any large scale exploring in Brazil, arrange matters completely before leaving the States. The Brazilians have put up with some remarkable affairs in their country and, since by far the most remarkable have been lumped under the head of Scientific Expeditions, their good humor is exhausted and every such enterprise today must prove itself to be what it claims to be and there is a government bureau to control their ac-

tivities. It is for this reason that the explorer, with an extensive equipment, was having a very bad time of it, while we, as tourists, with little beyond clothes and a camera, had had a very easy time.

In the evenings Otto and I, our vague antagonism forgotten after an all-day ride, would laugh immoderately to hear Luciano and Bet conversing in French. (Luciano had decided to like her.) When he speaks French, he uses a variety of Gallic gesture, comically at variance with his sandy hair, florid complexion, and bright blue eyes.

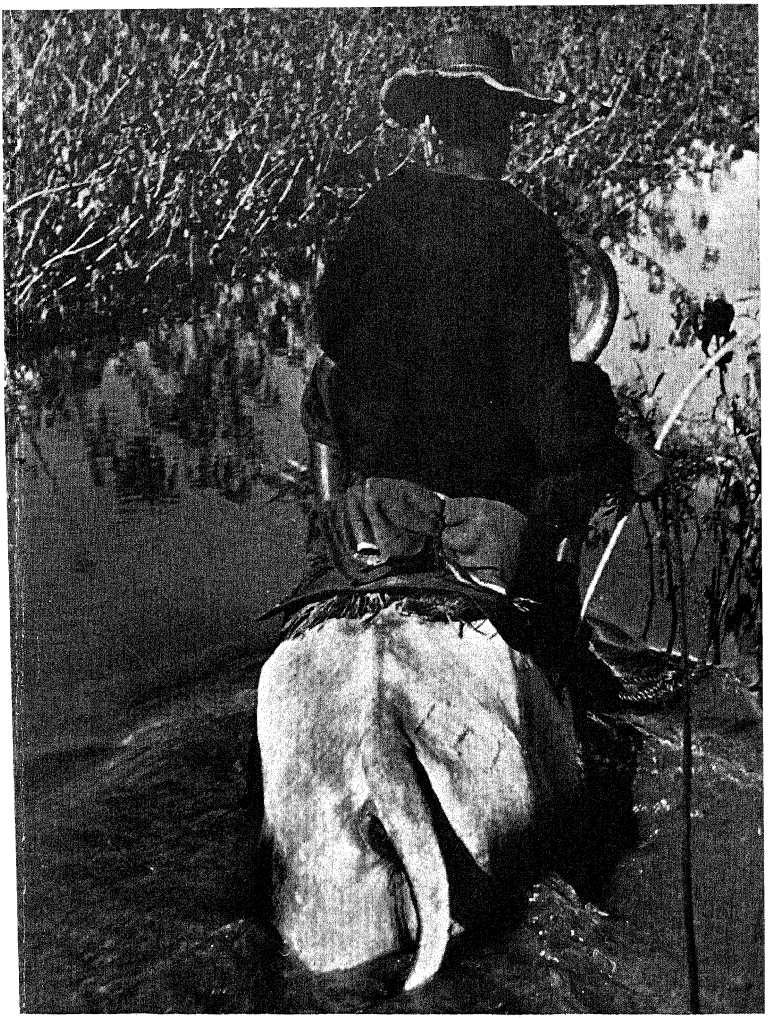
"*Alors,*" he would say (gesture), "*Schopenhauer dit—*"

"*Pas du tout, M'sieur! Pas du tout!*" Bet would reply and that is all Otto or I would understand of the good-natured discussion of the depravity of her sex.

"I'm a breeder of animals, and I know," he said to me at one point, in Portuguese. "I know. People are degenerating. Nature and Nature's laws, that's what they need or they'll die. They cross too widely divergent strains or they marry too closely. Why, I bred nine generations of dogs at Gavinho—that Tejo is Tony's uncle." (This was remarkable information for they looked very unlike.) "And in the last generation all but Tony were born without feet. Breeding too closely. Too closely, lads." With one ear I listened to this and with the other heard the explorer explain to Bet in what way he was related to the Hapsburgs.

Then Luciano to Bet: "*Schopenhauer dit—*" At this point we all rocked with laughter at the unexpected difficulties of tri-lingual conversation. We had merry evenings at Matinadas.

"I'm going to let you ride Tigre," Luciano told her. "He's the best horse I've got here. And I'm going to see



THIS COY COWBOY lifts his heels and sits them in the saddle, not because he is afraid to wet his bare feet but because it is in just such flooded areas as these that Marajó's Public Enemy Number Two, the flesh-eating little *piranha* fish, lurks perfectly ready to nip off a toe should the idea occur to him. It is to his erratic mentality that many of the varying stories about the *piranha* must be attributed. Fishing for them—they are very good to eat—we often noticed that from eleven o'clock to three they would not bite even the bloodiest bit of meat bait, while at seven o'clock they would rend a piece of almost anything that was put in the water at something under a minute.

THE BIGGEST FRESH WATER FISH in the world is the *piraracú*. This one, no larger than an Arekuna, is not really big. It was taken with a harpoon and, to date, no *piraracú* has been taken on rod and reel. The baby *piraracú* are only a few inches long and when danger threatens in the form of *piranhas*, they swim into their mother's mouth. Later, they will eat a good many *piranhas* on their own account. This same fish, in parts of the Guianas, is called *haimara*.



that you ride him properly. The way your husband sits on a horse—*c'est une bêtise!*"

One of my minor griefs is the fact that, while I have traveled many miles on the backs of various horses and manage to stick in the saddle quite successfully, I do it without any form whatsoever. Even my best friends tell me: one of them went so far as to say I looked like a grasshopper riding a pig. My only consolation is that the Marajó cowboys also ride without form; they trot with their bottoms drooping over one side of the saddle, they will hang one leg over the pommel just to rest, and they will do anything at all with their feet.

During these slightly muddled conversations, the Arekuna slid in and out with plates, pale and silent and utterly unlike his normal self. He and Luciano exchanged no remarks beyond the briefest having to do with his job of the moment. I knew there had been some violent disagreement between them, involving what the Arekuna thought to be an attempt to treat him like a slave, and what Luciano thought to be prolonged and swinish drunkenness.

I asked Luciano about it one evening.

"When you gave me that boy," he said, after a thoughtful silence, "he was a good boy. And for four years he was a good boy. I had him at Matinadas. But, unfortunately, there were two young servant girls there from the city and he commenced to make love to them. So I brought him here; my sister-in-law, Dona Helena, didn't like him worth a damn. Here he got along well for a while and then—ah, lads!—bad companions. He got mixed up with some of those rummies over at São Joaquim and that was the start of it."

"São Joaquim?"

"Yes. You know the place; it's off there to the southeast when you pass Bom Fim."

"Oh. That's where they sell rum, isn't it?"

"That's it. And they do. And there is a big crowd of hangers-on there with no visible means of support, though they always have clothes and money. I'm going to buy that place whenever I can and clean it out. Well, they got Edy over there and pretty soon he took to coming back to Gavinho speechless; all he could do was howl like the deaf mute. I can't understand it. I treated him well. He was always here in the house with me and when I went to Soure he always went along and I always saw that he had spending money. And, as you see, he was well clothed."

"What kind of a job did he have?"

"Oh, he took care of the dogs—he's a fine boy for animals and the dogs were never in better shape than when he had charge of them. He waited on the table, kept the house clean, and he looked after it when I was away, which was most of the time."

"He had no job riding or traveling with you on the range?"

"No. He's no good for that; at least I don't think so; I never tried him at it. Then, when he got mixed up with that gang at São Joaquim he commenced to sell his clothes to buy rum; I lost all patience and when he went to Soure and didn't come back for a week and gave me drunken impudence when he came home, I gave him a good punch in the nose."

It was obvious, from his expression, that Luciano was not enjoying this review of the affair.

"He ran away to Soure and I had the police pick him up. When he came back I told him that it was all a mess

and I was going to get him a job somewhere else. I told him that I would have fired him long ago if it had not been that I felt a responsibility to you for him. So I got him a job with a Swiss friend who had a plantation near Pará. And what does he do there? He steals a man's wife and family and runs away, with his face all chopped up. I don't understand him at all."

For a while he smoked in silence. I could hear Bet brushing out her hair in her room. Otto was getting into his hammock. The fairly new moon was setting.

"To hell with it all," said Luciano heavily. "Tomorrow's the *apartição*."

Luciano was a childless man who had always wanted children. He was perpetually making unofficial adoptions around the ranches and his pockets usually had toys or candy in them for the odds and ends of eight-year-olds that flocked to kiss his hand and accept his blessing. His disappointment in Edy do Carmo (né Paramungá) was not that of an employer in an unsatisfactory employee.

In the morning, before daylight, we left for the *apartição*, our bellies well filled with milk. Though the various places had impressive names they were really only patches of dry land where the vegetation had been stamped down by numerous previous round-ups. Before long the flying lassoes of the cowboys appeared on the horizon; then came the sea of horns and then, in a great stamping and bellowing, a thousand head of cattle thundered into the dry area. Around and around the mounted men drove them while others took after the escaping ones and lassoed them in waist-deep water where the ant-ridden wild cotton grew.

It was not merely a wild ride, that pursuit of an outlaw steer; it could turn out badly as we had occasion to see

several times during the day. It was most forcibly brought home to me when I chased one on my own account. The theory is quite simple—you gallop alongside the fugitive, shouting, and then as he turns, cut across his path, still shouting and making whatever form of threatening gesture comes to mind. This, in theory, stops the steer, which can now be driven back to the herd. But when they are wildly excited they are no longer afraid of men on horseback and only a lasso will get them back, and often not that.

I, owing to Luciano's generosity, was riding Ariramba, and that big white gelding was easily the fastest horse there. When the steer took off, I let Ariramba out after him and in a very short time we were alongside. At this point, however, the terrain altered from foot-deep water and cotton to four feet deep water and more cotton. We floundered across and when we were on good footing the steer was well in the lead; we were half a mile from the herd before we managed to stop him.

And there he stood, horns lowered and snorting, watching us warily; Ariramba wheeled obediently and we advanced on the rebel, I doing my best in the way of howls and gestures. Suddenly the big brute rushed at us, not to Ariramba's surprise but certainly to mine. In something under a second the lowered head and its horns were just in front of my stirruped foot and I thrust it against the steer's head; we reeled away from the encounter undamaged but with Ariramba's faith in my judgment ruined.

A couple of cowboys were pursuing cows in my general direction but long before they reached me, they gave up and began to retrieve their lassoes. One of them shouted to me; the other waved. When I got near Candido, the one I knew, he bawled: "Let him go! Let him go! We never chase them so far; it is not worth the trouble."

"How far do you chase them?"

"About this far." The distance was a third of a mile. Feeling that I had learned something, I rode back with them and found the *apartição* in full swing. The factors of the various neighboring ranches were riding slowly through the milling herd, picking out their own brands and when one was located, it was driven forth and brought off to a small but growing herd of foreigners. But it was a very nice trick to drive out such an animal without driving from the herd a half a dozen head that belonged to Matinadas.

At the end of three hours, the herd of foreigners amounted to about twenty-five—this out of a thousand—and we drove them north to the next round-up where another eight hundred or a thousand head awaited a purging. Bet, who all along had taken a cowboy's place in this uproar, now rode behind one section shouting, "Oh, *vaca velha!*" and similar Marajó cowboy whoops to the intense delight of Luciano who, already pleased with her riding and her indifference to ants, deep water, and fatigue, now felt that she was a thoroughly good addition to the amateur contingent.

The second round-up was like the first and it was noon when it finished and the sun was blazing in a sky from which the clouds had suddenly disappeared. Going from the second to the third *apartição,* one of the cowboy's horses stepped on a crocodile while we were fording a deep spot and considerable trouble ensued. The crocodile ran away as fast as he could but several head of demoralized cattle rushed off into the wild cotton and, when lassoed and overthrown, managed to get up almost at once and hotly pursue a ten-year-old boy whose horse was up to its knees in mud; he just managed to outrun the angry

horns. As soon as the steer was returned to the herd, the young boy took his place again in the most matter of fact fashion imaginable.

At home, I reflected, he would have been safely tucked away in the fifth grade learning the mysteries of long division.

It was midafternoon before the third round-up was half finished and the sweating, galloping cowboys were dog-tired. So were their horses. Since daylight we and they had been in the saddle. There had been, of course, no lunch, and we had had only a bowl of milk, coffee, and hardtack to start with. When the job was finished at three o'clock and we rode home to Matinadas, no one was at all sorry.

This trick of leaving at sun-up for a day's work, on a bowl of milk, is a regular Marajó custom and if the job is a long, hard one there will be nothing to eat until nightfall. It sounds bad but we found it easy to accustom ourselves to this somewhat Spartan arrangement; it probably does people more good than harm. Nevertheless, the evening appetite is marvelous.

"It's an hour to dinner," said Luciano, "but we can eat and drink at the same time right now." He opened a cupboard and fished out a jug of rum and a half a dozen eggs; in ten minutes we were drinking delicious eggnog.

"We're still hungry, lads, we're still hungry," Luciano cried. "Let's have another." And we did.

By the time that was down there were signs of dinner but it was interrupted by the arrival of a letter for Luciano. He read it through, studied a few of the newspaper clippings that accompanied it and turned to us. "You've got to go to town right away," he said. "Look at that."

The clipping stated that within a week the period of

grace given to foreigners to regularize their position in Brazil would be at an end and then all undesirables would be deported. All who failed to regularize their position would be regarded as undesirables. Apparently a law had been put through while we were in Marajó for the clipping stated that the measure was designed to apprehend communist and fascist agitators who had entered as tourists and remained to provoke discord.

Luciano was right; the inscription in our passports was illegible but we understood it to be good for ninety days; the time was more than up.

"So we've got to go," I admitted.

"I'll arrange transport for you and give you letters to some friends; you'll be back before a week is up."

"And what about you, Otto? Are your papers in order?"

He made an airy gesture.

"In perfect order. Nothing at all for me to think of . . . influence . . . government . . . you know how those things can be done."

I congratulated the influential Otto and went out to find the Arekuna.

"Now, what about this?" I asked. "Do you want to stay here? Do you want to go to your own country? Do you want to work in the city? What about it?"

He shook his head. "I can't tell until I've been to the city and talked to Dulcinea. But I don't want to stay here. I'd rather be dead than here on the ranch."

"Why? Because Luciano won't let you drink yourself deaf, dumb, and blind?"

He was silent.

"You've done some bad things; you've sold clothes to buy rum. You've run away to Soure and stayed there drunk for days."

"Yes, I've done bad things but I've stopped drinking rum. Once, after drinking a lot I got so sick I thought I was going to die; since then I've scarcely drunk any. But when you left me here I got frightened; I was afraid *Seu* Luciano would keep me prisoner and not let me go when I wanted to. I had horrible dreams every night." (His dreams were as important to him as his experiences in wide awake life.) "I dreamed of great, terrible animals. I dreamed that I found a piece of land and decided to make a garden there. I thrust a pointed stick into the earth to try it; it seemed good but when I drew it out the stick was covered with termites and worms that were destroying it." (When I left him among civilized people I instructed him carefully as to his behavior and as to the probable consequences of deviation.) "I dreamed sometimes that I was traveling with you again up in the high rivers, hunting, fishing, sleeping in the houses of wild men, dropping the big canoes through the falls—all those things we used to do. And then I would wake up and find myself in Gavinho with nothing but feeding dogs and waiting on tables and sweeping floors for me. I have never felt worse in my life. Drinking rum, though, made me feel good. But I don't want that life any more."

"All right," I told him, "you can go back to town with me and Dona Betty. Then you can see Dulcinea and decide. Suppose she says she won't go to your country?"

"Then she really doesn't like me and I will leave her," he replied promptly.

"All right; I'll tell *Seu* Luciano; I suppose he'll be relieved to hear you're going."

The Arekuna did not reply.

Luciano and Otto and Bet were making another eggnog and sitting down to eat when I came in. Bet and Otto were

conversing brightly on something or other but Luciano was detached and a little gloomy.

"What about Edy?" he asked. "Is he going to stay here or go to the city?"

"The city," I replied, lightly. "He says he wants to go to the city."

Luciano brought his fist down on the table. "The damned little beast wants to leave after five years, eh? He wants to get away with something. He thinks he can drink his head off and not even be reprimanded. He thinks he can steal other men's wives and not be touched. He thinks now he'll turn the woman adrift and go on his merry way alone. By God, that little son of his mother needs a whip, that's what. He needs—"

At this moment, the Arekuna entered with a platter full of steaks. He put it down and stood by a window making no move to serve us, for he had heard the conversation.

"Ho! There you are! You think you're going off, eh? Well, understand this—I don't care if you do go—what I hate is your getting your own damned way. You think you are going after I told you you couldn't, and so you are laughing. You little saint—always you are right and the world is wrong!"

"I don't think that," said the Arekuna in a half-strangled tone.

"Shut up! Don't answer me back! You stole that woman and her children. Her husband ought to cut your tripe out for you. But you're a coward and you ran away. Who told you to steal a woman, eh? Who gave you permission? She was living happily and you come sneaking around making love to her and—"

"She wasn't happy! She was in misery. You don't know

what her life was. Her husband beat her and did not support her. I took her out of it."

"That's a lie! You're a damned coward, or you would have stayed and faced the music."

"I'm not a coward!"

"*Shut up!*" Luciano half rose in his chair. "If you answer back again, I'll smash your face."

"Then better you smash it now. I'm not afraid of you; I'm not one of your cowboys!"

"Get out of here!" I broke in.

I felt very sad to see all this. I was not going to stand by and see the Arekuna give Luciano insolence, nor was I going to stand by and see Luciano beat the Arekuna.

The Arekuna walked out into the long hall, his voice gradually rising. I went after him. "Keep quiet," I said, "and go right out of the house." His eyes were full of tears.

I returned to the dining room to find Otto drying Bet's tears with a handkerchief; she cannot bear to see people quarrel. Tears, to complete the lachrymose disorder, were in Luciano's eyes and he was staring at the erstwhile Iron Woman, who could ride all day with nothing to eat, gallop after cattle, and suffer alternate sozzling and thirst without a whimper, but cried like a baby to hear people raise their voices in anger.

"Ah, there, there!" repeated Otto between dabs with his handkerchief.

"*Mais Bet-ty, pardonez-moi, pardonez-moi!*" Luciano's grief and confusion were great. I apologized for my part in the uproar and sat there miserably for, different as they were, Luciano and the Arekuna were my intimate friends, tried by long experience and under various conditions, some very unpleasant. Neither one would ever understand

the other and I, who understood them both, could only feel the deepest regret at the mess.

Somehow, Bet's unexpected outburst had a very soothing effect on everybody.

"Well, it's better that he goes!" said Luciano. "It just gets my goat when a hand answers back when I'm giving him hell. What ruined that kid was rum. He can't say I did not give him good treatment. I treated him almost as if he were my own son."

And there Luciano put his finger on the crux of his resentment. He had treated the Arekuna as his son and, I feel sure, felt about him as if he were. And after five years the Arekuna wanted to leave and the feeling of defeat before a personality he could not understand was responsible for the fuss.

Edy, in Luciano, had felt always a taskmaster but never a kinsman whose ideas and motives were intelligible to him. He had never ceased to feel that he was being ordered to obey rather than asked to co-operate. The marvel is that he did not disintegrate entirely.

"I don't know what will become of him. He can't go back to living as a savage now. And even if he does, what about the woman? She can't run around in a fig leaf and eat ants. And the children—ah, lads—what of them?"

"Well," I said, "I'll send him if he wants to go. He has his pay from the ranch here. He still has the money I paid over to him five years ago for working for me. He has a little coming for his trip here with me. If he wants to take them, he can. But I'm not going to wet-nurse him; he's a man now, and must help himself. Did he ever steal while he was with you?"

"No. The truth must be told—he never did. He was the best boy I ever had in the house and I had the most

complete faith in his honesty. You could leave a hundred *contos* under his hammock and go away for a week; he'd never touch it. It was those damned bums at São Joaquim that did him in. But this is nonsense; let's eat."

While we were having the Arekuna affair, however, the meat had got cold and we only ate a little, making another eggnog instead. I went outside and spoke to Edy, who was quite calm at this point. I tried to make him understand Luciano's view and had a modified kind of success.

"I know," he said. "I know. And I liked him, too, but I got angry that time he hit me and now I can't like him any more. I must have a bad kind of blood," he added miserably, "when I get angry I stay angry forever. I can't even make myself speak to people with whom I have had trouble. I try, too."

I said that that was unfortunate and rejoined the party.

The strain brought on by the recent incident had now dissolved into unalloyed merriment and English, French, German, and Portuguese were being mauled into vehicles for the most extraordinary kind of thoughts. As the number of eggnogs consumed grew, our thoughts became more obtuse, and when we got on subjects of which none of us knew much, the results were chaotic. Latin came up at one point. Otto said that the idea that the German word "kaiser" was derived from the Latin word "Caesar" was a peculiarly corrupt American idea and he managed to connect this defect with the general decay and degeneracy of democracy, a doctrine in which he believed implicitly. Bet and I swore that Caesar was pronounced *Kaisar* (to be phonetic) and he swore that it was only in America that such a monstrous perversion of learning was to be found. Meanwhile, Luciano, growing interested in the English

conversation, demanded details in French and got them in German and Portuguese.

"Well," he said finally, "I went to Latin school for four years and we always pronounced it *Kaisar*, too."

"*Mein Gott, et tu, Brute!*" groaned Otto, smiting his forehead with a clenched fist.

This kind of violent nonsense raged until well after midnight with eggnog, slapped shoulders, great guffaws of uncalled for laughter, and snatches of song. Song finally won out, and we all sang badly for over an hour before stumbling up to our hammocks.

The last thing I remember as I dropped off to sleep was Luciano calling: "Sing, Bet-ty! Sing, so we'll sleep well!" And then she sang softly until we were all asleep.

X. BRIEF VISIT TO THE CAPITAL

WITH heads like bread baskets, we rode over to another of Luciano's round-ups, to tell him a temporary good-by. He and Otto were sitting sadly and gingerly in the saddle, ants nipping their ankles and the hot sun frying their sore and aching brains. We exchanged commiserations and they rode with us as far as the scene of the next round-up, for it was in the same direction as we had to go. Luciano exchanged some last minute advice regarding our passports, told us when he expected to ship cattle, and said he might get to town in time to come back with us. Otto gave us a roll of film to have developed.

"Where is Edy?" Luciano asked, as we were about to part.

"Left about an hour ago," I replied. "He went with a cowboy from Maria José to deliver our baggage at São Laurenço."

Luciano nodded and seemed to be about to say something but whatever it was he decided not to, and put out his hand. "I'll see you in town, probably," he said. "Good-by."

I shook the extended hand and expressed a hope that he would live through the day. Then we parted.

Twenty minutes later we were fording, with a cowboy, the wide, deep stream at Bopacaina. It was still water and a bad place for crocodiles but I was thinking of something

else until the moment the water reached my waist and the cowboy said: "Look out—there's a crocodile."

And there was a crocodile. He was on the surface of the water, his snout, dorsal protuberances, and tail out. I drew the heavy revolver I wore for just this purpose and took aim; as I fired the horse bucked and the shot went wild. The report frightened all three, and when I took aim again the crocodile slowly sank to the bottom.

The three of us looked at each other, shrugged and pushed forward, sorry that the only ford possible was about three feet from the place where the crocodile sounded but glad that the horses had not seen him and so become nervous. It was very casual; we rode right past the danger spot without being molested and so quiet was the water, so peaceful and lovely the reflections on its smooth surface, that I felt a little melodramatic holding a gun ready in my hand.

The rest of the day was a tangle of sweeping rain storms, deep fords where we swam with the horses, and long stretches of vast, open country where we rode for hours without seeming to move. This route through São Laurenço was supposed to be shorter and it is, but nonetheless, when we dismounted there after ten unrelieved hours in the saddle we were very tired and very glad of the coffee the manager gave us while we waited for a canoe.

A half hour later, the canoe left us in Gavinho and we stumbled up the steps to find the lion tamer reading, alone, by the light of the lantern. He was thin and pale and worn-looking, his freshly cut hair the only improvement in his appearance since we had last seen him. I told him that Luciano wanted him to arrange his papers with the authori-

ties and that he must, therefore, prepare himself to go to the city with us.

"I've had a rotten time since you all went to Matinadas," he sighed. "As soon as Mister Luciano left, Mata-Onça closed the good part of the house, leaving only the dining room and my sleeping quarters for me. It's not that Vitor Mata-Onça is a bad man for me; he is bad for himself. He is hard inside and it *hurts* him to be comfortable. And it hurts him to see others comfortable." He paused and laughed. "Then today they had a great battle. Mata-Onça fought with Hairy Belly and there was plenty trouble. In the end, Hairy Belly and his wife, Santa, packed their bags and sat on the end of the wharf for two hours waiting for the tide so they could leave in a canoe. Then Mata-Onça quarreled with Leopoldina, and that was when I got back from fixing windmills. Ach, such fuss! I become no supper. And I become no breakfast and I've had no lunch. I don't think there is much supper, though now that you are back, they will do better. I'm glad I go to the city for a while."

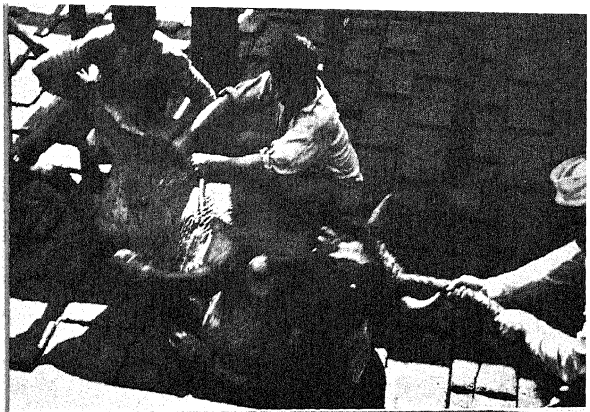
The lion tamer's sensational loss of weight corroborated his story, but neither Luciano nor his brother-in-law knew of it, of course.

We went to our hammocks and slept as though dead until morning.

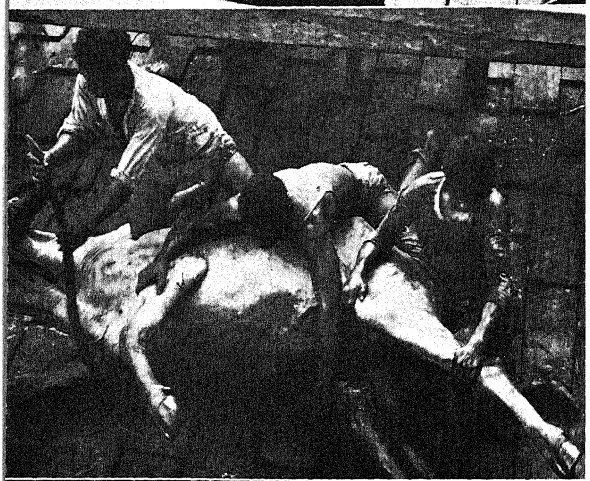
The canoe that took us to Soure contained, beside ourselves and our baggage, the lion tamer, the deaf mute, the boy with the funny voice, the Arekuna, the Baker's Man, the Baker's Man's assistant, three small pigs, several baskets of chickens, and a suit case. The spring tide was running fast and where we had spent twelve hours in the sailing canoe when first we came to Gavinho, we now reached sleepy little Soure in three hours.



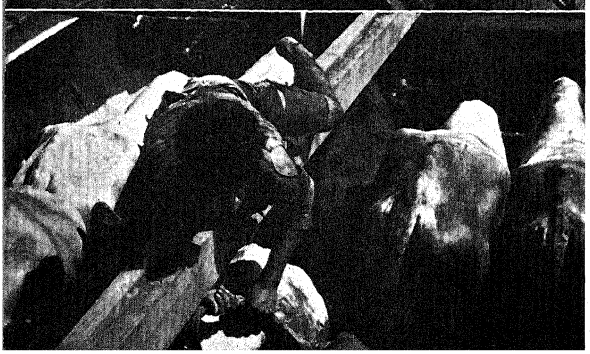
A MARAJÓ CATTLE SHIPPING is no place for a cuckold. As will be noted here it is the horns that prove the fatal weakness.



DROPPED into the schooner's hold, three men leap on the steer and hold it helpless.



THE HORN BRIDLE is freed from the weight of the heavy body, the steer leaps for the man holding it, who uses the leap to fasten the animal to the side of the ship.



ANY SLACK in the horn bridle is taken up by twisting the steer's tail.

Our baggage was brought to the hotel by the paddlers and I gave them each a few *milreis*, though I knew that Luciano did not like them to have money when they went to town, for they only drank themselves helpless with it. A half hour later, I emerged from the whitewashed cubicle that was allotted to us, to find the poor deaf mute howling beside a billiard table and managing to prove that he wanted more money to buy more rum to get more petrified. No sooner was he ejected than a fight started among a crowd of young loungers, and it was suppressed only with difficulty. Over the heads of the combatants there was a large sign that said: WITHOUT EXCEPTION, BILLIARDS MUST BE PAID FOR IN CASH, and: EDUCATED PERSONS DO NOT MAKE AN UPROAR.

The dining room was quite neat and the food was good; I put on a necktie for the occasion and exchanged impressions with Bet, who was reveling in a skirt. We had a bottle of cold beer with dinner and then the lion tamer succeeded in getting a newspaper. He opened it and began to read a headline with a calm that totally disappeared before he finished. "Ach, Gott!" he gasped. "Germany has taken over Austria! Now. Now, we'll see. It should have been done long ago."

We read it and found that it was true. Our first newspaper in a couple of months was well designed to jar us out of the illusory world in which we had lived on the ranches. In close juxtaposition with the cables announcing the *anschluss* there were others telling of the immediate expansion of the British rearmament program, and similar steps in France. To add to the confusion, Poland seemed to be sending ultimatums to Lithuania, and a man in Rio de Janeiro had fallen in a well.

The lion tamer was so proud and delighted that he had

another beer and spoke in a perceptibly louder voice.[1] I read the paper through and picked up my camera. "Hold still," I told him. "I want your picture."

"Why?" he asked, in some surprise.

"I'll sell it to collectors about ten years hence," I replied. "It will be labeled: Example of Late European Man (extinct)."

"No, no—there will be no war," he protested. "How can there be? No one is to resist!" And here the reason for the aggressions: this belief that no one would resist the bully; that he would always be allowed his own way until the very right of decent people to walk the earth would be challenged and they would have to fight an ever more powerful foe, or get off it. We left him and went to our hammocks, and I lay awake until early morning thinking about that newspaper. A newspaper is a shocking thing to see when you have not read one for some time, and if it happens to be loaded with dynamite as was that one, so much the worse.

I thought about the astronomical figures used to represent the sums being spent on rearmament and I thought of Marajó and the three thousand miles of empty land behind it. All Amazonia, almost as large as the United States, and it had a population smaller than the Borough of Brooklyn. A world in the hands of its hysterics and reformers, its producers and creators at a discount, was preparing an elaborate suicide by death-struggle for the little it had, while it turned its back on what it might have. I thought what half that staggering rearmament sum could do in this great valley of the Amazon, how scientific colonization could make it swallow the superfluous populations of all

[1] I have never known any other person so sensitive to the effect of alcohol.

the earth and leave room for many more to come. They said war was the natural outlet of man's instinct for conflict and probably they were right. But why did he choose so puny an enemy as another man, when a much deadlier enemy waited his skill and intelligence and combativeness in the empty regions about the earth's middle?

It was disease-ridden, they said, but already fine men had put in the hands of the race the weapons to whip every ill of the climate. They said its fertility could never be bent to the human will for man's arm was too weak. But, clever fellow, he had manufactured strong, steel arms that knew no fatigue and they were there to use, even though they seemed destined to chop up people to make ideologies. Rangel put it well in his *Inferno Verde:* "But, finally, if the green hell is a gehenna of torture, it is also a mansion of hope; I am the promised land of the superior races, vigorous and invigorating, possessed of strength and intelligence and provided with money; and who, one day, will come to erect in my bosom the definitive work of civilization that the first immigrants, the poor and humble pioneers of today, muddle confusedly, with blasphemies and grinding of teeth."

And again: "I demand the sacrifices that the ancient gods demanded: blood and death."

But it is not an *inferno verde* any more than it is the *paraiso verde* of some of its sentimental poets. It is merely the untamed land awaiting the people of whom Rangel speaks.

No man in and of the streets can feel quite the same indignation at the proceedings that carry us on our road to degradation and death as can a man who has seen the uninhabited forests on the high, dry land in the unexplored mesopotamias of Amazonia or looked out over the people-

less savannahs, cut off from the world by a hundred and fifty miles of forest land, their long, green grasses supporting a few herds of deer where several million head of cattle might be browsing. One has a feeling of fatalistic resignation; the other knows the full stupidity of it, the wretched unnecessity.

In the morning the lion tamer came along with another of his newspapers. "I felt fine seeing that last night," he remarked, "but today—today it is too serious." He held it up, and the Austrian affair was squeezed off the front page by an attempted revolt of the Integralists, that Brazilian fascist party I have mentioned. It had been nipped in the bud by the police and the military but Brazil narrowly missed falling into the hands of a minority whose pronounced German sympathies can only be explained by a study of the group's financial structure. I did not discuss it with him; he had plainly celebrated the *anschluss*, and planned to continue the celebration for some time.

Also, I was sick of the Teutonic bloc. They were nice people, but when they sat together and talked politics I expected a man in a blue cap to come and take them away to a nice, padded cell. The fact that such a functionary never put in an appearance is a sign of the times.

Despite the aborted insurrection, the State-owned steamer left at midnight exactly, and we retired to our too short bunks until early morning when the ship tied up at her dock in Pará. It was still dark and only a few trolley cars were amove in the quiet streets. The lion tamer went to one hotel and we to another. Hairy Belly, who had been aboard, trotted off to find Luciano's brother-in-law, Raul Engelhard, and explain his version of the fight with Vitor Mata-Onça.

At the hotel, the Arekuna came to visit us; he was not

in the least conspicuous in the lobby, for he was neatly dressed and carried himself well; the casual observer would have supposed him to be a bookkeeper in some Chinese business house.

"I have talked to Dulcinea," he said, "and I want to go home."

"Is she going?"

"Yes."

"Do you plan to take her to the Arekuna country?"

He smiled and shook his head. "No. I'm going to get a job on the Federal Ranch and after working a while I will leave her there and go to visit my people. Then I will come back and stay on the ranch. I think she will like it there."

On the whole, this was a sensible compromise. The Federal Ranch had Indian cowboys and it had mountains and yet it was a civilized place where the stolen bride would not pine away with homesickness.

"What did she say, when you told her you wanted to go back to the Rio Branco? Did you tell her about the country and explain that life might be hard?"

He swallowed, looked at his hands and said he had done all that.

"And what did she say?" I asked.

"She said: 'Where thou goest, there will I go; and where thou diest, there will I die. But take me with you!' " His face was quite impassive.

"Well, if she feels that way . . . I suppose you had better take her with you, Edy."

He said he thought it best, too; we discussed the sailing of river boats and the kind of documents that would be necessary for them. He rose to go and then, when half out the door, came back laughing.

"I took Dulcinea to the movies last night," he told me.

"It's the first time she ever went. It made her so excited she couldn't sleep."

I told him not to spend his money foolishly.

Then began the slow penetration of the world of stamped papers, queues, waiting rooms of officials who did not arrive and difficult to answer questions about the Arekuna's past. He complained a little or, rather, derided the complications of urban civilizations.

"You see those license tags?" I said, pointing to a row of automobiles; Edy nodded. "Civilized people," I went on, "are like those cars; they are all more or less the same and produced by the same methods. Each one must have a tag of some kind; otherwise you could not tell one from another. So you have to have a passport; that is a damned silly thing with your name and address and picture and description in it; it may have your fingerprints, too. But you have to have it. Degrading, isn't it?"

"What is 'degrade'?"

"Degrade? Well, if you had to go back to the ranch and take care of dogs and tables and have your comings and goings regulated by someone else, that would be degrading. Now do you know what 'degrade' means?"

"Yes," he said positively, "I know what it means."

I took him to the various government offices and after several days he emerged with a permit for himself and his stolen family to go to Manaos. Somewhere in the bureaucratic mill, he was promoted from Indian to Brazilian and came out on the other side a full-fledged citizen; he was rather proud of it.

My own affair with the authorities was settled in a very short time to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. Not so fortunate the poor lion tamer. He had come to South America on a collective passport and his own document

had no visa. On top of it, the *Diplomatische Politische Korrespondenz* carried a sharp article on the suppression of the Integralist movement and made barely veiled threats against Brazil. The country seethed with indignation and the Germans lost in one day all they had gained in five years. So the police listened to the lion tamer's German-accented story without sympathy and decided to deport him. He, however, did not remember to call at the police headquarters for his deportation and the authorities became quite exercised about the affair.

At this point Luciano arrived with a shipment of cattle and I was pleased to see that a month in Marajó had taken off ten pounds. "This blankety-blankety-blank city and its ditto, ditto neckties!" he roared. "How do people live here? And the lion tamer's been on the loose—gone back to Gavinho though, now. Ah, lads, it's a mess. Look, are you all right with the police?"

"Yes, I'm all right, though I understand they are looking for the lion tamer and for Otto, too; they want to deport them both."

"Yes, I know, but that doesn't mean anything. I'm going back day after tomorrow. Can you come? It's a cattle schooner, but a good one."

We said we could, and then we stopped in what he calls his office, the *Café Manduco*, and drank some of the best coffee in the world. Luciano gave me the Arekuna's back pay and agreed that, thinking it over coolly, it was best that he go home or somewhere near home anyhow.

Edy got exported that night on a big river steamer and we had a chance to see the Dulcinea of the case. She was an incredibly tiny person, of pure Indian blood, apparently, and she was quite good looking. She scarcely spoke but clung tightly to his coat sleeve. I gave Edy letters to some

people in Manaos, I gave him some good advice, and I gave him a safety pin with which to close the pocket in which he was going to keep his money. I asked to be remembered to his mother.

"Be very careful," I counseled. "If someone steals your money you will be in a mess. It would be good to keep fifty *milreis* in cash and with the rest buy goods. Cloth, cutlasses, powder, shot, caps; in the Rio Branco such things are worth more than money. And be careful about Dulcinea; there may be men on the ship who will try to take her from you."

He shook his head with a barely perceptible smile. "People respect me," he said.

"Try, somehow, to let me know if anything goes wrong. You can send this telegram if there is trouble." I gave him a telegram addressed to myself. "But you will be all right. That is all I can do for you. You'll not believe it, but these problems you have are not very different from my own. All men have them. I am helping you in this because I brought you here and this is a strange place for you; if I ever again go to your country, you must see that I am treated well, too. Do you think I can do more?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "You can do no more."

Aboard the steamer there was increasing turmoil and signs of impending departure. "I'm afraid she is ready, Edy," I said. "You had better go aboard now."

We shook hands. Dulcinea looked at me without the slightest sign of expression. They seemed very small and ignorant to be on their own. But she held fast to him and, with the kids, they went aboard together. "Where thou goest, there will I go; and where thou diest, there will I

die." They were brave little people; I suppose Edy is home now.

Next day we made arrangements with Luciano to go in the schooner, but that night we saw Dona Sofia, who had been thinking deeply. "What else are you going to do in Marajó?" she asked. "Do you still want to shoot a buffalo?"

I said I did. The project had already been discussed with Luciano, but the hunt, as then planned, had involved Otto's going along to try killing them with a .22 and I dropped the matter. I am open to sporting suggestion, but a .22 against large animals with aggressive tempers, in the hands of a man who was not, from what we had seen, more than an average shot, was too much. The matter had been allowed to drop.

"I'd like to have a nice expedition of my own," she said, thoughtfully. "Luciano is so busy now that he will have no time to go into the Mondongos with you. You let me think about it."

At eleven sharp, the following morning, Luciano was waiting for us and in pouring rain we piled into a car and drove to the slaughter-house, where the schooner was tied up. "Sofia says to tell you that she may come over to Marajó and run a buffalo hunt," I told him.

He grunted ruefully. "God help the buffalo," he grinned. When Dona Sofia decided to do things, they generally were done on a large scale.

The slaughter-house was immaculate and thoroughly modern, with cattle driven down carefully planned runways by electric shockers, until they reached the knife. It reminded me of something else, but we can let that pass. Two hundred feet further on, white-coated inspectors were examining the steaks and the next day was sure to find them on the table of the Grande Hotel. Cattle men

discuss heatedly the quality of various kinds of beef and if they are not tropical cattle men they roundly damn Zebu meat, saying that it is of very poor quality, fibrous and unfit for refrigeration. Be that as it may, one's own teeth are a better test than other people's opinions, especially when they are interested ones, and I have never tasted better beef than is served in the Grande Hotel and it is almost all Zebu meat.

At a dock in front of the slaughter house, two schooners were tied up and in the drizzling rain Luciano was talking to the captain, a fat Negro who was wearing a khaki overall from which his belly protruded.

"You go in that old *São Felipe*," the captain was saying, "and you won't see Soure for a week. She's got no motor. But go with me at midnight, tonight, and under power we'll be in Soure in the morning. This is a calm and it's going to last."

The rain fell straight down and with great persistence; apparently the calm was going to last. "I need a little money for oil, though," the fat captain added.

"Oil, eh? Oil?" Luciano bristled. "I know the oil you want and you'll not have it from me; once you're into that kind of oil, the schooner might be a church for all the sailing she'll do."

The captain sighed resignedly. "Well, I'll tie up at the Morgue at midnight and you can come aboard there."

"The Morgue at midnight," said Luciano.

"The Morgue at midnight," the captain confirmed.

Later on Luciano called for us again and we went through the farce of bidding our friends good-by for the second time. Some of them (to make sure we left, I suspect) drove us all down to the Morgue. The slabs, quite open to the public gaze, were empty, but everyone agreed

that they would be occupied by morning. The fat captain had not arrived and his schooner was still anchored a hundred yards offshore, but a sailor came and took us aboard. Then the captain turned up, slightly drunk, and the tide began to ebb. At once a fleet of dark sails, their gay blue and orange colors lost in the night, moved forth from the dock with the faint night wind and commenced to beat their way down the channel. We followed, driven by a big, belching Diesel.

Bet we hung up in a hammock over the motor while Luciano and I lay down on the planks for the night. At daybreak we were in Soure.

XI. DONA SOFIA TAKES A HAND

AND all this—this Pará interlude—had so little to do with Marajó; Marajó where the ox was worth a couple of tractors, and foreigners were so unusual as to be all called Germans or all Americans or all English, according to the nationality of the most sensational visitor of the moment. In Soure you are already in contact with the world; in Pará you are thrust straight into the thick of things. But once at one of the ranches, life goes forward on the terms of the past two and a half centuries and men take pleasure in horses and in the variety of creatures that live in the world with them, facing much the same problems and solving them in much the same way. Anxious to get back to it, we hustled through Soure noting, with sympathy, that the explorer had a badly infected leg.

These leg infections are not difficult to get although Marajó is free of the indolent tropical ulcer which is such a menace in many rivers. The cowboys always ride barefoot, their big and second and third toes in the stirrup and, as I have mentioned, most of them use leggings or shave the hair from the inner side of the leg—this because the saddle chafes the unprotected flesh and, ripping hair out by the roots, leaves a patch which readily infects, especially in the wet season when a good deal of wading takes place and broken skin does not heal easily. Such infections generally prove stubborn and occasionally serious as was now the case with the explorer; he had worn half-length rubber-

bottomed boots but the chafe had occurred immediately above the boot top and far from improving with treatment, it had brought him to bed and prevented his going to Pará to see why the police wished to interview him.

We gathered that he had determined to purchase a ranch in Marajó and financiers seemed to be hurtling back and forth between New York and Pará but we had the utmost difficulty in keeping our minds on these projects for we were anxious to get out of Soure and be on with the buffaloes, the burial sites, and the simple but very pleasant people of the land. We missed a tide while Luciano talked with Otto of coming changes and then, in a canoe that took the three of us up the creek, he sat buried in thought, paying little attention to the visible world.

The afternoon after our arrival, a bellowing herd of cattle arrived at the outer side of the big meadow in front of the house and from this lot, about eighty furious head were driven with the utmost labor to the corral. They fought like fiends to avoid what they plainly sensed to be the beginning of the end of pleasant life on the plains. But the rebels were lassoed and dragged into the corral, their very charges on the cowboys only bringing them so much closer to the gate until finally they found themselves free of the cord but safely inside. It took two hours to imprison them.

On the tide, two schooners and a steam launch arrived and in the morning the struggle commenced. From the corral, a gate led into a smaller corral and from this a gate led into an enclosure that could hold only three or four head at a time. This gave into a long, narrow runway, deep and strong, that led directly to the schooner. Shrieking cowboys drove the cattle into the second corral and then, two or three at a time, they got them into the enclosure. There a new group took charge of them and with stout

blows and strong language the steers were frightened into the long runway. There they were bathed with a jet of fresh water, forced onto them by a hand pump, and driven on by a dozen odd cowboys to the end where a bridle was thrown over their horns. A hook descended from the schooner, a gang of sailors commenced a yo-hoing and, by the horns, the steer was swung aloft and dropped into the hold where four bullfighters flung themselves on the rage-blinded animal and pinned him to the floor until they could get a turn around a timber with the horn-bridle. They held him down by sitting on his head and pulling his tail between his legs and back across a thigh; it seemed to be a kind of bullfighter's half-Nelson. Once the turn was around a timber he was allowed to stand, whereupon he charged the man who held the end of the bridle. This agile person then leaped out of reach with the slack and the steer found himself securely fastened by the horns to the side of the schooner.

It was a desperate war and I use the word bullfighter advisedly, because the men in the hold, for pure sweat, strength, courage, and skill, put to shame the only bullfight I ever witnessed. Their arena was fifteen feet by thirty and their weapons their bare hands; it is small wonder that they get killed from time to time.

The cattle roared and bellowed, the cowboys uttered ear-piercing shrieks to frighten them, and Luciano kept tally; little by little, the whole mass of creatures was fought into the holds of the two schooners. "It's a devilish way to ship cattle," Luciano told me. "This picking them up by the horns is pointless cruelty, but it's impossible to get them to do it another way. And it is quicker." He turned at once to his tally, for it included not only the number but the number from each herd that roamed Gavinho. The cattle

were carefully selected for export and in such a way that no single herd would be appreciably weakened.

Once a steer fought so savagely that he succeeded in emptying the hold of men and breaking his own leg. He held up proceedings for half an hour until he could be pitched in the creek and allowed to swim ashore; they said the leg would knit. It was an orgy of wild leaps ahead of menacing horns, utterly exhausted muscles, twisted tails, bloody curses, and fatigue-dulled wits. But when it was over, the men had won and the schooners, their holds full of steers, dropped down the creek with the ebb.

Taking the price of live meat at the slaughter-house and deducting labor and transport expense, I discovered that the net profit on the morning's ferocious struggle was over six hundred dollars.

With the schooner went the lion tamer; there was some fuss over his misdeeds in Pará and I felt genuinely sorry, but there was no doubt that, after the general mess in the city, it was the only course open to Luciano.

We were soon left alone at Gavinho, for Luciano had to go to Soure to see the explorer and we began to make the acquaintance of some new arrivals. One of these was Juliano *Caixa-d'agua*—Julian Box-of-Water. He was so called because he was an inveterate tippler and, I believe, had had a hand in the Arekuna's downfall. (I admit that I see no connection between boxes of water and drunkenness, but Marajó does.) Despite his shortcomings, however, he was the only good saddle maker within many miles and for that reason the ranchers looked the other way when they heard the shouts and noisy staggers that proclaimed him to be on yet another spree.

Box-of-Water worked carefully and well, his mild brown eyes peering at the leather through a pair of thick-

lensed spectacles that gave him the look of a patriarchal owl.

"I haven't your whip ready yet," he said. "I've been busy and the leather's hard to get and you don't need it now anyhow."

"This is the third time you've said the same thing," I observed. "When will you make it?"

"Tomorrow," he replied, "tomorrow."

"Do you know José Martins?"

"The administrator at Matinadas?"

"Yes."

"Only a little. Why?"

"I thought you might be related."

He poked the leather for several minutes. "Is it because I say 'tomorrow'?" he inquired.

I nodded.

He laid aside his work. "Then it will be ready today," he promised.

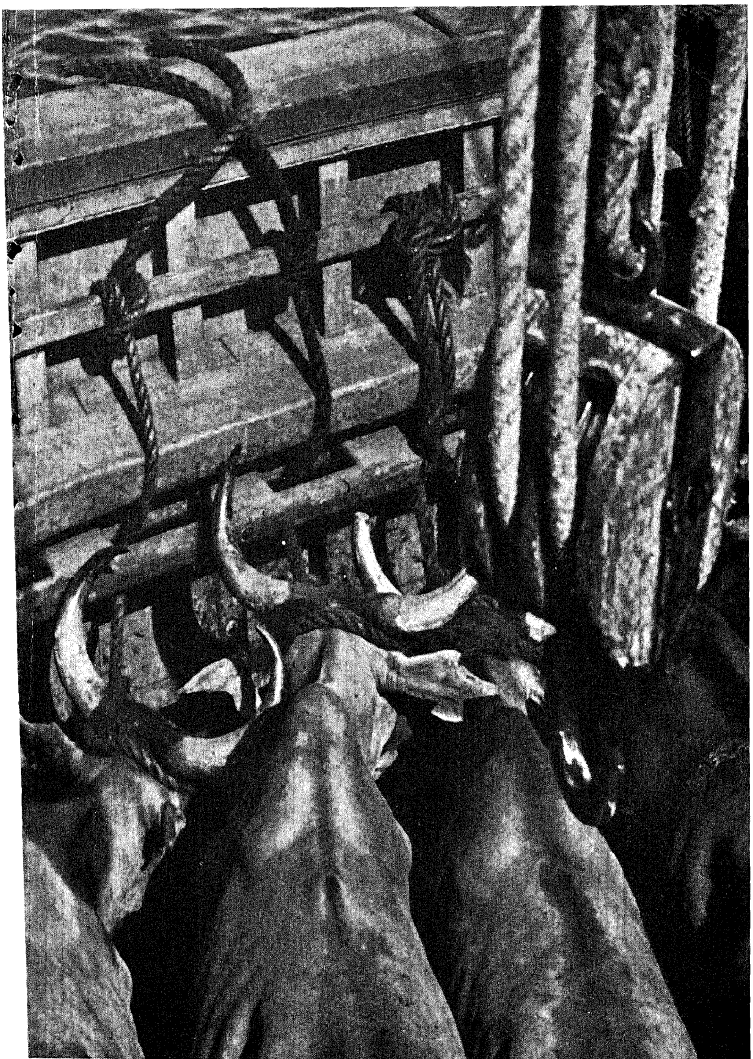
And truthful for once about such matters, he brought me a beautiful whip that evening. Vitor Mata-Onça examined it critically. "Box-of-Water made you one already," he said, "but I wouldn't let him give it to you; it was not a good example of Marajó work." He gave it back to me.

Vitor was a thin, wiry man and a very violent one. Once he had caught a man making love to Leopoldina and he seized his rifle. The man fled and Vitor shot him in the knee. He fell, of course, and Vitor was busy castrating him when a couple of cowboys came and dragged him away.

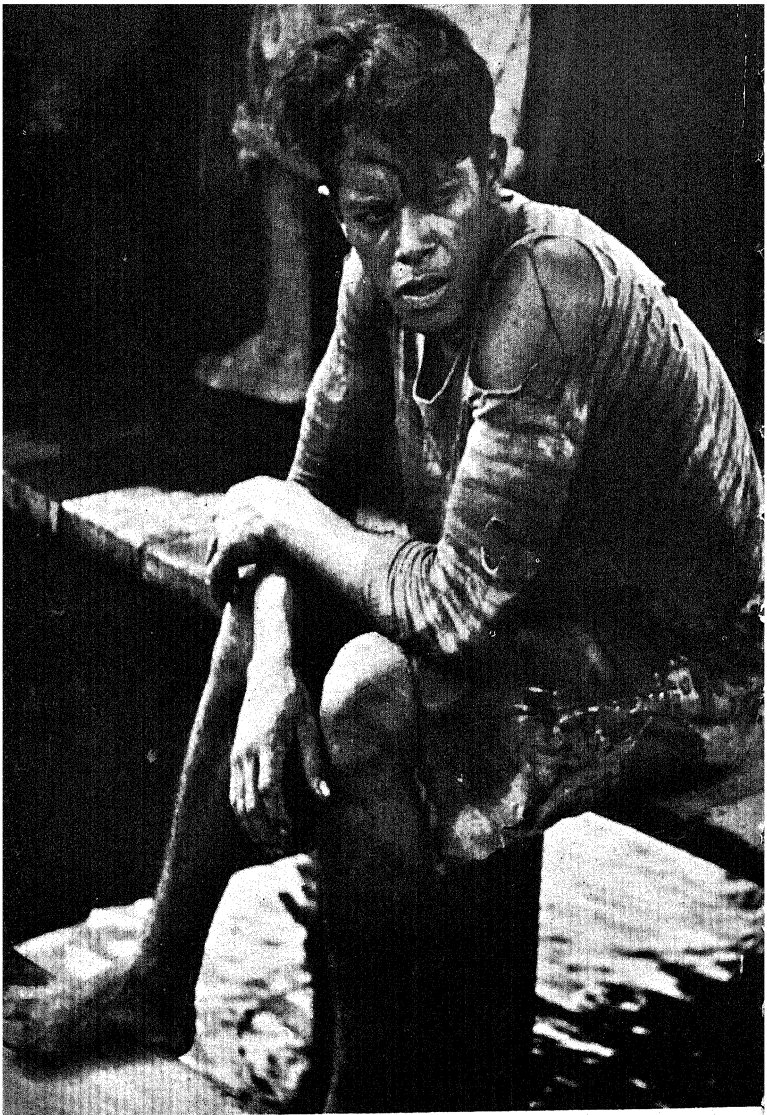
"What of the buffalo?" he asked me. "You still will hunt them?"

"Still. Dona Sofia is coming to arrange the matter."

"I would like to go," he said, wistfully. "I used to be the buffalo hunter for a big ranch to the north. I hunted them



BENEATH THE BLOCK that hauled them aboard, the market-bound cattle stand roped by their horns to the side of the ship. These cattle, far from being thin, are in prime condition; it is the bony construction of the Zebu that usually leaves a few ribs showing even in the best times. Further evidence of Zebu blood is in the apparently superfluous humps just over the shoulder.



AN EXHAUSTED BULLFIGHTER, tired and panting after three solid hours of unrelenting struggle with wild steers in the hold of a schooner, comes up for air and a few minutes during which long, sharp horns will not have to be watched.

afoot with a Mauser. For years. Finally one got me and after he stamped me into the mud and jabbed me with his horns, he left me for dead; I was five months flat on my back." His voice was casual. "But I would like to go back and have one more hunt. The last one I killed was not full grown and it had horns that were eight palms long on each side; the head was three palms across." Vitor's chest was a shocking mass of scars.

We measured this out on the veranda; it made a pair of horns over seven feet from tip to tip. Vitor laughed a little. "It is not a thing to be believed without having seen it with your own eyes. But those are important buffalo, and there must be animals there now that are thirty years old. They'll have fine horns."

"But the tame ones at Munguba had short, curled horns," I protested.

"Ah, those! They are another type. The wild buffalo of the Mondongos is a beast of straight horns and reddish[1] fur; he is much bigger than those pussy cats at Munguba. You will see; they are beautiful. Just a moment." He held up a hand that told me to wait for a while, and went off. Presently he was back and he had with him a handkerchief that contained about a dozen twisted, steel-jacketed bullets originally fired from a Mauser 7.5 mm. military rifle.

"Each of these was taken out of a buffalo I have killed," he said. "You can see that they encountered resistance."

It was true; going through wood would hardly have mistreated them so grievously. The deaf-mute entered and howled happily at the sight. He put his hands to his head and indicated that he was a buffalo. Having established his identity for the moment, he watched warily. He received a

[1] He said "*rosilho*," which I took to mean "reddish." My dictionary, however, translates the word as "of white and red color."

shot in the heart, he charged the hunter, he died at his feet. He pointed at the twisted bullets and howled again.

He was a very conversational deaf-mute and with Luciano, who understood him well, he would discuss his problems by the hour. During these conversations, however, the light sometimes went out and he would have to stop "talking." We understood that originally he had been brought to Gavinho to work with Vitor Mata-Onça since Vitor had quarreled so bitterly with all his assistants that normal ones, accessible to his sharp tongue, had long since refused to work with him. Nevertheless, he was absolutely loyal to Luciano and the ranch.

Dona Sofia arrived shortly at São Laurenço and we went to see her in response to a hurried note. Regretfully we missed the sight she had called us to see: Dona Rita Bezerra, of Ritlandia, had come out with her children and her grandchildren, her servants and her attendants, and her cowboys. They had mounted horses and oxen and they had come out to go to town in a schooner. They had been wearing red capes and they had been of all possible sizes and ages. Dona Rita, in her seventies, had ridden an ox and refused to be helped about, nimbly skipping up the gangplank by herself. "If I let them help me, they'll think I'm getting old," said this lively matriarch.

"It was a splendid sight," said Dona Sofia, for she is enthusiastic about her Marajó. "And now, listen to *Seu* Bernardino; he is going to tell us about our buffalo."

Seu Bernardino, the lean administrator of the São Laurenço ranch of Dr. Domingos Acatauassú Nunes, coughed slightly and said: "There has arrived here news of buffaloes. They are thick near Uchy. And, furthermore, Dr. Domingos has a small shack there that you can use."

"You see?" cried Dona Sofia. "You see? We can go

too—right up to the place where you will shoot the buffalo." She and Bet planned excitedly and commenced to divide the as yet unshot buffalo. "I want half the meat for Matinadas and I want the hide. The rest of the meat can be for the men from Tapera who go with us. You only want the head, but if you like, why, shoot another and use the hide."

"Buffalo hide is this thick," indicated Bernardino, holding up his thumb. "People take advantage of it only after thinking carefully."

The buffalo could have been dead and under the house being skinned to hear all this.

"And now, what do we do?" asked Dona Sofia. "First we stop at Tapera and get the key to the house from—"

"Luis Vasconcellos."

"Then we get a big canoe from—hm—let me see. Where is the biggest? How big must it be?"

"It must hold you three and there must be three men to pole it. The Mondongos are hard to travel in and it needs strength of arm. Only at Munguba. The canoe at Matinadas is too small."

"Splendid. Get the key. Arrange good men. Borrow the big canoe. Take food for four days. Ah, Mondongos—I am going to have an expedition. My uncle was an explorer, the first one to visit the savannahs of the high Cuminá." [1]

And while we planned or, rather, the energetic Dona Sofia planned the hunt, a cowboy came and, in a rather

[1] Quite true: Padre Nicolino reported the existence of vast grasslands north of the Amazon in the middle of the last century and he visited them, some say, in search of a Jesuit treasure. Dona Sofia's uncle Gonsalves Tocantins, however, paid them their first scientific visit some years later and gained some idea of their fifteen thousand square mile extent.

discouraged fashion, fought an unwilling ox up to a fence. As soon as the ox's horns were against the fence and tied there, the man slapped him on the rump. "Ah, old ox!" he said contemplatively. Then he started to slip a lasso around the animal's hind legs. It kicked at him. He tried again and it kicked at him. He sighed and tried again. This time he was successful and standing back a little, he heaved mightily and threw the ox down in the mud.

"There, old ox!" he panted. A little boy came out of the house and gave him a saw. He took it and sawed off the ox's horns. The stumps bled a little and he stopped the flow with daubs of mud.

"Are you going to ride him?" Bernardino called.

"Yes," said the man, and because he felt sad, he sighed again.

I went down to make some pictures of this taming of an ox for the saddle. "Are you going to ride him bareback?" I asked.

"Bareback," he replied without fervor.

The man got on the prostrate animal's back, tied a kind of bridle to the horns, and took a grim hold on the tail. The boy loosened the lasso turn around the hind legs and up jumped the ox, bucking and stamping like a wild horse. The cowboy howled menacingly but after five lunges he was thrown face foremost into the deep, rich mud in which this action took place.

He got up and chased the ox, caught hold of the trailing lasso around the horns and stopped him. Then the ox turned and chased him. Then, man and animal, tired and disgusted and covered with mud, stopped and stood facing each other, panting heavily.

The man made the first move to break the stalemate, this being a derisive gesture accompanied by a shout. The ox

at once chased him toward the fence where the man caught a turn around a post, took up the slack as he ran on and once more made the ox prisoner. Once more he mounted and once more he was thrown. This continued until it was dark when the man, bereft of the appearance of humanity in his coating of mud, came over and said, "*Seu* Bernardino, his back is so slippery now that people may not mount him."

"Tomorrow, then," said Bernardino. "Tomorrow." And, he told us, this same performance would take place until the ox was ridden successfully. Then a saddle would be put on and, after riding with it awhile, he would be handed over as a tame ox.

It was dinner time now and places had been prepared for us so we stayed. Dona Sofia, having some kind of disagreement with her brother at the moment, would not go to Gavinho. Dinner was pleasant, as it usually is on the ranches, and conversation turned upon foreign visitors.

"There was one at Ritlandia," said Bernardino, "an American or an Englishman, and when he went away, he wrote a libelous letter to his friends describing the customs of the ranch and in it he called Pedro Paulo, Dona Rita's son, a-a-ah, let me see, what is the word? Oh, yes, a ——!"

The startling, four-letter, Anglo-Saxon monosyllable crashed out in the midst of the soft Portuguese conversation. "Is it a bad word?" Bernardino inquired.

"Very," I told him.

"There," he said with satisfaction, "we all thought so."

"——!" said Dona Sofia, repeating the word in a mystified fashion. "Why, that's not an English word."

This was too much, and after we had laughed a good deal, we explained that it was, but that her excellent in-

struction in the English language had not included any of the four or five unprintables."

"But how," I wanted to know, "did the family find out what was in the letter?"

"He wrote it in long hand and gave it to an English-speaking Brazilian stenographer to type. She knew the family well and made a copy for them. They were much put out about it and Pedro Paulo went to the hotel to fight him; but he had already embarked."

This seemed unlikely in view of the character of the word used but it was the accepted story and I could find out no more. Nevertheless I think it would be interesting to know the whole history of the case. If the visitor said such things he was not only the worst sort of guest but also an inaccurate observer. I know Ritlandia and it is a most pleasant place. I know Dona Rita and she is a most pleasant old lady. I do not know Pedro Paulo very well, but he certainly does not merit the word used.

The tide was turning when we finished coffee and two men took us back to Gavinho in a canoe. The moon was new in the western sky and the trees on the banks tall and dark. The men paddled slowly, talking softly about the fish that jumped under the bows. It was a very beautiful evening and in it and the land we could feel something that is peculiarly Brazilian. I cannot put my finger on it but you know at once when you are in Brazil. It has an active individuality and especially is this true in the north where foreign influence is slight. There is a native music, a native folk-lore, a native manner of thinking, and a native character. Rarely do visitors entertain a negative reaction toward it; they love it, or they hate it. Discussing it, we decided we loved it.

The next day was a long, rainy affair and one attempt

to collect Dona Sofia and her baggage in Luciano's motor boat was frustrated by the motor's breaking down. The tide was missed and we sat up half the night waiting for the next flood. It was dark and there was thunder and lightning when she was brought to Gavinho in a big canoe. Our baggage was put into it and a month's supplies for Matinadas. Then we embarked and Luciano waved us off; it was two o'clock in the morning and the rain poured down on us, cold and insistent.

This time we were to ascend the creek to its source and take, at dawn, the horses that were waiting for us there. But the tide turned against us halfway up (there had been delays) and it was daylight before we reached Genipapa, the last landing on the creek. Horses and cowboys were there but it was still raining and blowing and after a night without a wink of sleep the prospect of a long ride was not very attractive.

"Let's stay here for the day," said Dona Sofia, with excellent sense. "We'll be rested and have some sleep and tomorrow we'll go on."

By way of assent we swung our hammocks. It made a crowded kind of bivouac for the little house had only two rooms and a kitchen and, besides we three and the caretaker's wife and son, there were four cowboys who begged rum and tobacco when they knew Dona Sofia could not hear them. But we managed, and the next day's ride was pleasant and easy, despite the fact that the savannahs were even deeper in water than they had been.

If Luciano's arrival awakened the production department of the ranch, Dona Sofia's arrival dynamited the commissary. Brooms and pots and pans and dishes and high words flew through the air. Greens believed to be nonexistent were pulled out of the garden. Bats and ants were hounded

from pillar to post and, incredible though it seemed, some ants were killed.

At any moment, we would hear her lusty contralto from an upper window: "Ho, Martins! I want so-and-so!"

And José, faithful to the end, would say, "Only tomorrow, *senhora*."

But it did not work with Dona Sofia. "*Ora, bolas!*" she would say. "I want it *now!*" And she would get it now.

A letter was despatched to Luis Vasconcellos requesting the key to the house at Uchy and men were sent to examine the canoe at Munguba. The canoe was reported to be capable of holding seven people and of an excellent condition; it was at our disposal.

So with enthusiastic men arranged for the hunt, we sat back and waited for Luis Vasconcellos' letter to come. In the evenings Dona Sofia told us stories of old Marajó and of times on Marajó not so old. Thus: "My grandfather was murdered, you know. He lived in Teso; it was a nice place then; and he was having trouble with cattle thieves. So he said that he was going to Pará to get a detachment of soldiers to root out a nest of them; he was related to the Captain-General of the Province—this was, of course, during the monarchy. One of the servants must have given the plan away, for when he went down to the little port to embark in the canoe, somebody in ambush shot him dead and put a bullet into the liver of his companion. You can imagine; no one knew who had fired the shot and it was impossible to tell by ordinary methods. But there are ways with these people.

"They took the body to Soure and it was placed in the coffin *face down*. You see, the Marajó cowboys believe that if a murdered man's body is buried face down, his murderer will be forced, by magic, to confess his crime.

And sure enough, the murderer, a young man, came forward within a week and said: "I am the one that did it."

"Was he hanged?"

"Oh, no; no capital punishment here, you know. But he was taken to Pará, tried, and sentenced to life imprisonment; he died there not long ago, a very old man."

We said that cattle stealing had caused a good deal of trouble in the American West but added that hanging the offenders on the nearest tree had done much to discourage the practice.

She nodded. "Sometimes," she said, "people were badly punished for it, though they were never hanged. When my brother, Raul, was here first, there was a man named Boca Branca—White Mouth, in English—and everyone knew he was stealing Raul's pigs and cattle. So Raul told his cowboys to catch him with a lasso if ever they got the chance and close guard was kept during the nights. And they caught him red-handed, stealing pigs. He was lassoed and made to walk all the way to Gavinho on foot. In Gavinho they made a whip out of a long, thin leather bag by filling it with sand. And then the cowboys thrashed poor Boca Branca until he was insensible. Then they kept him there until the wounds healed and took him to Soure, where they handed him over to the authorities for imprisonment. Boca Branca never came back to Marajó. It had a good effect on the other thieves, too; today there isn't much stealing."

She laughed as she remembered something. "Speaking of whipping, one of the queerest whippings in Marajó took place when my brother, Vitor Engelhard, was at Ilha Nova. There was a girl in the house, a brown girl, but she had been raised almost as a daughter of the family. Well, there was a cowboy there named Raymundo and he began to make love to the girl. Vitor, hearing about it, said it was

all right, but he had better declare his intention of marrying her. But, unknown to Vitor, the cowboy was already married and instead of leaving the girl alone, he stole her away and kept her somewhere overnight. Then Vitor caught him and brought him to Ilha Nova.

" 'Now, Raymundo,' he said, 'I'm going to teach you to seduce girls brought up in my house. You have seduced her, you have insulted me by it, and you have insulted the house.' He turned to the girl. 'And I am going to teach you to respect the house where you were raised and to respect your own person. This swine here has been making love to other women beside you, but his play days are over!"

"He had Raymundo tied up and then he gave the girl a big whip, the best he could find. 'Now,' he said, 'you are going to flog this man. And you are going to flog him with all your strength; it will be a lesson to you both. And if you don't flog him with all your strength, I'm going to tie you up, too, and beat you both!'

"The girl began to beat him. I didn't go to see it, but I could hear Vitor's voice saying, 'Harder! Harder!' and I could hear the girl crying and beating her lover. I saw him when he came out of the room where he was flogged and his back was dreadful. Then Vitor kicked him off the place and told him: 'If I ever see you on this ranch again, or I ever hear of you making love to any woman but your wife on any ranch in all Marajó, I'm going to come for you, and I'm going to lasso you and beat you myself. Do you understand?' Raymundo said he did and went away, but it was a *queer* beating, wasn't it?"

We admitted it was, and asked if Raymundo had ever come back. Dona Sofia brushed a lock of red hair back from her high forehead. "Of course not," she said.

Other things, such as the genealogy of a Marajó cow-

boy's child, were clarified for us by Dona Sofia's arrival. As an example, she tried to lay bare the life of Chica, a widow who had pointed teeth and a refined baby. The refined baby, it appeared, had been sired by one of the cowboys at Mamão.

"Are you in love with him?" Dona Sofia asked.

"No," she replied, rather uncertainly. "No. Anyway, he is married."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"And where is his wife?"

"At Nazareth, but they don't live together any more; she put the donkeys in the water."

"*Put the donkeys in the water!* What does that mean?"

The widow giggled because Dona Sofia did not understand this bit of Marajó slang. "It means she went with another man," the widow explained.

"Ah, now I see. And where does the man of the case live?"

"At Paraparà."

"At Paraparà! Three good hours' riding. How do all the people get babies, living so far apart? You here, another in Mamão, still another in Nazareth and now this last in Paraparà. How does it happen?"

"I don't know, *senhora*," said the widow.

"*Ora, bolas!* Must I believe that the wind bears seed in Marajó?"

"No-o-o; we visit about." The widow examined her feet with great attention.

"Oh!"

The refined baby kissed our hands on the theory that the blessing would make her grow. Then the widow left.

Apparently, a native child of Marajó is more of a cross

section than an offspring. Luciano's view is that it is simply Mother Nature on the loose, because of the example of the cattle, which may very well, of course, be the case. But parrots are eminently respectable birds, observing a stringent monogamy, and they are also part of the natural Marajó scene. I would place the blame—if there is anything blameworthy in it—on the communal life of the cowboys' quarters.

Then the letter from Luis Vasconcellos arrived saying that use of the shack at Uchy could only be permitted after he had received instructions from Dr. Domingos Acatauassú Nunes, his patron. He had, however, written to Dr. Domingos and recommended that the house be placed at Dona Sofia's disposal.

"*Ora, bolas!*" said our hostess. "That will take time. He writes today, the letter reaches the city at the end of the week and perhaps a reply may not arrive for another week. What bad, blooming bad luck!"

We commiserated for a while and then I had a thought. "Why," I suggested, "don't I ride out to São Laurenço, go down to Soure and send a telegram? Luciano says the service is unreliable but I should think it would be worth trying."

Dona Sofia thought for a while. "Yes," she said presently, "that will be the best. And there is another point; Luis says the buffaloes come from Dunas ranch and that they belong to Dona Maria Cavalcante. Dr. Domingos' only objection could be that we have not spoken to Dona Maria."

Dunas: the word touched a chord somewhere. "Why, that's the ranch where I was given permission to hunt buffaloes three months ago. Armando Teixeira arranged it for

me; I'll simply ask him to confirm the permission and that objection will be removed."

Dona Sofia stood up. "I'll have a horse saddled right away," she said.

XII. AND THEN, THE ADMIRABLE JAYME LOBATO

IT was very miserable riding because the grasslands were flooded and there were whole miles where we waded along in nearly a yard of water. A cowboy was with me although I knew the way; no one travels far alone in Marajó during the rains because too many unexpected things can happen. He rode a slow-going ox. Our progress was syrup-like, but it started many of those small, black birds with bright red breasts, the *espiritus santos*. Overhead a large and swift hawk had been hovering and now we saw why; as soon as we started a little black bird, the hawk would dart after it with unbelievable speed. Pursued, the small birds kept near the ground and, when the hawk was close behind, they dropped into a thick clump of grass and hid themselves. The hawk would then make frantic thrusts at them and scream terrifyingly until they were driven forth once more to the open air and the menace of the strong beak.

The hawk was a well-fed and happy hawk; the small birds, it appeared, had been unable to induce him, by means of pacts and treaties, to surrender the natural advantage of being a large, strong fellow designed to prey on the weak and succulent.

It was after dark when I reached São Laurenço and *Seu* Bernardino gave me the news of the day. "Luciano is still in town," he said, "but *Seu* Raul is in Gavinho. Luciano is

having trouble, I'm afraid. . . . Those Germans, you know . . ."

"The Germans? What about them?"

"Well, a story has just come up the creek. That German who was at Matinadas—that explorer—was denounced as a communist and taken from the hotel to the steamer by the police. The Prefect of Soure took him to jail in Belém. It was very exciting. But mind, I do not know this to be true; it is simply the news that has come from Soure. Soldiers, police, prefects, communists, denunciations; it is interesting, is it not?"

I admitted that it was and said I would confirm the story in Soure. I laughed a great deal at the report; Otto would rather have been denounced as a kidnapper than as a communist.

It was raining heavily when I arrived there, the canoe being manned by the cowboy who had accompanied me from Matinadas and the deaf-mute; the deaf-mute was in a licentious mood and plainly expected me to finance a drunk for him. As soon as I walked ashore, I realized that, regardless of the facts of the story, something sensational had certainly happened. Heads popped out of windows, fingers were pointed, and a vast amount of clucking and conversation commenced. For a moment I attributed it to my muddy jodhpurs, but, reflecting that they had often been seen by the excited populace, I came to the conclusion that Soure felt one more of the band of Germans had come to town and would be rounded up directly by the loyal and alert police force. For some reason it was rumored that both Bet and I were Germans, the town's view at the moment being, I suppose, that all foreigners were German.

I got a room at the hotel, with difficulty, and sent the deaf-mute along with my saddle bag. Then I went to

despatch my telegrams, looking very conspicuous in my foreignness, the effect losing nothing by having the deaf-mute and the somewhat amazed cowboy (who had never been in Soure before) follow me in a cross between a lock-step and an Indian file. And before I had gone two blocks, a voice hailed me from a broad veranda: "Ho, lad! Where are you going?" And there was Luciano, propped up with the *Sweizer Illustrierte Zeitung*.

"I've just come back with the Gavinho sloop," he told me. "I've got to go up to superintend the loading of the Matinadas cattle."

"And what about Otto? I hear he has been denounced as a communist. Is it true?"

"Yes, it is!" Luciano replied, his face red with indignation. "Some dirty —— went to the police and denounced him. And I have a darned good idea who did it, too. The American consul says he is going to sift the whole affair to the bottom and find out who it was."

"The *American* consul?"

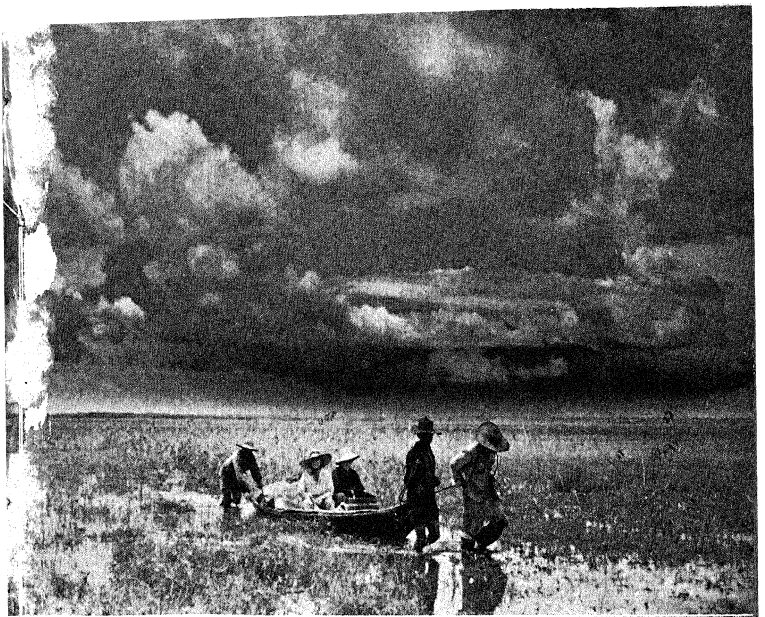
"Sure. Otto's financiers are Americans and they are angry and there has been a letter from Cordell Hull and it will be arranged in less than thirty days; Otto is going up the Rio Paru."

"Instead of buying ranches?"

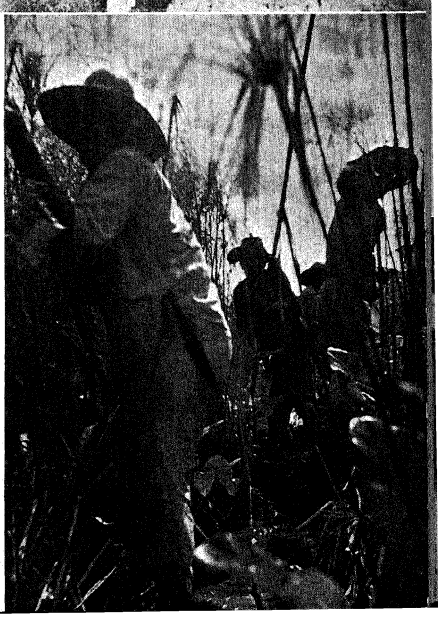
"He's going to buy ranches, too."

"He is an active man, Otto. Is he in jail?"

"No, he's in the Grande Hotel; he's very sick—ah, lads, that bad leg has got worse and there were places to be lanced and all sorts of trouble. But soon everything will be fixed up. It was a shame, this sending for him with the police—his wife felt very badly, of course, and it was a dirty trick. If I can find out for sure who denounced him—!"



WITH A BLACK RAIN SQUALL marching across the watery desolation of the Nhondongos, three cowboys drag a loaded canoe through a shallow spot and wish its passengers were men who could be asked to get into this *purée* of mud, water, and vegetation to help the hard work that goes with every bit of progress made. The fact that they are toiling through a favorite tramping ground of the big Marajó crocodiles without protest or alarm only shows that you can get used to anything. Asked to cross Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street during a busy forenoon any one of them could be confidently relied upon to faint, for not one of them have ever seen a horse and buggy, much less an automobile.

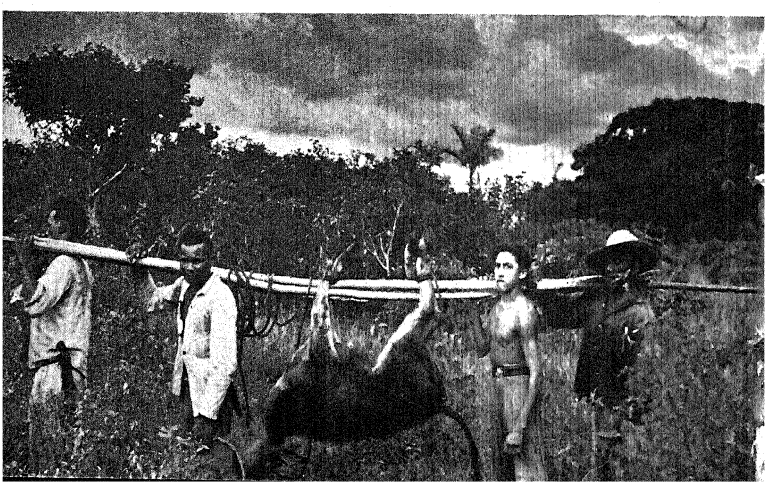


IN THE "PIRY." Though a bare fifteen feet astern, the second of the two hunting canoes is barely visible and every foot of progress is by dint of violent exertion on the poles. Buffaloes charge through the cane as if it were not there but it is just passable for canoes. The *piry* has a use: fine mats, very pleasant



WATER BUFFALO. From Asia to the Pontine Marshes, to the Marajó ranches and, finally, to the wastes of the Mondongos, it is small wonder that he is tired of men. These horns are not good ones.

PORTRAIT OF A BUFFALO as an anticlimax. Had there been no witnesses I might, perhaps, lie unscrupulously about this buffalo, killed with the last shell in North Brazil which would fit my rifle. Its horns were only a few inches long instead of a few feet and, in no way, is it to be bragged about. Nevertheless, shooting it was exciting, the meat was marvelous, and we ate every ounce of it. I am still looking for someone to tan the hide cheaply.



I shook my head; it is not by accident that the doings of the *auslander* element in this book takes up so much space; it is because we were all so conspicuous. Had the native population been less passive, less quiescent, we would have been less so but, against a background of century-old habits, customs, and thoughts, our bounding activity, our consonant-choked languages, and our physical divergence had the quality of bas-relief caricature; I am not certain that anything so ambitiously ludicrous has yet been attempted but it may be imagined. None of us fitted. None of us could fit. It would be possible to describe six typical days in the life of the average man of Marajó and unite therein all that sets him off as an individual. I would choose the days in which fell the branding, the annual crocodile killing, the export of steers, the taming of the oxen for the saddle, one of the barbaric *festas*, and dealings with the magicians of the land. The rest is the eating, mating, bearing of children, and dying done by all the species. No Marajó man will be suddenly denounced as something and led before authorities because he never hears of the things for which he might be denounced. No Marajó man will up and go radium hunting or gold mining; he knows on which side his bread is buttered and has never thought of possible jam. No Marajó man goes about thrusting Leicas into people's faces, asking when the last suicide took place, how old they were when they married, and if all their children have lived.

His life is regulated by the rhythm of the herd, in its fatness and leanness; by its fortunes as the rains beat the grass in the wet season and as the hot sun and fast wind desiccate it in the dry; by its endless inseminations, gestations, births, and deaths. He lives too close to the bones and meat of things for such aberrations as ours. He has many

of his own, to be sure, but they are simple, easily understood ones, not the complicated nonsense in which we indulged.

We foreigners did all these things I say Marajó men do not do, and we did much more. Even Edy's wife-stealing exploit had an exotic tinge in island eyes, for he had stolen the children as well. And now, with police intervention in *l'affaire Otto*, we were all that much more visible than before.

We went to the telegraph office discussing the sensation. I showed Luciano the messages. He laughed sardonically.

"This is going to be a prize mess," he observed. "Sofia is going about it in the wrong way. These buffaloes do not come from Dunas; they come from Ribanceira."

I shrugged. "It is very hard to know what to think," I told him. "Some people assure me they are from Dunas, others say from Ribanceira, and still others say they belong to whoever owns the land on which they are found, since they are wild beasts. A cowboy told me it was law that they can only be shot by ranchers who own a tame pair of them. And a rancher told me that, under Brazilian law, any animal showing no signs of maternal affiliation, and having no brand, can be killed by anyone on the land where it is found. I give up."

"It will be a prize mess," Luciano repeated, cynically.

"I'm afraid you're right," I confessed. "But this is the way it's started and this way it will have to go until it's a definite failure. There is one faint ray of hope, though; Sofia says that Jayme Lobato is coming over to go with us to the Mondongos."

Luciano snorted.

"Jayme go to the Mondongos! Jayme never fired a gun in his life. Probably Sofia casually invited him and Jayme

casually accepted, neither of them hearing what they said."

I shrugged again.

"Well, that is what I am told. That he doesn't shoot makes little difference; even if there were no buffaloes and no pigs and no jaguars, I'd still want to go just because I've never been there before and because almost no one goes there. On the map of the municipality it's blank, you know."

Luciano indicated that his hands were washed of the whole affair.

"I'll have the answer sent up to Gavinho," he said; "there is no use of your waiting here for it; you can go back with me tonight."

The next hour went by in trying to catch the now drunken deaf-mute and the bewildered cowboy whose name, by the way, was Otavio. When they had been corralled, the heavy, gray-black clouds that had hung overhead for hours, suddenly gave up the struggle and collapsed on the earth in an awe-inspiring thunder-and-rain-storm that lasted another hour. In the midst of that manifestation, we were paddled out to the sloop, the canoe all but sinking from the raindrops that entered; it was good to get into the diminutive cabin. A very fat white man was sitting on the disabled engine, trying to squeeze his vast bulk between the leaks in the overhead.

"This is the owner of the *Café Manduco*," said Luciano casually, "you know—the *Café Manduco* in Pará."

I knew, of course. The *Café Manduco*, as well as being Luciano's office, is Pará's most famous coffee house and over its tables are hatched business deals, lawsuits, scandals, mutinies, and insurrections. Until Getulio Vargas dissolved the political parties, it was a hotbed of political discussion; today intense gentlemen sit about and, between spells of

grinding their teeth, talk about matters that do not interest them in the least. Political talk is forbidden and Brazil has twelve thousand secret police to enforce the decree.

I asked the proprietor of this notable establishment if he had ever been to Marajó before and he said he had not and looked as if he realized that he had made a mistake. Once he shifted his position and, to my surprise, behind him there was a twelve-year-old boy who turned out to be his son.

It got dark and the rain continued to fall in torrents. The almost nonexistent wind barely filled the big, blue sails but the tide bore us along rapidly. In the hold, the drunken deaf-mute, by the orange light of an old kerosene lantern, was talking about sex and emitting the most horrible shrieks. It seemed to be a serious discussion but he soon drifted into an attempt to tell a dirty story; at this point the boy with the falsetto voice took the lantern away to illumine his coffee-making operations. The time, the place and the people were unreal and the sloop, were it not for the pounding rain, would have seemed a dream.

Before we could reach Gavinho, the tide turned and we had to anchor, some of us sleeping in badly swung hammocks, others on top of bags of provisions. A rat tried to eat my trousers during the night and the deaf-mute, forgetting to bail, let the bilge water come over the floor boards and wet our baggage.

It was a deplorable voyage.

Raul Engelhard was awaiting us on the dock at Gavinho, barely managing not to laugh, for we were an ugly-looking boatload. The owner of the *Café Manduco* was naked to the waist and rather hungry; Luciano and I looked like victims of a railway disaster, and the deaf-mute was nursing a bad hangover, moaning disconsolately from time to time.

In contrast, Raul, the biggest Brazilian I have ever met, surveyed us from the height of the dock, the sun on his snow-white hair and a broad grin on his face; I have always marveled that Raul, on appearance alone, has not been made an ambassador.

"And your trip to the Mondongos?" he asked. "What of it?"

"I've sent Dona Sofia's wire," I told him, "and I've sent another of my own. The replies should be here tomorrow."

He shook his leonine head disapprovingly. "This is a madness," he said. "You don't know what kind of a place you go to. Neither does Sofia. Neither do the men who go with you. Those Mondongos are bad enough when they have been burned over during the dry season but for two years there has been no good dry season and they have not been burned. When I think of the state of those places now—! You will find the *piry* cane so high and thick that it will be all but impassible. And in those thickets of cane you will meet wild buffaloes, snakes, crocodiles, *piranhas* and every sort of unpleasantness. And the mosquitoes—! There is not a worse place in all Marajó."

I agreed miserably and sat down to wait for replies to telegrams that everyone seemed to regard as death warrants. We rode about the ranch, we talked about the Mondongos, we watched the cattle being brought in for shipment. Then the schooners that had taken the last lot of cattle appeared around the bend and with them came a single telegram for me:

I GIVE PERMISSION HUNT BUFFALOES ON MY LANDS STOP BEFORE COMMENCING SPEAK WITH EURICO

MARIA CAVALCANTE

"Who is Eurico?" I asked Raul.

"Dona Maria's son, in charge at the Dunas ranch. He is a great buffalo hunter."

"Well, to speak to him . . ."

Raul shrugged. "Only by crossing the Mondongos or by going around in a sailing canoe from Soure. It would be much easier to go in the canoe. And, in any case, you do not have Dr. Domingos' permission to use the shack at Uchy; without that what can you do?"

That sounded reasonable. The cowboys had no experience in making thatched roofs and they said that on the few islands of dry land that existed in the Mondongos, there were no thatching materials. Also, it seemed obvious that if no telegram had arrived after three days, it would not arrive ever, so reluctantly I admitted that Dona Sofia's expedition to the Mondongos might not materialize.

Utterly disgusted, I returned to São Laurenço and rode back to Matinadas. We had all had our hearts set on going to the Mondongos, partly because of the shooting, partly because it was as little known a region as any in Marajó, and partly, perhaps principally, because so many people opposed our going.

Now, for one reason or another, it appeared that Dr. Domingos was going to refuse permission to use the shack at Uchy and if we had to build another on an island of dry land, we would need more men and more food and more men to carry the food and so on, into the dismal morasses of logistics. It would be much easier to take advantage of Dona Maria's kindness and hunt from Dunas.

I arrived at Matinadas just before sunset. Bet and Dona Sofia heard my sad story without loss of spirit and even annoyed me by nodding together and smiling at the worst points in my disappointing tale. I finished with what I sup-

pose to have been an anguished kind of snarl and they laughed aloud.

"Jayme Lobato has arrived!" they said in chorus.

"Jayme Lobato? What of it?"

"Why, don't you remember?" Dona Sofia was surprised. "I told you that I had invited him to go to the Mondongos with us and he accepted."

"I remember," I admitted. "But everyone said Jayme would not come. He doesn't shoot, they say."

"No, he doesn't. But he loves to go on shooting expeditions and he loves to visit parts of Marajó that he has not seen before."

"Well," I confessed weakly, "this alters matters."

"Alters matters!" Dona Sofia repeated. "Well, rather; Jayme has so many men and he says we go to the Mondongos if it is necessary to cut a road every foot of the way a week in advance. He will send men out to erect a hut and, best of all, he himself owns an island in the Mondongos where we can hunt and from which we can reach Dunas."

"This Jayme sounds like quite a person," I observed.

"He is; the only truthful thing you've heard of him is that he is a small man. Otherwise he is very different. So we go to the Mondongos now, no matter who says no!"

"Viva! We go to the Mondongos!"

"Viva!" We all shook hands and felt very happy.

"There is only one thing I do not understand, though," Dona Sofia said. "That is Dr. Domingos failing to answer my wire. I still think he will, too."

I did not answer.

Bet and Dona Sofia, between them, had drawn up a list of equipment and provisions for the trip and on the following day we began to gather it together and arrange it.

Later we went to visit Jayme Lobato at one of his ranches. He was, as everyone had agreed, a small man, but enormously polite and thoughtful, very quiet-spoken, well-traveled, and given to swinging back and forth in great arcs in a big hammock. His English, while a trifle rusty, was still in good working condition. Also present was a somewhat startled Syrian who owned what was described as a "crocodile factory" in Pará. This enterprise did not, of course, manufacture crocodiles but it did tan their hides into a peculiarly excellent kind of leather which was used to make belts, pocketbooks, suitcases, and so forth. The startled Syrian was startled because he had never been to Marajó before and people were filling him with the most remarkable kinds of stories.

"I arrived a week ago," he said, "and I've been swimming ever since." Then he began to ask searching questions about Nebraska; he had lived there nearly fifteen years and regarded it as the Promised Land. Also he had seventy-four relatives in Omaha, for which circumstance he thanked God. He also thanked God that he had fourteen children. Jayme Lobato called him Miguelão—Big Mike—and the name fitted nicely.

While we chatted and took coffee, a big, white sheep, with large and melancholy eyes, sat in a corner of the room and watched us with a diffident but penetrating gaze. He made neither sound nor movement and was so retiring and colorless a creature that we forgot his presence, although he never forgot ours. I think he was gathering material for a book.

Inside of half an hour Jayme, without fussing or raising his voice, arranged this Mondongos matter. On his island, Santa Helena, a hut was to be erected and from there we would penetrate to the inner wilderness. "You are sure to

find a buffalo's bathroom," Jayme said, deprecatingly. "And now let us dig up dead Indians."

Our noses were deep in an ancient grave when a cowboy rode up and addressed a brief message to Dona Sofia; she gave a whoop of delight.

"Dr. Domingos has sent us permission to use Uchy," she cried. "Men from his ranch are going, too; they want to kill wild pigs."

Back at Matinadas we found José, his face long and gloomy, awaiting us with Dr. Domingos' letter in hand. Dona Sofia ripped it open. "There," she exclaimed with satisfaction, "read this!" She gave me the letter. "I knew Dr. Domingos would not disappoint me!"

I read it:

Belém 16 de Abril de 1938

EXMA. SNRA. D. SOFIA:

Since telegraph service to Soure was interrupted, I found it impossible to reply to your telegram. I reply, however, with this letter.

The telegram I wished to send you was in these terms:

UCHY HOUSE AT YOUR DISPOSAL STOP HUNT SHOULD BE ARRANGED WITH EURICO, PROPRIETOR OF THE BUFFALOES. GREETINGS

As of that date, I wrote my administrator, Luis Vasconcellos, instructing him to place the above-mentioned house at your disposal.

I hope that your hunt will be attended with success but it will not be remiss to recommend the greatest caution in that sport, because it is a very dangerous matter, dealing as it does with savage animals in a region where there exist such other ferocious creatures as jaguars, crocodiles, piranhas, et cetera.

With sincere esteem and consideration, I am

of Your Excellency, an obliged friend and attentive servant,

(*signed*) DOMINGOS ACATAUASSÚ NUNES

"Well," I said, "that seems to be that; what are the *et ceteras* he mentioned?"

"Oh, you'll see your *et ceteras!*" José broke in. "You'll find out; this is going to end badly. *Senhoras* in the Mondongos—God deliver me!"

"Never you mind, José," his mistress told him. "If you don't stop croaking, I'll plant the point of my foot in the seat of your pants. We are going to the Mondongos and it is only a wretched, old-fashioned idea that *senhoras* must stay in the house like so many invalids; we are going to the Mondongos."

José scuttled off, leaving an assortment of evil prophecies in his wake.

Two days later, in the afternoon, a big ox was dragging our heavily laden canoe through the flooded wild cotton. By standing on top of the heap of cargo it was possible to see Desterro, the Lobato ranch which had been selected as a rendezvous. It was a peculiarly beautiful day with a golden light in the cool air and very little trouble from the fire ants that usually awaited us in the cotton. Desterro looked lovely among its palms.

"Why do they call it Desterro?" I asked Dona Sofia. "It's such a beautiful place; one of the nicest in Marajó."

Desterro means exile.

"It has been called that as long as anyone can remember," she told me. "When a Frenchman, a cousin of mine, lived there it was a very nice house, though it's gone to pieces lately. He just wanted the ranch so that he would not be in complete retirement. But his wife, a Frenchwoman, hated it. She was afraid of the size and loneliness." Dona Sofia told us about her, how she went off into a nearby patch of woodland and stayed there crying for hours from sheer loneliness and homesickness for France.

It was a pathetic story; Marajó is no place for people without the intangibles generally referred to as "inner resources."

At sunset we reached the dry land near the house and began to see the mettle of our Jayme, for he had an ox cart waiting to transport us and our baggage to the house, and at the house there was a piping hot supper, and all the men who intended to go to the Mondongos were there, whispering together and discussing our prospects. Jayme felt that we should leave at five in the morning so, after we had admired the steamship-folder effects produced by the Southern Cross seen through the feathers of the palms, we went to our hammocks.

XIII. NOT LAND, NOT WATER

IT was just dawn when the ox carts deposited us in front of canoes drawn up on the last bit of dry land before the Mondongos commenced. Far to the north, an island of woods was barely visible over the tops of the coarse grasses and aquatic plants that grew in these flood-lands. Geologists are of the opinion that the Mondongos are the remnants of a former bed of the Amazon, recently abandoned, and slowly becoming dry land. At present the region is neither land nor water, and unlike anything I have ever seen before; it is small wonder that the imported water buffalo have found it an ideal environment and that they have gone wild in it; it is a region for amphibian creatures only.

The baggage and supplies were loaded into the canoes, two big ones and a very small one which was for hunting purposes. Each canoe had a crew of three men with poles; Jayme and I were in one of the big ones and Bet (promoted at this point to Dona Bet-ty) and Dona Sofia were in the other. The little hunting canoe was almost empty. Within five minutes of leaving, the poles started crocodiles and they got good, hard thumps on their heads for their pains, but they were there in dismal number.

The water varied between three and five feet in depth.

As we left the solid land of Desterro behind us, the thick clumps of vegetation began to disappear and we were in a level sea of flooded stuff like grass, but round and about a quarter of an inch thick, each stalk of it. Little green

frogs, disturbed by our passage, leaped on us and once, a very modernistic one, with green body and orange legs, sat on Jayme's back. Ants in number crawled about the canoe, biting us continuously. We decided that they must be among the *et ceteras* mentioned in Dr. Domingos' letter.

After an hour and a half the canoes drew together for a rest. Dona Sofia and Bet, in big straw hats, were in a state of considerable animation.

"We have had another *et cetera*," they announced. "A snake climbed into the canoe!"

"A snake? What kind?"

"A *surucucú d'agua*. The men say they are very poisonous even though they are small."

"What did you do with him?"

"Threw him out again," they said, promptly.

Santa Helena Island was closer now and beyond it loomed other islands, Santa Cruz and Ilha da Roça. Presently more appeared and far on the horizon, the tops of numerous *tucuman* palms. A fuss between our guides now developed. One said that an island to the north was Uchy; the other said it was Cajueirinho. Both had visited the mysterious region one time only and they were vague about it; no one else knew anything. The differences in opinion were reconciled, however, and a very distant wavering of dark green was decided to be Uchy. We continued toward it, making about two knots through the yielding vegetation.

Jayme—we were already beginning to call him the Admirable Jayme—had filled the fore part of one canoe with sixty-seven green cocoanuts and now we began to open them, drinking the cold, sweet water at their hearts and eating the meat when there was any to eat; it was a much more efficient arrangement than thermos bottles and

had the advantage of growing on a tree instead of being bought at a store. And we blessed the cold water the more because the sun was high and hot in a cloud-dappled sky that had forgotten about its being the rainy season.

"I like the rain much better than the sun," Jayme remarked; "this heat fatigues."

By noon, Uchy was only two miles away but the even, thick, grass-like stuff of our earlier hours was disappearing, for we were near the area where the fire of three summers before had not reached. There was *aninga*, a tall, spongy, Carboniferous Age-looking plant, and soon there was the awful *piry* cane, a dismal growth, taller than the heads of the men who poled the canoes. As we entered it, it closed behind us and a hundred yards inside we saw our first buffalo track: wide paths through the tangle, plainly broken by a large animal.

It took two hours to traverse a mile and a half of this stuff and it was the bitterest kind of labor, I discovered, for three men were not enough for our heavy canoe and I took a pole, too. Everywhere we saw the marks of the passage of bands of buffaloes; it looked a hellish and dangerous place to hunt animals with so bad a reputation. We reached the edge of the dry land of Uchy and forced our way along its edge. Once we passed a crocodile nest, but it had no eggs as yet and, hence, no savage guardian. Wasps' nests we passed close to but the inhabitants made no move to attack—men were strange and unusual phenomena here.

Near the wasp nests there was often the nest of a clever little bird who had had the foresight to build near an aggressive and frightening neighbor. It looked very like the work of thought rather than instinct to me.

We reached Uchy hut, dead tired, and got the baggage ashore. The three boys in the first canoe were already

there and, finding an owl in the one room, they had given him a good, hard whack with a stick. He walked about groggily for some time, watching us make camp and, at last, having recovered his wits, stalked off.

The room, a small, mud-walled affair, smelled horribly from the mess the owls and bats had made there, but cleaning it and putting a couple of hides on the floor improved matters to such an extent that the girls moved in. Jayme and I, with a boy from Tapera, pre-empted the unwalled kind of enclosure at one end of this seldom inhabited shack and the men found places on what might be called a veranda; it was in the place a veranda would have been had there been one. A fire was kindled and lunch started; I gave each man a drink of rum.

They were a pretty good lot. There was Raymundo, the swarthy, blue-eyed son of the administrator at Tapera. There was his boon companion, a Negro I called Gasoline because he professed to be a motor that ran only on its own type of gasoline—rum. There was a dark, silent man, the factor at Nazareth; there was Candido, Ducinho, and another Raymundo,[1] all Dona Sofia's cowboys; there was Alexandrinho, a gloomy Lobato cowboy; and there were Joãozito from Tapera, and Dudu, who was elected cook; I do not know why, because he did not know how to cook.

Ducinho was a pleasant kind of man with a perpetual smile and a slight limp. I asked Dona Sofia about it.

"Humph," she said. "It's something he got because he deserved it. He's the man Vitor Mata-Onça shot in the leg and started to castrate. Shame he didn't; he got my maid, a very nice girl, in trouble a while ago." She did not like

[1] I am sorry about all these Raymundos but it seems to be the first name of half the male population of Marajó.

Ducinho but he had been anxious to go and since we all felt that reluctant expeditionaires would have been a mistake, he was brought along.

Alexandrinho was so gloomy he seemed on the verge of weeping, for all his fifty years and, at lunch time, he sat on a hide with his head in his hands while the blue pall from the damp wood of the fire smoked him as if he had been a side of ham. "This is the life," said the Admirable Jayme, to him, "this is the life, isn't it?"

"Patron," said Alexandrinho, thoughtfully, "if you ever ask me to come to this place again I will demand my account and leave your service. Snakes, jaguars, hard work—it is the devil."

"But, Alexandrinho, what snakes?"

"You'll see. Already a *surucucú* in the canoe, and there will be plenty here."

"Perhaps, but we've seen no jaguars."

Alexandrinho refused to answer and the Tapera Raymundo, Mundico, as they called him, took up the tale. "Nevertheless," he asserted, "this is a place of jaguars. It was just over there by that bit of forest that the deceased Carlos had his chest torn up by one of them. He went to get firewood and came on the jaguar by surprise, frightening it. It leaped on him and he lifted it above his head by putting his hands under its armpits. But the hind legs tore at his chest and he stood there, bleeding and screaming for help, until the others came and shot the jaguar with a shotgun. The beast broke his arm, too."

We looked about apprehensively. Experts in New York liked to say a jaguar would not attack a man, but this was Uchy, an unmapped shack in the midst of Marajó's Mondongos, and most of the cowboys had known the man whose arm had been broken by a jaguar.



THREE. Beast puts his head under a bush and Man incommodes him by pulling his tail.



FOUR. Aboard at last, Man and Beast pose for their pictures before the bell goes. The contest, please note, is being conducted in



WHAT THE "JARARACA" BEGINS, the vultures finish. At night, this steer stepped near a snake and, frightened, the serpent struck. By morning, the steer was dead and a flock of vultures was circling lower over it, landing by midmorning. Two or three days later, wind, sun, rain, and vultures–mostly vultures–have reduced the carcass to bones, horns, and hide. In Marajó, there is little dignity to death, and none at all to birth. That quality is reserved for the living alone.

"The jaguar is as lewd as the crocodile," pronounced Alexandrinho.

"Ah, not that lewd," broke in another, decisively. "That would be *too* lewd."

There was a considerable discussion of the respective degrees of lewdness involved and it went on in a desultory kind of way until lunch.

As far as we could ascertain, Dona Sofia and Dona Bet-ty were the first women ever to visit Uchy. A man once lived there for a while but, as I understood it, he lived alone.

After eating, Jayme in his quiet and efficient way commenced to organize the morrow's assault on the peace and privacy of the buffaloes of the Mondongos. "Come now, let us arrange. Let us propose, let us agree. Who of you have experience?"

"None of us," said Gasoline promptly.

"Tsk. Well, let us try. Suppose the little canoe goes ahead with a crew of three men and a hunter. Behind, the middle-sized canoe with four men and a hunter. Then if you get anything, you will have enough men to bring the meat home. A buffalo is very heavy."

"That would be good," said Mundico. "We can try first at Ilha Rodeador, the island just north of us. There should be buffalo there. In fact, there are buffalo now at all these islands; they are the only dry land left."

"Ha," said Alexandrinho, "and how do we know a band of them will not come out and attack us right here in Uchy?"

Everybody laughed. "They sleep in the water at night to avoid the plague," someone told him.

The "plague" is the swarm of mosquitoes that live in the Mondongos, and by four in the afternoon they came

out of this interminable swamp to attack us in force. Most of them stood on their heads, though it did not matter, for they could not very well have been infected with malaria. We ate our suppers from an improvised table, slapping and stamping with every mouthful, and as soon as it was over we all sought the shelter of our mosquito nets. This turned out to be rather funny, for there were not enough nets to go around and under some of them there were two loving cowboys reclining, for no one could have slept outside. Some attempt to make a smudge was organized by Dona Sofia. She turned to a group of feeding cowboys and said: "Do any of you have horns?"

At this Jayme began to laugh appreciatively and Dona Sofia realized the question had been phrased unhappily. The cowboys all said they had no horns.

"*Ora, bolas!*" said their lady. "I told you to bring them; nothing is better for a smudge."

Jayme, however, maintained that they all had them.

Morning was cold and gray and rainy. We stood shivering around the fire while the Admirable Jayme made coffee with the help of the martyred Dudu, whose nose had been buried in smoke since he arrived at Uchy. From the mud-walled room came Dona Sofia's first early morning roars and, in response, four cowboys were falling all over each other in an attempt to get her a glass of water to brush her teeth; nothing came of it, and in the end she got it herself.

Soon the coffee, a marvel of excellence, was ready and Jayme, I noted, drank with the same gusto as the rest of us, which was curious, for on his own ranches I had not seen him touch it.

But coffee or no coffee, it was still cold and the rain was falling in mournful gray sheets. Dona Sofia noted that

there were thirteen of us on the Mondongos expedition and matters looked more funereal. So I gave each of the seven men going on the hunt a small cup of rum. I then went back to cut a little tobacco from a long plug I had and returning, I found Mundico giving the men still another one.

Now the rum in question is the peculiar rum of North Brazil and it is called *cachaça*. It is at least as strong as dynamite and at a distance of fifteen inches it cannot be told from pure water. Rarely is it more than a month old when drunk. As an example of its effects: I saw a murderer brought down to Soure after a *cachaça* party. The poor murderer did not even know he had killed anyone but, in a row with a friend over which of them should next bail the canoe, he had killed him with a cutlass and, to add to the unpleasantness, he had cut off his head and arms. From this it may be seen that Brazilian rum is a potent drink and it plays its part in the buffalo hunt.

We embarked in the two smaller canoes; the smallest of these was designed to hold three careful people but we were four in each. In the bow was the rum bottle, half full, my thought being to give the men a drink on the way back from shooting. The *piry* cane was as tall as ever and downright menacing for, in the mist and rain it seemed crawling with fierce-tempered buffalo.

Poling was faster without the cargoes and, despite the thickest of cane, we drew away from Uchy Island and began to find perfectly fresh traces of buffaloes, and these in quantity. I sat in the bow of the small canoe, rifle in hand, trying to see more than three feet into the tangle. The men were silent and there was a nice undercurrent of excitement and nervousness. Presently we struck a large, northbound buffalo track—it looked as if a mechanized

column had crashed through—and following it we passed *aninga* patches, open buffalo bathing places, and always the damnable *piry*.

After an hour we stopped by a small tree.

"Now," said Joãozito, "I'm going to look for buffalo!" He leaped into the tree and out burst a frantic horde of ants that covered everything in a very short and painful time.

"Can you see anything?" we questioned, as soon as he was well aloft.

He did not answer. I lit a cigar—I forget just why I had three cigars on this trip, as I seldom smoke them. Still silence in the tree. Then a gasp; we all stiffened.

"There they are! There they are! There they are!" Joãozito began to chant in a low, tense whisper.

Still smoking my cigar, I climbed up after him, too excited now to notice the ants. A half a mile to the north was Ilha Rodeador, long and wooded. In front of it was a wide belt of flooded grass, shoulder high. From there to our tree there was only the *piry* and *aninga*.

"But where the devil are the buffaloes?" I demanded, rather more sharply than I intended, for Mundico had climbed up behind me and was standing on one of my feet.

"There! There! Do you see that white line that moves slowly? There!"

"White! But I thought the buffaloes were red!"

"Ah, these buffaloes are all colors. Pink, blue, black, gray, even white. Don't you see them?"

And then I did; they were much closer than I thought. There was the white line moving slowly through the long grass. There were dark forms barely discernible not far beyond. Buffaloes!

Down we scrambled. I looked to the sights of my rifle,

saw that my shells were ready and then looked up, for there was the chink of an enameled cup against a bottle; all hands were busily finishing off the rum.

"It's to give us courage," they explained, frankly; "courage and strength." Mundico poured the last into the cup and handed it to me. "Here," he said, "we saved out one for you."

"Thanks," I said, virtuously, "but I don't want it. What we need now is not so much courage as good judgment." I felt very moral about this, and I still think I was right.

We discussed ways and means. "Let us go ahead," Mundico proposed, "in the little canoe, leaving the big one here. When we are close, we will get in the water and wade right up. Then—!" He made a trigger-pulling gesture.

I agreed, though it sounded very unappetizing; the water was four feet deep, and we had started several crocodiles. But if they were willing to do it, so was I, for I reasoned they must believe the crocodiles would not attack.

Four men got into the little canoe with me and carefully we pushed our way through the *piry* until we were as close as we dared come—about a hundred yards. Then Mundico, doffing his hat, dropped into the water. I followed and then Joãozito. It was up to our necks.

Slowly and quietly we moved through the dark liquid, feeling all sorts of odd shapes in the sticky, black mud of the bottom. By this time, there is no need to say that the fire ants were grievously mistreating us. The buffaloes were still invisible but close and when we waded past the last bit of *piry* cane there was that same white line about fifty yards off, but hidden in the grass.

"Shoot! Shoot!" urged Mundico, in a hoarse whisper.

I leveled the rifle. I wanted to hit a vital spot with the first shot, so I held off for a moment, waiting for the ani-

mal to raise its head. Joãozito slipped and, in recovering himself, made a splash. Up went the horns and head and my sights were lined up on the spot midway between ear and eye.

But I did not fire, for I was staring down those sights at the astonished face of a cow.

"*Ora, bolas!*" said I.

"*Ora, bolas!*" said Mundico.

"It's a goddam cow!" said Joãozito.

The canoe was poling up close to us.

"Did you see it?" called Ducinho.

"Yes, it's only a cow," Joãozito told him.

"No, not that," Ducinho replied, "not the cow. The crocodile."

"What crocodile?"

"Why, a great son-of-a-mother of a crocodile came up right where you three were wading. He had a head this long." Ducinho, with his arms, indicated an improbable crocodile that could have swallowed a horse at a gulp. "It was very large," he added, unnecessarily.

We were too let down by this cow business to care about the crocodile on whom we must have all but stepped. But Ducinho now saw our cow and then several others.

"They are wild cattle!" he shouted. "Shoot them! Shoot them!" And Mundico and I, stampeded a little by the whoops and actuated by a desire to revenge our disappointment, dropped our rifles on the cattle, now running full tilt through the tall, flooded grass. We fired, and neither of us hit a vital spot.

But at the crash of the shots, a whole herd of undeniable buffaloes, under the trees of the island, stampeded to their feet, surveyed us, and made off toward the north in a vast beating of legs and waving of great horns.

"Now, by God, we've done it!"

"No, we haven't! After them!"

"What? Pole a canoe along over dry land?"

"No—drag it across!"

"After them! After them!"

And in a moment we were poling toward the island at better speed than we had made since leaving Desterro. The island was perfectly dry and composed of fine, white sand in which grew a thin forest and open patches of grass. Leaving the canoes, we climbed trees on the northern side, and at once we could see the buffaloes, a big herd of them, their dark backs rising and falling against the tops of the *piry* as they ran. While we watched they slowed down and began to circle.

"Passing the canoes, that's what," said Mundico. "Passing the canoes across the island and then—"

"And then after them," said Joãozito.

We climbed down and then someone, still in a tree, said there were buffaloes at the edge of the island. So I moved toward the indicated place and before I had gone a hundred yards began to hear voices, though no one was in sight. I stopped and listened carefully but still I could not locate them; just when I was beginning to wonder about myself, out of a tree dropped Candido, looking singularly like a Missing Link. With one hand he swung from a bough and his feet were drawn up under him; in the other hand he held a three-foot-long *iguana* lizard.

"After them!" he barked at me, gesturing wildly with the struggling lizard. "To hell with the canoes; after them on foot!"

That is, wade a half a mile through neck-deep water, fondly inhabited by crocodiles, and then, if still alive, attack a herd of alert water buffaloes. Candido was drunk.

He rushed back to the canoes and tried to dissuade the men who were preparing to drag them across that going afoot was the trick. They laughed happily.

"Candido is in the muck," they said. "Candido is drunk."

But they were all feeling good.

Ultimately we got the canoes across and with four men in the little one, I started following the trail of the herd, which was not difficult. Not far away—a third of a mile—we could hear them stamping as they wheeled in the deep water. The stamping grew louder and louder as we approached, the walls of cane on both sides were tall and thick, the canoe was sadly overloaded.

Then, suddenly and dramatically, we came out of the cane into the edge of a huge beaten spot which the herd had made. A hundred and fifty yards away there were the buffaloes, about fifty of them, of all sizes and ages, their low, wide bodies plain above the tangled *piry* and their wide horns sweeping back from heads all turned toward us.

"After them!" cried Joãozito.

"Into the water!" shouted Mundico.

"After them! Into the water!"

"No; with the canoe!"

The quantity of advice and proposal was prodigious and all of it smelled of rum. Their eyes were bright with excitement and their arms on the poles were ready to go.

"Why don't I shoot from here," I suggested, "and if the buffalo is only wounded, we can follow and finish him. We can't wade across that open space without being seen."

They were doubtful. Their own guns are always so rusty and dirty that two months after being bought they will not shoot straight; hence the Amazon technic of get-

ting so close to the game that the gun's muzzle is almost against it before firing: precision firearms are rare.

"It's too far; the bullet will be spent!" (Too far! A hundred and fifty yards for a .30-'06 cartridge!)

"Maybe not; it's a very special-looking gun."

"We can try. . . ."

"No—into the water!"

On they raged for two minutes at least and at last they agreed to sit still while I fired, so as not to spoil my aim. But when I drew a bead on a well-horned old bull, the canoe began to waver as the others stood up to see the result. So I shifted the sights from the head to a point just behind and a little below the shoulder; it would not be sudden death, but it would kill him. I fired.

At once the herd came to life and fled for the *piry*. Mundico contributed a wild shot and then we could see the whole herd in full flight, leaving behind the big bull at which I had aimed; he followed slowly.

"He's wounded!" I cried and fired again.

"He's not!" they insisted. "He's not!"

"After them! After them!"

Ducinho fired at the fleeing herd with a .44 Winchester, but the old cow that received the shot merely waved her horns and rushed on.

The poles dug into the slime and shouting and pushing as hard as they could, the men drove the canoe after the stampeding buffaloes. I shouted that my wounded one was going off alone, but they said he was not wounded and continued after the herd. The buffaloes had smashed a trail ten feet wide through the *piry* and, poling like fiends, the men hurled the canoe into it. The cry of a calf could be heard and then we saw a struggling cow.

The canoe was going faster than the herd and we caught

up to them. It was driving along in big lunges and rushes and made a hopeless platform from which to shoot, for the water was so deep that only the heads and part of the shoulders and backs were showing. The vital spot exposed to us, coming behind them, was about as big as an orange.

"Stop!" I shouted. "Stop so I can aim!"

"After them!" they bellowed. "After them! Seize them! Grab them! After them!"

"Be calm!" I exhorted, very uncalmly.

At this point, Mundico, a little carried away by the excitement, fell overboard into the thick water and uprooted vegetation.

"Embark!" the polers bawled at him. "Embark! Embark!" But they shoved the canoe straight after the buffaloes and paid no attention to the struggling man in the water. Fortunately for him, he managed to get hold of the pole of the stern man and, not without confusion, haul himself aboard.

We were delayed, but only a little, and in less than a minute, we were up to the rearguard of the herd.

I fired at a big one and struck him in the shoulder. He wheeled to charge, and with him two others.

"Now it comes," I thought.

And as he turned and exposed himself, I lifted the rifle and struck him three times in the head and neck. Over and down he went and then he recovered and staggered on.

"After them!" the men roared. "Grab them! Grab them!"

Utterly disgusted at my failure to kill the big fellow, I handed the rifle to Ducinho. He had been shooting an old Army rifle after seeing that the .44 was too light, but the cartridges were defective and several times failed to ex-

plode. Ducinho fired and missed completely, so I took the rifle back again; I could do better than that.

Still chanting their "grab them" song, the men drove the canoe on and I opened the breech of the rifle; I had one shot left. This sounds a little bad, I know, but I brought only a small quantity of ammunition to Brazil, knowing that in countries more or less under martial law, large numbers of shells seldom get through the customs. I started on this buffalo hunt with ten shots, and one had been wasted on a cow.

Ducinho was blazing away whenever he could get the gun to go off, but the buffaloes stubbornly refused to die. The men gave one more effort and we shot up on the herd again, a piteous little calf being passed so close that we touched him as we went by. I screamed and bellowed for them to stop and at last they did. I aimed at the herd and promised myself that the first neck raised would get it; up went a head and I pressed the trigger. The buffalo died like a poled ox.

A short time before, I had noted that the canoe was half full of water but now it was rapidly filling, the water pouring in on both sides. This, however, meant less than nothing to my rum-primed heroes, for they thrust their poles in the water. I grabbed the *piry* and told them they had to stop. Reluctantly they did, and slowly they came back to normal. The thundering of the herd died out ahead.

Joãozito drew a deep breath and wiped the sweat from his black face. "But what brave men we are!" he exclaimed, wonderingly. "What courage we have! What fortitude! Those buffaloes wheeled to attack us, but they looked in our faces and saw we were hard men. And they turned and ran. If a man were here without courage—ha—those lewd beasts would kill him."

Naïve as this speech was it had much truth in it. They were four brave men. But, if they had not had three big drinks of that fighting white Marajó firewater, they would have been calm ones, too, and instead of two wounded buffaloes running off to die somewhere, we would have had one good, big, dead one.

My buffalo was what would be called a heifer had it been a cow and its horns were just started. We took out the entrails and somehow got it into the canoe without this rachitic bit of floating property sinking. Then slowly we poled back to where we had passed the calf; the idea was to get it and tame it. But the calf had gone off into the *piry* and we lost it.

In a little while we heard the voices of the crew of the big canoe and then they shot around a bend in the zig-zag track of the buffaloes.

"Why did you follow them?" Raymundo shouted. "You almost killed one with the first shot."

And out came the story. The crew of the big canoe had climbed the trees on Ilha Rodeador and thus had ringside seats. My first shots had very definitely wounded a buffalo. He had separated from the herd and stumbled toward the island. After a short distance he fell. Then he got up and after another attempt to reach the island, he fell again, badly wounded. A third time he rose and this time he reached the island and disappeared behind the trees. Candido contributed sound effects to this narrative, imitating the guns with more conviction than accuracy; he was still a little groggy.

But, though we searched the island and found the buffalo's tracks and droppings, to my intense regret we never got him; I hated the idea of the animal dying slowly and alone; it took the pleasure out of the hunt for me and

coupled with the comparatively small size of the one I killed (and was going to eat) it all left me vaguely dissatisfied. There are a number of mistakes I do not intend to commit next time I hunt Mondongo buffaloes.

On the way back to Uchy camp, we shot some *iguana* lizards and gave a crocodile a good beating.

When we drew up the canoes before the camp, the stay-at-homes came down to see the game.

"This is the buffalo," I said, without pride, for it was a small one.

"This is the buffalo!" Bet looked disappointed. "I thought it was a big pig," she said honestly.

"Oh, no," said the Admirable Jayme, "this is the best size. One of the old ones would be too big; we don't have salt enough."

I smiled gratefully at him, but the buffalo remained a heifer.

XIV. A LOT OF THE PEOPLE

SOMEHOW, we got back in much less time than it took to go for, I suspect, the men now knew precisely where they were going, while on the outward journey they had been quite hazy. The three men from Tapera struck off on their own and were soon lost in the vastness of this No Man's Land. The men poled tirelessly, the ants were less frequent, and Dona Sofia ate condensed milk with a spoon. When we talked it was about my indiscretion.

I had, in a weak moment, agreed to give, upon our return to the ranch, a *festa*, a party, for the men and they had seized on the idea with an unmistakable avidity, refusing to let me forget about it. Dona Sofia now agreed to have the *festa* at Matinadas, three days hence. The Admirable Jayme promised to come, and apparently we could expect some thirty cowboys and their wives and whatnots. They talked of little else.

By midafternoon we were sitting on the porch at Desterro, realizing for the first time the full desolation of the Mondongos. The fat cattle browsed lazily on the green grass, the domestic birds clucked and quacked, there were the pigs and the dogs and the cats and the men and women and children. There were windmills and cocoanut palms; there was order and man was top dog. Back in the Mondongos, there had been the unending miles of *piry* cane, the crocodiles, the buffaloes, the jaguars about camp at night, and very few places where one could stand on even

slightly dry land. We did not talk about it much, but we were all glad to be back from that recently abandoned bed of the Amazon.

At this point a cowboy came to the veranda.

"I'm going to Mamão," he said.

"What of it?" someone asked.

"José is there."

"What of it?"

"He is going to Gavinho tomorrow."

"Well, *what of it?*"

The cowboy fumbled a bit and looked at his feet. "We thought you might want to send for something," he replied reluctantly.

Dona Sofia sighed. "Ah, then; that's it. It's the rum. We must send for rum."

So we wrote to Luciano for the bottles of rum and hurried back to Matinadas. The theory was that ten bottles among thirty or forty people would make them gay but not drunk.

It was high noon when we arrived at Matinadas but the people left on the ranch were dozing luxuriously in their hammocks; I remembered Jayme's remarks on such matters. "Our Marajó men are the best workers in the world; they will go twenty-four hours without food or rest, working continuously and they will not complain. But they are also the worst workers in the world; as soon as you turn your back they go to sleep and do exactly nothing until you come back."

An interesting phenomenon now developed; when we were planning to go to the Mondongos, very few had been there and not a soul had hunted buffaloes. Now, returning, everyone we met was a veteran buffalo hunter. Even the pointed-toothed widow with the refined baby broke down

and confessed that she had lived for years on the Dunas ranch and that the wild buffaloes had come so close to the house that sometimes they had been afraid to go out for days. Other heroes told us in detail of every mistake we had made and asserted that we should have returned with at least five buffaloes and implied that on their previously unmentioned hunts they had never brought back less than a dozen. We paid very little attention.

José arrived with four of the ten bottles of rum and he was wet and bad tempered, but after a bath came back to normal. He told us that the explorer had been freed by the police (I do not believe he was ever actually arrested) and was now in Soure. Also the charge that brought him to Headquarters was revealed not to be communism but espionage; he had been observed taking soundings in the river in front of Soure with the obvious intent of discovering whether submarines could enter. To us it was equally obvious that he had been doing some perfectly innocent fishing. Anyway, he seemed out of trouble.

Also, a number of people seemed peeved because we had gone hunting under Dona Sofia's auspices. Without telling us, they had arranged another hunt for us but, the hunt arranged, the plans were kept secret until we should ask about them. We had not asked and we had gone with Dona Sofia; now people were displeased and I was suddenly glad the buffalo killed had been a small one; had it been a large one it would have constituted a personal insult. As it was, it constituted an affront.

We sighed and were glad when José decided to talk about Portugal instead. Dona Sofia had often lived there and they talked about peasant ways, new road systems, Carmona, and how to make wine.

"Portuguese wine is not so good," José affirmed, "since

they began to press the grapes with machinery. The best wine was made when the grapes were pressed by the bare feet of the peasants."

Dona Sofia, who barely drinks anything, made a face.

"But it is so. And the finest wine in any part of my country was made by a woman. My God, what wine! She would strip naked and roll all over the grapes. Many the times I've seen her almost up to her neck in grapes, wallowing in them, singing and pressing out the juice with her naked body. And it was the best damned wine in the north. She—"

He bent over to whisper something to me but Dona Sofia intervened. "Get out, you brute!" she cried. "You and your dirty wine—out with you."

José laughed good humoredly but stopped talking about wine. His mistress then gave orders for the *festa;* it was to take place on the ground floor of the great house and at midnight it was to be moved back to the cowboy's quarters. There was to be a sweet rice porridge, there was to be coffee, there was to be tobacco, and there was to be rum and cakes and dancing. There was to be no nonsense.

The day of the *festa* was a rainy one and responsible, I suspect, for much that happened, because a good many people who had planned to come now gave up the idea. And with each family that failed to arrive there was that much more firewater to be distributed among the remainder, for a further six bottles had been delivered. The women of the ranch were in a state of great excitement and the widow with the pointed teeth executed a few odds and ends of dance steps for us while we were having coffee; at lunch she actually sang a little, the only sign we had seen thus far of any feeling or emotion beneath her sad, brown exterior.

By midafternoon, our guests began to stream in and mostly they rode oxen. Some were as much as sixty years old, some were as young as four. They all wore clean, pressed clothing and the girls had flowers in their hair. A couple of boys from Laranjeiras had guitars and violins; they were the orchestra. Dona Sofia told them where to go and kept them well stirred up. When Jayme arrived from his Pacoval ranch, we ate a hasty dinner and went upstairs until it should be time for the *festa* to start.

But time went by and nothing happened. Bet and Dona Sofia went to their hammocks for a nap. Jayme and I talked about cattle. José Martins came at least three times to say he was going to have nothing to do with the matter and stood, each time, waiting for us to coax him into changing his mind; patiently we did as we were expected to do. And then, all but convinced that the people were going to have their *festa* alone in their own quarters, I went downstairs to find a goodly horde at the door quietly waiting for someone to invite them in.

The men were in trousers and pyjama coats, the girls, who arrived later, were quite pretty in little frocks they had concocted, their heads smelling to high heaven of some cheap perfume Dona Sofia had given them. Beneath the perfume, I noticed a warm smell of milk among those in whom the Indian strain was predominant; I have often noticed that Indian women have a curious, not at all unpleasant, milky scent. Their hands looked large and dark and it seemed to embarrass them. Some of them—dandies these—carried shoes and after their feet were washed of the mud between the cowboys' quarters and the great house, they somehow managed to jam them into the shoes.

And, since they were so silent and ill at ease, I gave each

of them a good, stout hooker of rum. The girls all refused to drink.

At once the party atmosphere developed; the musicians began to tune their instruments, the girls giggled; the men nudged each other, and said things that caused laughter. José, purposely in his oldest and raggedest shirt, croaked that it had all been badly planned and would come to no good end. I apologized for the plainness of my pyjamas and they said it was perfectly all right.

In a very short time they were all dancing by the light of the kerosene torches.

My function was that of bartender and, owing to the drinking habits of the Marajó cowboy, I had to dole it out, to each man, in a tin cup. Dona Sofia more or less superintended the quantities poured, but owing to her limited experience with the stuff, I always poured a little more than she recommended, for I felt that they should have a good time.

"Just be careful," she warned. "Just be careful. I don't want a scandal."

I promised to be careful and opened another bottle.

Raymundo, the ranch fisherman, was resplendent in the most sensational pyjamas I have ever seen, and envious glances followed him as he flung his partners about in alternate furies of rape and rejection. Several reputedly good dancers stared dolefully through a window but took no part in the affair.

Dona Sofia explained. "That boy, leaning against the door, won't dance because he is in the bad graces of his sweetheart's family. He went to the father and said: 'I love your daughter.' Her father said he was glad to hear it and would give the marriage his blessing. But that boy said: 'No; you give her to me now and later on I'll marry her.'

The cheek of him, eh? And that's why he won't come in; everyone laughs about it."

And, in truth, this sample-minded youth did not dance a step the whole evening, though he stood in line for drinks with the rest of them.

At about this time, all the children began to dance. Little boys in their sixth year led out little girls in their fifth and, being careful not to get stepped on, wiggled rhythmically in each other's embraces. They were very attractive and all of these juvenile delinquents had kinky hair. Another phenomenon that now developed was a kind of howling performed by the cowboy we called Gasoline. Gasoline was good and drunk and he barked like a dog, made pooping sounds by blowing against the palm of his hand, grunted like a crocodile, and made a noise like a fast train going around a curve in the movies.

"What is it, José? What's wrong with Gasoline?" I was not sure at the moment.

"He's drunk," said the succinct José. "But these noises—that's the latest thing."

The "latest thing" got worse and worse and the noises louder and louder and the floor quaked and I doled out more rum; it seemed to me, at the time, that they were standing it remarkably well. No one discovered that he had been insulted, no one got touchy, and all was bucolic festivity. Dona Sofia saw that every girl had a partner and that every man danced. If one of them shirked, she fetched him over to the girl of her choice, forcibly joined them, shoved them out on the floor, and dared them not to have a good time.

During all this, Gasoline was barking at the top of his lungs.

The kerosene flares lit the dark faces and the guitar

twanged unmercifully; by midnight we were tired of the row and the men were fairly drunk. So coffee was made and we got them out of the house by a very simple stratagem: I stood at the door and poured a drink for each man that went out. I have no idea how long I poured before I noticed that each one of them took his drink and went out, only to climb through a window and reappear for another.

At last, Dona Sofia closed the door to the revelers and said: "Thank God!" The Admirable Jayme agreed and so did we; it had been very exhausting.

"But they did behave well," said Bet, in mild surprise. "They behaved well."

"Ah, behavior!—yes, of the best." The Admirable Jayme nodded. "There is no complaint."

We went upstairs and sought our hammocks, still talking about this remarkable restraint of the festive Marajó cowboy.

"You could see worse behavior in almost any night club," said Bet.

"Of course you could," Dona Sofia concurred. "They have been very good. And just think; this dance will go on until morning."

I cocked my ear; yes, there were some low voices and the strum of a guitar. "It takes so little to make them happy," I observed, sententiously.

Everyone said it took very little to make them happy.

I think we were in our hammocks about five minutes when we became conscious of a concerted and growing roar that emanated from the bunkhouse. For a little none of us spoke but the roar grew in violence until it sounded like a football stadium faced with a spectacular touchdown.

Dona Sofia sat up in her hammock. "The devil take it—what now?"

We all ran to a window and peered through the darkness; the bunkhouse was fairly rocking with fury and angry bellows split and punctuated the loud, growling sound caused, apparently, by twenty people trying to shout different things at once.

"*Bolas!*" said Dona Sofia. "Those devils are fighting."

One knot of noisy celebrants detached itself from the parent mass and stumbled toward the house. It turned out to be composed of Raymundo, the fisherman; Manoel, the trainer of calves; and two cowboys. Raymundo's beautiful pyjama coat was in tatters.

"They tore my pyjamas, Dona Sofia," he blubbered, "they tore my pyjamas. And they hit me in the eye. I'm not a fighter, Dona Sofia. I go my way in peace [boo-hoo] and I've never harmed a soul. But I can't stand for this. I have to protect myself—I'm a peaceful man and I—"

"They tore his pyjamas, Dona Sofia!"

"They hit him in the eye, Dona Sofia!"

"I'm a peaceful man, Dona Sofia, and I've never hurt a soul in my life; you can ask anybody about me; I—"

"Who hit you?"

"—try to avoid trouble but when—"

"Who hit you?"

"—people won't respect my right—"

"They tore his pyjamas, Dona Sofia!"

"They hit him in the eye, Dona Sofia!"

"*Who hit you?*"

Before the besotted fisherman could answer, José and his wife burst around the corner of the house with a lantern.

"What is taking place?" he screamed. "These devils!

These ordinary persons! These mud-mucking swine! These ingrates! These vulgarians! What is taking place?"

The group below seized José and began to kiss him and fondle him and tell of the outrage to Raymundo's pyjamas. The beset José danced up and down and tried to make them tell the story one at a time. "The-devil-the-devil-the-devil-the-devil-the-devil-the-devil!" he chanted, between time.

Dona Sofia rapped on the window-sill for order, Jayme giggled appreciatively (for he is an indefatigable observer of human stupidity), the group below roared and wept and vomited and from the bunkhouse came sounds that resembled the orchestration of a German opera at one of those points where the gnomes are trying to make the enchanted princess sign a blank check and surrender the magic umbrella.

"I'll just have to go back and stop them," I told Dona Sofia, without any great conviction.

"Don't be an ass," she replied curtly; "you'll get a knife in your tripe if you do."

"Knives! Will they fight with knives!" Something was occurring to me.

"Probably," she said pessimistically. "They usually do."

"And if someone is killed it will be our fault. We'll get in endless trouble. No; I'm going back." This time I spoke with conviction.

She shrugged. "I suppose it is best, after all," she assented. "But be careful!"

I pulled on a pair of shoes and Dona Sofia went into her room only to come out with a candle. "I'm going with you," she announced firmly. "This is my ranch and these are my cowboys; it is my place to impose discipline."

There is nothing faint-hearted about Dona Sofia, you will note.

Meanwhile Jayme had got the ear of the group outside. "Balbino?" we heard him say. "Only Balbino and the cowboys from Ilha da Roça? [1] Ah, well, just go back and tie them up for the night." He turned to Bet and in his somewhat muscle-bound English, he said, confidentially, "You know, sometimes, if a man is drunk—it is good to tie him up in cords." We could hear Bet laughing as we went downstairs.

I armed myself with a large, heavy club used to pulverize coffee and Dona Sofia got some nice, ripe limes; naturally, I was puzzled. But she took hold of Raymundo and squeezed the juice into the injured eye. "Nothing like it," she told me, "for black eyes and drunkards."

Raymundo reeled away, groaning with the smart of the stuff.

I squeezed out the door to José, and Dona Sofia suddenly remembered she was barefoot. "My shoes," she exclaimed, scurrying upstairs.

José and I at once started back to the bunkhouse with his lantern, but Dona Sofia, shouting from the windows, implored us to wait. José stopped. "It is the order of the mistress," he said.

"No," I told him, "it would be a shame for us to wait for a woman before going in there. Let's go."

"True," said José, determinedly, and he picked up the lantern. We proceeded despite Dona Sofia's commands to wait and met old Manoel da Souza, the factor, who was on his way to get us.

"They're fighting like dogs in there," he cried. "There

[1] Not to be confused with the uninhabited Ilha da Roça in the Mondongos.



MAN VERSUS BEAST. These oxen do not carry people in saddles simply because they like to; they do it because some man forced them to learn how. In this sequence is shown the first stage in taming an ox for the saddle. Man gets Beast to a fence, ties him there and then, with a lasso around his hind leg,–

TWO–throws him to the ground, steps on face, and saws off his horns. I was very m surprised to note that the stumps of the h bled.





FIVE. Man, hanging onto Beast's tail and horns, takes off for the stratosphere in one grand leap. Both, at this point, are covered with mud and no saddle is being used.

SIX. Beast, having flung Man face foremost into the mud, takes after him on mayhem bent.





THE HERD is arriving and the waiting cowboys stand on their saddles to watch the progress of their fellows as they drive an avalanche of horns to the open, dry ground chosen for the round-up. That trick of standing on the saddle is eloquent of Marajó's flatness; there is no other way to get a view of surrounding country.

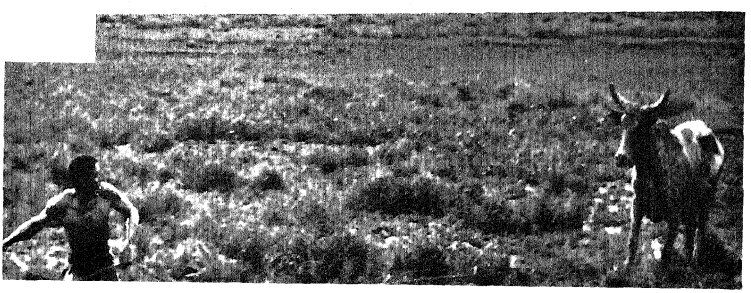


BY NOONTIME both herd and cowboys are a little tired of the turmoil. The steers quiet down and the cowboys begin to drift into pairs to pool the makings of a cigarette and discuss the morning's work. Neither sits his horse in a manner acceptable in Central Park or Rotten Row, but these men are born to the saddle and are so much a part of their horses that form means noth-



SEVEN. Infighting. Man pulls Beast's tail again. Beast parries with short-horned jab to the ribs.

EIGHT. Trailing the lasso behind him, Man is driven off the field, leaving Beast triumphant. That is, this time. Tomorrow, and the day after, and all the days after that, Man will go for him again until Beast, bored and worried beyond endurance, submits and becomes a saddle ox.



won't be one alive by morning. They'll kill each other. They will, indeed."

A voice from the bunkhouse separated itself from the uproar. "Here come the white folks," it proclaimed. But no one heard it.

José and I burst in flourishing lanterns and clubs, shouting, and making the most horrible threats against the troublemakers. Terrified women poked their heads out of doors and screamed: "Lasso those devils! Lasso them! Lasso them and truss them up for flogging!" Children were everywhere, crying disconsolately. But the men were quiet as mice and whoever had been fighting had run out the back door.

At this point Dona Sofia entered.

"And now then, my people! And now then. There is no treating you well. You cannot be given a little rum without becoming like wild animals. I thought I had men here, not pickaninnies. Where is Balbino?"

"There, mistress, there." A dozen hands pointed at a door. We threw it open and there lay the recumbent Balbino. Three women were rubbing his bare belly with limes and a man was patting his forehead with the same invaluable restorative.

"Ah, Holy Lady," he wept. "That my mistress should see me in this condition. That she should see her little Balbino who has always been a model of good conduct in this condition. Her little Balbino—ah, Holy Lady." He stopped and was sick.

We closed the door and Balbino's son came to me with a tear-smeared face. "They've killed papa," he protested. "They've killed my papa." I reassured him.

Dona Sofia now had us line up the worst drunks and she scrubbed their dark foreheads vigorously with limes and

lemons. I routed out the widow, Chica, and told her to make coffee. We denounced the quarrelsome, the irresponsible, the ill-bred. Dona Sofia extracted words of honor not to fight any more. Order was slowly restored.

When it had been, we found that Gasoline had told Raymundo his pyjamas were not the kind worn in Marajó and therefore an offense. Having made this announcement, he took the front of the pyjama coat in his hands and ripped it to ribbons. Balbino decided that picking on Raymundo was fun, so he punched him in the eye. Somebody else then punched Balbino and kicked Gasoline and from that point on everybody fought everybody else. A guitar was in pieces, there were sundry sore heads, and there were several combat-dazed warriors about. When the worst patients were put in their hammocks, the coffee drunk, and an appearance of real and permanent order established, we left.

The remaining guitar began to play and dancing, more sedate but still lively, recommenced.

"I'm afraid you gave them too much rum," Dona Sofia sighed.

"I'm afraid I did," I admitted sadly. "I mustn't give rum to Marajó cowboys ever again."

In the morning some of the people came and thanked us for the *festa.*

"It was a lovely, lovely party," said the widow with the pointed teeth. "It was a lovely party."

XV. MAGICIANS, EMOTIONS, AND A LADY FROM NORTH DAKOTA

WE left the ranches and went out to the island's coast with the Admirable Jayme. Our baggage went in a canoe and we waded on horses; Jayme's extensive impedimenta went in a high-wheeled cart and he waded on a long-legged saddle ox. We traveled slowly and got extensively wet. The nights we passed in ranch houses.

As I have mentioned, at Uchy, Jayme drank coffee, but now, on his own ranches, he never touched it and we mentioned the matter to Dona Sofia.

"Well, you know," she began reluctantly, "on this Marajó we have *pagelança*—witchcraft. It's nonsense, to be sure, but some of its effects aren't."

"If you believe it, it's so," I murmured, inanely.

"If you believe it, it's so. But it can be very unpleasant without your believing it. A favorite trick for these young ranch girls is to try to make the owner of the ranch fall in love with them by putting things in his coffee. They put in the vilest, most disgusting things you can imagine; it is supposed to make him love the woman who mixed the stuff and, from some of the things I have seen happen here in Marajó, I half believe it's true sometimes!"

"What are these things they put in the coffee?"

Dona Sofia made a horrified gesture. "They are so utterly

nauseating that I could not repeat them to you," she replied. And Dona Sofia is no prude.

She told us of one ranch owner who left children all over the island and, at length, became infatuated with a young girl. The girl was willing enough, but not so her old aunt. This woman took to dancing outside the room in which the ranch owner was closeted with the girl. She danced stark naked, her stringy hair flying wildly and the dried heads of various animals tied around her wrinkled midriff while she chanted hair-raising curses on the despoiler. The man died in mysterious circumstances but there does not seem to be any connection between the aunt's energetic cursing and his death, although witchcraft is blamed for it.

Now, thus far, I have made little mention of the religion or, more accurately, religious ideas of the people of Marajó, and this is mainly because formal religion has so small a place among them. Here and there a tiny, portable shrine, a mass heard at Soure once in a great while by some, and a saint's head on a little medallion; in these fragments we have, for a considerable number, the sum total of the Catholicism they all profess. It is hardly necessary to say that the members of the ruling-owning caste are almost entirely Roman Catholic. Dona Sofia, an Anglican, is an exception and, I believe, there is a sprinkling of spiritualists.

In the towns on Marajó there are churches and they are well attended for Roman Catholicism in North Brazil is a merry and satisfying religion. To the intelligent, its philosophical bases make a strong appeal and for the masses its charities, *festas*, pomp, and pageantry have as great an attraction. At the *festa de Nazareth*, for example, there are all the accouterments, as well as the atmosphere, of a hilarious country fair; it goes on for several days. There

are also small celebrations called *festas pastoraes* and in these small children dressed in colorful odds and ends enact biblical stories with candles in their hands, the small faces intent and serious in the yellow light, and a very attractive expression of pride and faith on those of their elders.

But even in the towns these simple conceptions, after three centuries, are underlaid by the timeless beliefs personified in the Amazonian witch doctor. Although the war is no longer in the open, where Portuguese is spoken, the conflict between priest and witch doctor is still a very real thing and on the ranches the witch doctor is well in the lead for he offers to cure bodily ailments while the priest seldom visits and is slow to proffer cures for extra-spiritual ills.

I have known rather well two Amazonian witch doctors; not civilized, Portuguese-speaking ones, but men still living within the framework of the tribal system, wearing only a loin cloth, and being unacquainted with metal. One was a drunkard who loved to tell me that he had sent his soul away to my house during the night and there met my soul; my soul, in these yarns, always gave his soul a stupendous number and variety of gifts. And often he would threaten his own daughter with marriage to me; it embarrassed us both very much. I am afraid that he was completely bogus and was a witch doctor simply because he found it an easy life. People, however, liked him because his rates were low and being drunk most of the time, you always knew where to find him.

The other was a different kind of man entirely. He was serious, responsible, and not a little the philosopher and artist. When I knew him his people were dying in an epidemic of malaria and he was at wit's end to know what to do. Sometimes, at night, I went to hear him treat a pa-

tient, his booming voice singing in the blackness, his fans beating, and his ventriloqual spirits entering the house to give advice. He wore himself out badly at these séances, what with drinking tobacco juice and working himself into a queer trancelike state in which he thought more clearly than at normal times. But he was deadly serious about the whole matter and in some ways he was effective, for he knew a great deal about the collection of phenomena called "mental healing" and "faith healing" and he was well acquainted with the medicinal plants of the forest about him.

And, before laughing at the gentleman in the loin cloth, it would be well to remember that it is to him we owe quinine, cocaine, ipecac, and cascara sagrada, to mention only a few items from the extensive pharmacopoeia we have inherited from him.

The shadow of such men as these still falls across Marajó and it is their influence that makes the *magico*—the magician—a powerful man. He travels about from ranch to ranch treating the sick, selling love philters, charms, and curses, and offering advice in private matters. His treatment of the sick is not so effective as that of his primitive progenitors, his love philters are dubious (where is his control?), and the curses do not amount to much. His personal advice is probably rather good for the magician is a psychoanalyst and has little more mumbo-jumbo mixed with his art than most of the fashionable quacks who get fat on lazy people's mental commotions.

Some ranchers do not care to have a magician around the place; Luciano, for example, unhesitatingly boots every one that comes to Matinadas straight off the estate because he considers that the cowboys can do better things with their money than give it to wizards errant. Others dislike hav-

ing them about because they tend to interfere with authority. A smaller group tolerates them because of their crude medical knowledge and, I suspect, a sneaking belief that there may be something to their practices; fortune tellers, mediums and visiting swamis, despite the most active opposition of the Church, do very nicely in Pará among the upper classes. But, nevertheless, the Marajó magician manages to circulate and, even without him, the island swims in superstition stemming partly from Africa, partly from medieval Europe (for there is a werewolf belief) and partly from primitive Amazonia. Midwifery—responsible for much of the heavy infant mortality [1]—is half rule-of-thumb mechanics and half the vague mixture of magic and misinformation generally known as the wisdom of the people. Love, as indicated, is intimately wrapped up with philters, charms, and magic words. Taming animals, getting the better of the ranch manager, making cheese—all the problems of simple existence are likely to be dealt with on a magical basis. I do not mean that this is true of everybody but it is much truer of Marajó's population than it would be of a group living in a ranch country in the United States.

Jayme's avoidance of coffee from untrustworthy sources, needless to say, was based on hygienic rather than superstitious reasons.

It was getting ready to rain when Bet and I got out of Jayme's big canoe at Gavinho. By the time Dona Sofia got out of it at São Laurenço it was raining, and when Jayme reached Alegre, one of his waterfront ranches, it was rain-

[1] Out of thirteen children born at one ranch in five years, five died—all but one within an hour of birth. The baby is not spanked to make it cry and frequently it strangles. If a child reaches its sixth month successfully, it is likely to live to an old age.

ing violently. But, though it did all this during the day, it behaved much worse when, at midnight, we tried to get all the scattered members of the great Mondongos expedition together at one spot. By the time we succeeded in foregathering at Alegre, we had missed the tide and it was daylight.

"But it does not matter," pronounced the imperturbable little Jayme. "I always travel one tide ahead in case of such *desgraças*."

So we slept during the morning and with the ebb at noon we boarded the big canoe and started for Soure. The canoe, by the way, was named *Pede Contas*—literally "demand accounts" but by implication it means: "quit your job"; the ungainly thing got its name by the number of outraged cowboys who had left the ranch rather than row it; it was rowed, not paddled. We looked forward to our first contact with the turmoil and seethe called news, serenely confident that there would be wars, revolutions, shocking murders, fierce pro and con of opinion, and obituaries and market quotations; some of it, of course, we knew would be remote and unreal, but other items were bound to be as personal as a dog bite. They made Soure, these considerations, look a great metropolis, what with its schooners, sailing canoes, and Pará-bound steamer. We tied up alongside this latter to transfer our baggage and learned that Luciano was at the hotel but about to leave at any moment.

I went to see him.

He was seated in the patio and with him was the explorer, and what can only be described as a blinding blonde. To add to my astonishment, over their heads, I could see none other than the said-to-be-deported lion tamer.

"Ho, lad? How has it been?" It would take more than buffalo-hunt jealousies to change Luciano.

I told him it had been fine but that the buffalo was on the small side. Otto nodded frigidly. No one made a move to introduce the girl, which was annoying, for in this setting she was an exotic and interest-arousing creature.

"I've got a letter for you," Luciano announced; he turned to Otto and said something in German. Otto crossed the patio and said something to the lion tamer in German. The lion tamer went into one of the white-washed cubicles and came out with a letter. Otto took it gingerly and brought it over to Luciano. Luciano handed it to me.

"I've got to see to my canoe," he said. "But I'll be back in a few minutes." He went out.

I began to open my letter. "If I may," I stated coldly to Otto.

"Oh, certainly," he replied. "There is nothing to talk about; you have been saying things about me— Ah, well, it is nothing."

I put the letter down. "All right, out with it. What have I said? Anything you didn't know about when I last saw you?"

"It is nothing, nothing." He smiled mysteriously. "Nothing."

I turned on my heel and sat at a table in the dining room. From the drift of Otto's remarks, I sensed that he believed me to have had a hand in denouncing him as a communist. I had not; I had publicly stated on a number of occasions that I did not like him and thought his activities very odd; I thought I had made my feelings quite plain to him while we had both been Luciano's guests. These differences were not of the opera star variety that occur between men interested in the interior of large and little-known countries;

they sprang from a fundamental difference of temperament, a fundamental difference of viewpoint. What Otto called command I called bad manners. What I called fair play, Otto called weakness. And so on, down the line. In my most intimate tissues, there was the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the Magna Charta. What there was in Otto's I cannot say, but it had been rigidly conditioned by the most persuasive voice in Europe, by the saber-rattling of who knows how many insolent emperors, and by the current belief that greatness was saying that you were great.

As I have mentioned, we did not like each other. But I did not denounce him as a communist.

I sat fuming and reading my letter. The lion tamer came by and sat down for a beer; he seemed to have some kind of job with Otto. Otto's wife came by and greeted me cordially; in a short time she returned with the blinding blonde whom I had not yet met.

"This is a countrywoman of yours," she said. "She is from North Dakota."

There were lizards climbing the walls, brown boys in pyjama coats were playing billiards under the sign about educated people not making an uproar, and a parrot was fretting in the patio. But in good, sound mid-West accents the girl from North Dakota said: "My, it's nice to see someone from home."

We wrote out a cocktail recipe in bad Portuguese and gave it to the manager of the hotel; he said he thought he could do it. Bet and Dona Sofia came in and soon we were quite a crowd.

"When did you come over?" Dona Sofia asked the girl.

"Last night," she replied. "I'm supposed to go up to the ranch."

I felt something being about to happen.

"Ranch? What ranch?"

"Well, I don't know the name, really, but Luciano and Otto invited me over on the spur of the moment and I accepted."

I tried to kick her under the table.

"This is Luciano's wife," I told her, rather pointedly.

Apparently, she did not care. Plainly the girl was under some nervous strain and she rattled along, talking about her unconventional travels around South America; there was confusion as to whether she was a schoolteacher or a missionary.

Dona Sofia leaned over to me.

"Why, she's a nice girl," she whispered, in some surprise.

"Of course she is," I declared.

"Well . . . she must be rather silly to go off on such an excursion with men she barely knows."

I pointed out that the stream-lined American girl, with her bright conviction that she can take care of herself anywhere, must always look a fool or a hussy in Brazilian eyes. But there was no need to tell Dona Sofia that; she knows about such things.

The various ladies present then left to make some slight preparation for dinner and, Luciano returning, we had a short talk about buffaloes; then he ducked out; as well as I could understand it, he and Otto, feeling very cheery the night before, had casually proposed that the girl from North Dakota go over to Marajó with them; she, as casually, had accepted. But in the gray light of a tropical rainy season dawn, the idea had seemed less good to everyone concerned and these two erstwhile playboys suddenly real-

ized that, innocent as the affair was, it might be difficult to explain the dazzling *Americana* to their wives.

It was very farcical and got constantly more so.

Somehow the girl failed to understand our suggestion that she have dinner at our table and sat down, instead, with the Teutonic bloc. The Brazilian guests stared at us moodily for we were speaking English at one table and German at another, and the nation is in a nationalistic state of mind. Once in a while I noticed that the girl from North Dakota did not seem to understand German and that a bit of heavy drama was underway at the next table. But we were so busy with our own conversation that I paid little attention, scarcely noting when our neighbors began to speak in English.

None of us, however, could fail to notice when our countrywoman, tall and fair and ready to cry, stood up abruptly and addressing herself in a wavery voice to her table mates, said: "I think that this is a madhouse and that all of you people are insane."

This masterly analysis delivered, she turned away and left the room. The Teutonic bloc stared virtuously at its bread and butter.

We shrugged. Earlier, she had confessed that she did not like the situation and wanted to go back to Pará, but did not know when a boat would leave. We had told her there was one that same evening, and intimated that she better come with us, lest she suffer a fate worse than death, or something.

But, interesting as all this was, Otto's airy accusations or rather, insinuations, were rankling and when it was time to go aboard the steamer, I let Bet and Dona Sofia go alone, while I marched over to Otto.

"May I have a quick and direct talk with you?" I asked, theatrically.

"Of course," he replied, and led me into the alley that constituted the hotel's lobby. I indicated a chair with a somewhat stern index finger.

"No," he protested, "let us go to my room."

We went.

"Now," he began, as soon as we were inside it, "you—"

"Wait," I interrupted. "I have very little to tell you and it won't need comments. About twenty per cent of the time I like you.[1] About eighty per cent of the time I thoroughly dislike you. When people ask me about you, I have no hesitation in saying so. Also—"

Otto was smiling broadly. "That's the stuff!" he exclaimed, with satisfaction. "This is what I like; nice, direct talk."

"Let me finish," I cut in but, at this moment, the door flew open and in walked the girl from North Dakota. There were tears in her eyes and in her hand she carried a ten *milreis* note; by the way she held it, it was infected with leprosy.

"Doctor," she said, tremulously, "it is—it has been—very nice of you to—to send your man for my ticket to Pará. Here is the money for it."

She was dressed in pink and looked very forlorn and helpless.

"Kwumph-kwumph!" said Otto decisively, as he waved away the money.

"No!" she cried. "You must take it!"

The tears in her eyes were larger and looked as if they were about to spill. I stood up and patted her shoulder. "There, there," I said, embarrassingly conscious of sound-

[1] This is true; he could be a very delightful person when he wanted to.

ing like an old smoothie. "You go away now and later on you can settle whatever this is about."

"Why can't I stay?" she demanded, reasonably.

"Yes, of course. You go along," I replied, incoherently. How was I going to say that if she did not go, she would cry, and the sight would be upsetting and horrible? I turned her toward the door and patted her shoulder again. "There, there!" I repeated. "You go down to the ship; my wife is there and you can talk about—well, you can talk. The steamer won't sail until midnight, and there is plenty of time to straighten this matter out."

"But I want to pay for my ticket!" she protested.

"Mwarf, mwarf!" I crooned, soothingly, as I gently eased her through the door. "Mwarf."

Halfway along the veranda she turned back. The tears were still in her eyes but she seemed to be smiling.

"After all," she called, "ten *milreis* is only fifty cents!" She disappeared into the patio.

I closed the door and looked at Otto. I seemed to recollect that I had intended to continue with a catalogue of his defects and I am sure that he proposed to entertain me with a list of my own shortcomings. But all this was now trivial and forgotten; we were simply two badly frightened men, who had just managed to escape witnessing feminine tears.

"Well!" we said weakly.

Three minutes later I was smoking Otto's cigars and he was showing me his fishing gear, just out of the clutches of the customs. We talked of baits and fish and reels and such and then left the room feeling very friendly. I stopped to bid his wife and the lion tamer good-by. Then Otto and I shook hands cordially and promised to meet in Pará. Suddenly I recollected something.

"Just the same," I reminded him. "I mean what I said a while ago; don't forget it."

"Of course not!" said Otto, heartily. "Of course not!"

Soure must be charged with unpredictable emotions but, really, it all goes back to our being foreigners, not belonging to Marajó and being unable to belong. We were gingerbread on an ancient structure; little wonder we behaved irrationally.

On board the steamer I found a milling crowd of Soureites, ranchers, and invalids returning to the city after a stay in this little town, which enjoys a reputation as a health resort. At a table on the afterdeck sat Bet and the girl from North Dakota. She was smiling now and seemed happy.

"What was the important conversation I interrupted?" she asked me.

"I was telling the explorer why I didn't like him," I replied. "What were you trying to do?"

"Pay him ten *milreis* I owe him for my passage back to Pará. When I said I was going, he sent down to get the ticket; naturally I want to pay for it."

"Send it in a letter," I recommended.

"That's it," Bet agreed, "in a letter." She went to get a piece of paper and an envelope. The girl from North Dakota wrote a brief note, showed it to us and, enclosing the ten *milreis*, sealed it. We called a man and sent it to the hotel.

"It's just been awful," the girl told us. "I thought I was going on a rather unconventional visit to a ranch. Then, here in Soure, this Otto began to abuse and tease me and say unpleasant things; I thought he was joking, but some of it wasn't very funny. When I said I was going back to Pará tonight, they all had a conference, in German, and finally said: 'Yes, *after what has happened*, it is best. It is

best that you go back to Pará.' Heavy drama. That is when I said I thought I was in a madhouse. I haven't the faintest idea of what they meant when they said 'after what has happened.' "

"Perhaps a different story of your reason for coming to Soure was told while German was the language being used."

"Perhaps. But it doesn't matter; this is the nearest thing to an unpleasant experience I've had in South America. I'm going home next week, too."

At this point, the man we had sent with the letter came back to us. He handed the girl the envelope; it contained the ten *milreis* note but the letter was gone. We could not help laughing; she had purposely and grievously misspelled Ọtto's name in the letter and, on the envelope, she had repeated the offense in even more flagrant form.

She stared at the money for a while. "I'm not going to let him pay for the ticket!" she said determinedly.

"Put it back in the envelope and send it to the manager of the hotel with orders to hand it over in the morning," I proposed.

And that is what she did.

When the steamer docked in Pará, early the following morning, there was a great bustle and fuss over baggage and somehow we missed the girl from North Dakota. We never saw her again.

XVI. FAREWELL TO THE ISLAND

WE did not go back to Marajó again; it was time to leave Brazil and, in Pará, we passed the three weeks between the end of the buffalo hunt and the sailing day of our steamer. It was a period, however, which properly belongs in this book for, during it, most of the foreign contingent I have mentioned here came to Pará, too, and Brazil passed through a political upheaval of the greatest significance to ourselves as well as the Brazilians.

Between Pará and New York there is plane service—expensive—and a haphazard steamer service—less expensive, but still no bargain. None of the ships carry many passengers and reservations have to be made well in advance. Finding that it would be at least three weeks before we could leave, I tried to arrange another go at the buffaloes but the only schooners to the north coast of Marajó were going on to French Guiana and could not guarantee to get us back in time to sail. So the project was abandoned but while making the attempt to hunt once more, I found out from whence the buffaloes came.

We were having dinner with some American friends and afterwards a young Brazilian scientist, Dr. Chagas, dropped in; he is in charge of the *Instituto de Pathologia Experimental do Norte*, and had been delving into cattle diseases in Marajó among a great many other things.

"Have you seen the buffaloes?" I asked him as soon as he was settled in a chair.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I've had a lot of trouble getting at their origin but I've managed to settle it definitely."

"Have you? And where are they from? Indo-China? Africa?"

He smiled thinly. "No," he said, "they are from Italy."

"Italy! Well, how the—"

"They used to live in the Pontine Marshes, behind Rome. José Vicente Chermont de Miranda saw them there about fifty years ago and he was impressed with their ability to live in bogs. So, thinking of the Mondongos, he bought a batch and let them loose; naturally they've gone wild. But they are from Italy. Originally, of course, they came from Asia, but they had been in Italy for generations when Miranda found them."

The horns on my buffaloes shrank by yards, they, themselves grew shorter in the shoulder, they weighed less, the fire went out of their eyes. Italian buffaloes! I had managed to discover that their scientific name was *buffelus bucophela*, but that had meant less than nothing to me. I began to realize that the whole buffalo matter had been greatly exaggerated in my mind.

Next morning I was in the hotel reading room idly thumbing through the heap of magazines. Approximately fifty per cent of the reading matter there was German, Italian, and Japanese, and it was propaganda in the purest sense of the word. In the Japanese magazines, expressionless Japanese dignitaries stared up from a mass of cherry blossoms, electrified railroads, and army maneuvers. In the German magazines there stared up a collection of scowling dictators, generals, and yes-men from a maze of organized sport, electrified railroads, and army maneuvers. The Italian magazines were all Mussolini, Alps, and army maneuvers. Also before and after pictures of the Pontine

Marshes. Dozens of them. And there in a mud wallow in the "before" section, there reposed six of the very buffaloes that I had seen in the Mondongos.

Armando Teixeira, who had been trying to make hunting arrangements for me, came in not long after.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but Dona Maria's son, Eurico, is coming to town to see about the purchase of Tartarugas, an adjoining ranch; he won't be back for months."

"It's all right," I replied. "I don't care if I ever see another buffalo. They're really only Italians from the Pontine Marshes." I told him what Dr. Chagas had discovered; it was very disappointing.

"Of course you can go over to Dunas," Armando continued, "but without Eurico it will hardly be worth while; you will only hunt them in the same bad fashion again. Still, if transport can be arranged—"

"It can't," I said, "and anyway, it doesn't matter any more."

I suppose that if I ever hunt lions, I will kill a half-grown one and later discover that all the lions in that region are escaped from a circus.

From the corner of my eye, I had seen the American Consul come in and after Armando left, I went over to talk to him.

"Have you seen the girl from North Dakota?" I asked.

With delicate fingertips, he gingerly touched an apparently aching head. "The girl from North Dakota is going tonight," he said, firmly. "I am going down to the ship to make sure she goes. If necessary, I'll have an armed guard there; she is not going to escape me again. This Soure outing is nothing: her family is terribly worried about her and yet, a month ago, she disappeared without a word to anybody, went through the interior to Maran-

hão, and then up some godforsaken river where she moved in with a family of half-civilized Indians."

"Good for her!" said an airway man who had been listening. "Good for her! I'm so sick of people who think they've seen this country when they've spent three weeks, half drunk, in the sidewalk café of the Grande Hotel. "That girl has ideas and I'm for her."

"You're not a consul, and no worried family is pursuing you for information about an unpredictable lady who is likely to go anywhere at all on the slightest provocation; I'm going to make sure she goes home."

And he did. As I have mentioned, we, ourselves, never saw her again.

It was not very long after that Otto's wife arrived in Pará, he having stayed in Soure. Soon various rumors were in circulation; according to some he was to be deported; according to others, awful punishments were to be inflicted on the authorities who had interfered with him. But, abruptly, she went back to Soure and, on the following day, Otto, in person, arrived and we had lunch together.

At some point during the meal I took more than usual notice of a man who sat one table away with his back turned to us for, in addition to his following our conversation with interest, I seemed to remember having seen him before. My vague dissatisfaction with having a man I should remember listen to our table talk, made me examine our other neighbors; there was only one and he was also vaguely familiar, and he too was transparently interested in our conversation. I thought a while and presently managed to place the pair: one was an Army officer I had seen at the barracks; the other was a police officer I had

seen at the police station while dealing with passport difficulties.

This may have been a coincidence, but I chose to regard it as sinister.

That afternoon there was something about the German colony that made it noticeable. I cannot quite explain why but, in any case, you seemed to see more of them than usual. They got out of automobiles, they talked on telephones, they were in the street when ordinarily they would have been in their offices. They sat in pairs and said little. One of them even sat with an Italian.

Therefore, when the newsboys began to cry an extra edition in the streets, I went out and bought a paper.

The paper said that, in Rio de Janeiro, an Integralist *coup d'état* had been suppressed with bloodshed. It said that, at two in the morning, Integralist elements in the armed forces of the republic had stormed the Guanabara Palace. Getulio Vargas, the president, had held them off with a pistol in his fist—he is a *gaucho* and they have a fine reputation as fighting men—until the palace guards could get machine guns into action; even so the defenders were outnumbered and, but for the arrival of reinforcements, they would have been whipped. It said that armed bands of Integralists patrolled the city, firing shots and throwing bombs to terrify the populace while, from seized broadcasting stations and telephone exchanges, they told the people Getulio Vargas had been overthrown and that they must stay quiet in their homes or suffer the consequences at the hands of the new regime. German munitions and agents had played an active part.

It was as if an American householder opened his paper and read that the Townsendites, backed by munitions and money from Tokyo, had assaulted the White House, seized

a couple of radio stations, power plants, and telephone centers and proceeded to attempt the overthrow of the American Government by a stream-lined, machine-age revolt. To make the analogy complete, many of the Townsendites should be high officers of the Army and Navy and Franklin Roosevelt should dominate the revolutionists with the aid of a few secret service men and a Colt .45.

The press protested that the country was entirely calm and that the revolt had been completely put down. It protested with such fervor that it appeared to protest too much. There was an official order stating that, since the greatest candor had been observed in telling the public the facts of the attempted revolt, no commentaries would be permitted. The order added that known rumor-mongers and gossips were being arrested.

Thus the second attempt of the Integralists to take over Brazil, in three months. That they are a powerful force in the country there can be no doubt nor can there be any doubt but what they represent a German attempt to conquer the largest country in South America. The arms found were of German origin; Nazi agents, working hand in glove with the revolutionists, were apprehended, and the disgust of the Germans and Italians at the failure of the *putsch* was quite apparent; the backbone of the movement is among the German and Italian population in South Brazil. It is impossible to exaggerate the magnitude of the threat to the peace of the New World which the Integralist movement in Brazil constitutes. Rich, under-populated Brazil offers an unparalleled opportunity for aggressive have-not nations, and were it not for the much-maligned Monroe Doctrine, it would long ago have been attached. The Monroe Doctrine simply drives the German attempt

at conquest underground, from where it emerges as Integralism, a false Nationalist movement.

Should they succeed in killing Getulio Vargas, it is almost certain that this movement, a wing of the fascist international, will come into power, for it is a compact and well-organized minority with a strong hold on the armed forces. Brazil is kept from foreign domination from the left or the right, today, only by the courage and political acumen of Getulio Vargas and his secretary-daughter; these two, together, are rumored to be the sole authors of the so-called authoritarian constitution. If he is assassinated, the only thing that can save Brazil from the greedy fist of the fascist international, is the quick action and personal appeal of one of his followers.

Nor must we be deceived; this is not a comic opera affair between barefoot armies in a banana republic; it is a death struggle for the control of the largest and richest nation in the Western Hemisphere, after the United States. Our interest in the matter is vital.

I finished reading about the insurrection and glanced idly through the remaining odds and ends; I was almost ready to throw it away when, in a corner, I saw a startling item:

WHAT DOES THIS FOREIGNER INTEND TO DO?
FOOL THE STATE AUTHORITIES?

And underneath this provocative headline, there were the details of the arrest of the lion tamer. He was described as being held incommunicado in a cell at the central police station and he was accused of having taken out papers permitting him to go to Iquitos, in Peru, and having gone instead to Soure. This was illegal. The police also stated that he had been denounced to them by persons not mentioned.

If this were a novel, I think I should have eliminated the lion tamer a long time ago, always supposing I had been rash enough to introduce him. Instead of two attempted revolutions, there would be one—probably a successful one. My characters would be more logical, governed by the rules of behavior, rather than the caprices of unreason. But this is a report on a visit to the island of Marajó and, idiotic though it may be, I must set down that the lion tamer, with everything arranged, from documents to money, for a trip to Peru, chose to return to Soure where he was certain to get into trouble with the police.

They held the poor fellow incommunicado for three or four days—to the vast relief of the local German colony—and then he got out somehow, for I found him in the bar of the Grande Hotel with Otto, the explorer. They were talking together like a pair of successful conspirators and presently Luciano, red in the face and apparently elated about something, joined them. He waved to me, so I left my friends and went over for a short talk. The talk went into English at once and, Luciano, bored by it, left us to see Bet.

"Now, we shall see," said Otto, his voice carrying something midway between triumph and mystery. "Now, we shall see; the police in Soure are going to catch it now."

The lion tamer nodded sagely over an empty glass of beer. "Yes," he confirmed. "They are becoming some trouble."

Otto now presented me with a cigar and I examined it carefully for firecrackers. "You will see," he repeated, "it's going to be funny." The lion tamer agreed that it would be funny.

"When are you going north?" I asked. At noon he had said it would be in a few days.

"Ah, that I cannot say. But not for a long time; the situation is different now. *And, I am going on my expedition.*"

At this point Bet grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and pulled me out of the bar to have dinner with John James, the Amazon's Number One American, and his wife. I have often wondered if we had been invited.

On the following day, Pará was conspicuously Otto-less, but the lion tamer was extravagantly apparent. "Those Soure police are going to become a good one," he told me, confidentially. "Mister Otto went with Mister Luciano last night to Soure. They have bought the police station there and today they are going to throw the police out of it!"

"No. No, you've got it mixed up somehow."

"I've got it right. Last night I was down on the Soure steamer and I saw them pay for the house and get the papers. Today they throw those police into the street." He seemed quite unmoved by the misfortunes of the Soure police force.

"And that isn't all. They are not going to be able to deport Mister Otto; he is now a great landowner. He and Mister Luciano have bought a ranch."

I patted his shoulder. "Your sufferings have driven you mad," I told him.

"No, they haven't. I'm in good shape." He tapped his forehead. "I know they bought Tartarugas."

I began to remember something from the night before. Bet had imparted a startling bit of information but in the confusion, somehow, I had forgotten it. "Tartarugas is no big ranch, though," I said. "It's a little thing with two hundred head, mostly Mondongo; I've seen it." That was true; from the trees where we had watched the buffalo herd,

Dunas and Tartarugas had both been laid out before us like a map.

Later, I asked Bet what it was she had told me the night before that had startled me so.

"That Luciano said he had bought a ranch," she told me, sweetly. "Tartarugas is the name, I believe."

During these events, I was struggling to get our passports viséd for leaving the country and we visited the police department again and again. They fingerprinted us twice, in triplicate; our photographs were pasted on long documents and filed under our first names, people asked if our fathers' names were the same as our own, and we sat for hours in variously uncomfortable chairs. Nevertheless, the officials we met were polite and as efficient as it was humanly possible to be considering the swamp of red tape in which they were forced to wallow.

To break matters up, Dona Sofia telephoned and asked if we had seen Luciano. We had not. She sounded distressed. "I've got to find him this morning," she said. "A letter has arrived from Germany. Those boys who were making a film in Marajó have sold it all to Ufa and Ufa wants José, the boy who brings the milk from Bom Fim to Gavinho, to come to Germany at once to complete some scenes. And I'm so glad; it means we're really going to have a good film about Marajó. If you see Luciano, tell him, won't you?"

I remembered a rather good-looking cowboy who brought milk and I remembered hearing that he had been the central character of the film the German boys had made. But the milk boy going to Europe for a great motion picture company; it was a startling idea.

The plan was to send José in a plane to Bahia where he would get a fast ship to Germany. We tried to imagine him

in Hamburg, but soon gave it up; he had scarcely been in Soure, much less Pará.

It was also about this time that we began to notice a change in the atmosphere, a subtle wine-like quality in the increasingly strong breezes that bathed the city, an abating of the somewhat oppressive heat we often felt when away from Marajó. It was not a thing that made its impression quickly, rather, we became conscious of a well-being or, since we felt well, anyhow, a better-being. Pleasant ideas bubbled up without prodding, there was a will to play badly the most energetic kind of tennis, the lion tamer's sallies and disasters became humor rather than annoyance. A fortune teller in Recife tried to cash a check for a quarter of a million dollars at the Bank of Brazil; it was signed by Haile Selassie. At night it was cool and the stars hung low and bright over the old roofs of the city.

And then, scarcely thinking of this new excellence, we started on some sort of an excursion and forgot our raincoats.

"I'll get them," I said, turning back toward the hotel.

"Oh, I wouldn't bother," Bet said. "I don't think it will rain."

We looked at the sky. Big puffs of feathery white clouds were drifting through the pale blue. A little red Army plane twisted joyously overhead, its motor singing contentedly.

"You know how it is in the rainy season," I objected. "It will look pleasant and then down comes the rain ten minutes later."

We stood for a moment, thinking. "Why, it hasn't rained for days," Bet remarked slowly.

Then we realized what it was; the rainy season was over. We had come to Marajó at the opening of the rainy season;

we were leaving at the close. We had seen the land at its least pleasant and yet it had been a lovely place. And oddly, while our clothes were looser on us, we weighed more.

In a way, it put a period after our Marajó visit, this close of the rainy season. All the curious situations we had found there on our arrival had changed in various ways, resolved themselves, and taken new courses. Now that we were about to leave, and the rains were over, the new patterns were apparent; it was almost as if they had all been rainy season phenomena. There was the Arekuna and his stolen bride and her three children. There was the lion tamer and his affairs. There was Luciano and his new ranch. There was Otto, the explorer, there was José, the milk boy, now José, the moving-picture star. Even ourselves; we had been rainy season phenomena.

"I have a feeling that we are all going to scatter and disappear," said Bet. "Ourselves, Edy, the Teutonic bloc—all the people that were in Marajó but not born of it."

"Edy has already," I remarked. "He didn't wait for the rainy season. He's probably established in Arekunia by now, earning the reputation of being the biggest liar in the country."

We laughed a little at the thought. Before he had left, I told him to be careful about mentioning overlarge houses, trolleys, radios, planes, steamers, and all the things that might strain the unsophisticated credulity of his kinfolk. But that was his own affair. He could guide himself in such matters. It was in what he had found among civilized people that he could not fend for himself; I felt unalloyed pleasure as I reflected on the whole Edy episode. Had I not come back, as I told him I would six years before, he might have died in peonage or become a criminal—so

much crime seems to be only directionless protest. But, he was out of it now and in his own world. A traveler from Manaos had casually mentioned that Edy had been in the city and then gone up the Rio Branco, homeward bound. And there had never been a telegram. It was not a great deal in the way of news but it made us both think that, one day, we would like to visit him.

Then the steamer arrived.

"Apparently, you and I are the only ones to do something definite," I told Bet. I had asked Otto to grow a beard, at least, but he had refused.

"There are still three more days," she said, and she was right.

The lion tamer called up and said he was being shipped back to Germany; it was a work-a-way passage and he swore that he was going to return to Pará after a month in his homeland. He had some money there, he said. The day before, he had not known what was to happen to him. We had received a note commencing: "Dear Sire—I do not wish to butter you but—" and from there on it had been illegible.

"When are you sailing?" I asked.

He named the day; it was the same day we were to sail.

"It is also the day José, the milk boy, sails and he goes in the same ship. It will be quicker than the plane to Bahia for a faster boat." The lion tamer's voice was thin and expressionless over the phone. "He goes first class passage; I got to work to become a passage."

"And I thought you were going with Otto to the new ranch." It was a little less than fair to prod him but I did it. His reply consisted, mainly, of dreadful words in three languages.

"Well, you're right," I told Bet. "The poor lion tamer is

getting exported to Germany. He's coming around tomorrow to say good-by." Then we both said the poor lion tamer and agreed that it was really best for him to go back.

Sailing-day morning, he came around and presented us with his picture. He was dressed in a tiger skin (in this picture) and looked a shade embarrassed. He asked us to send to his German address a copy of the magazine *Billboard*. He gave us the address of an uncle who seemed to be in a soldier's home in the Middle West. He gave us the address of a circus agent and requested that we do certain errands for him. We agreed to and had an affecting farewell; we were strongly pro-lion tamer regardless of his lack of maneuverability.

Luciano came to bid us good-by and he was neither happy nor unhappy. "I'm risking a good deal in this Tartarugas business," he said. "I'm going to come out of it in fine shape or I'm going to lose everything and be forced to begin over somewhere else. Ah, lads, it's a struggle!"

He planned to put more cattle on the place and perhaps buffaloes; they would smash the swamp growth.

"Otto has gone to the States," he said. "He is going to put his private fortune into Tartarugas; that's why his name is on the deed as part owner."

"Gone to the States! When?"

"This morning on the plane. He will be back in a few weeks. His wife has stayed on in Soure."

For a while we sat together in silence and then I saw the baggage man leaving with our things. "It's time for us to go aboard," I said. "She's sailing within an hour."

We stood up. Luciano extended his hand.

"Good luck to you," he said. "Good luck. I'd go down to the ship but I've got to see our bookkeeper. This buying

a new ranch, leaving the old ones, and reorganizing your life—it's no joke."

We told him that we hoped it would work out well and got in a taxi. As we drove away, we could see him walking down the wide street, his face sun-reddened; preoccupation and worry were in his very manner of walking.

Dona Sofia was killing two birds with the same stone, for she was seeing us off on one ship and seeing José, the milk boy, off on another right alongside us. Our connection had been planned closely and we were not decently aboard before the ship began to move away from the dock. Dona Sofia waved her farewell, a trim, stylish figure on the almost deserted quay. Then she moved down to the German ship that was carrying off her cowboy to moving-picture fame; there were some last words of advice she proposed to give him.

Scarcely had she disappeared when an abundantly active figure in white burst out of a warehouse; it was the lion tamer and he had a big pipe in his mouth and he was shouting at us, illustrating his remarks with erratic gestures.

"Good-by!" he shouted. "Good-by. I go now on this next ship. I go now. I hope you become a good trip."

I pulled out my camera.

"Hold still a moment," I called. "I am going to become your picture."

He struck an extravagant attitude. I released the shutter. The distance between us and the shore was growing rapidly and conversation was no longer possible. The lion tamer waved a last time and turned toward the waiting German ship. He looked at her for a moment and then walked slowly toward her.

We pulled away from the city and into the middle of the yellow river. The engine was starting the pace it would

hold all the way to New York, save for dropping the pilot and a brief stop at Barbados. With the tide behind us, we cleared the islands off Pará and then the low, forested coastline of Marajó was on the placid horizon. We hung over the rail watching it until night fell, and the blink of the light at Joannes punctuated the darkness, scarcely distinguishable from the low-hanging stars. Behind the wall of forest there were the vast, open plains, the trumpeting herd, the wild Marajó horsemen; you never would have thought it going by on a ship. That wall would deceive you and make you think there was only swamp there. But behind it the men of Marajó could live until doomsday without a thought of the rest of the world.

The light at Joannes dipped and we commenced to think once more of our own very difficult world. The last tie was cut when the pilot was dropped, and two nights later we descried the Pole Star low on the horizon, barely visible in the haze.

Every night thereafter it was higher, and as I finish this writing it stands midway between zenith and skyline; Marajó is so far away that it seems a place visited in a dream.

PHOTOGRAPHY

UNLESS otherwise mentioned, the photographs used to illustrate this book were made with a Leica camera. The only lens used was the Elmar 50 mm. The film was, in the majority of cases, Eastman Panatomic. On occasion, Eastman Supersensitive Panchromatic was used and also Agfa Ultra Speed. All films were developed, at once, with Champlin No. 15 formula. Exposures were also invariably made with the aid of the Photrix exposure cell.

The light in the Amazon Basin is peculiarly deceiving, its actinic power being much less than the sensations of heat and brightness would lead one to expect; this is particularly true during the rainy season, when these photographs were made.

Usually the film stayed in the camera for one or two days only, but, on occasion, it was kept in the camera as much as ten days. No sign of climatic damage was ever noticed. Development was carried out on the spot and it was discovered that a temperature of 76° F.-78° F. could be obtained at six o'clock in the morning. On a sunny morning, it would rise to 82° F. by nine o'clock; during heavy rains it would often remain at 76° F. the entire day.

Development procedure was as follows: the film to be developed was wound into a stainless steel developing tank, this operation being performed in a black silk changing bag such as is used by newsreel cameramen. The design of the tank permits all other operations to take

place in broad daylight. The fine grain developer was then poured in and constantly agitated for the required time. The temperatures at which development was carried out were considerably higher than Champlin recommends but no difficulty was experienced. The developing time, of course, was reduced to suit the temperature.

At the end of the developing time, the solution was poured off and a quick rinse in one or two changes of rain water followed. A hardening fixing solution, made according to the Eastman Tropical Hardening-Fixing formula, was then poured into the tank, agitated for about one minute and allowed to remain for approximately six minutes more. The film was then washed in a stream of rain water for fifteen minutes or rinsed in ten changes of rain water. It was then carefully dried with a piece of chamois, previously well washed, and always kept under water. Finally, the film was hung up in a current of air, particular care being observed to avoid dust and insects. Drying was usually complete in two hours, which is rather long, but in the humid Amazonian rainy season, drying is a difficult operation. It is possible that a chemical drier would be useful.

When completely dry, the negative was wrapped in a roll of pulp paper which had been previously dried out thoroughly by the heat of an oil lamp. The paper-wrapped negative was then placed in the small tin container in which it had been purchased and sealed with adhesive tape. The dried paper, of course, absorbs any moisture and the formation of fungoid growths on the negative, otherwise very likely, is prevented. On one occasion, when this precaution was neglected, the film became spotted with mold and spoiled.

The highest temperature at which development was

attempted was 82° F. and the attempt was successful. On the several occasions resulting in failure, the trouble was invariably traced to use of an exhausted hardening-fixing bath. Since anything but the most perfunctory rinsing between development and fixation will result in reticulation, a large amount of the paraphenylendiamine used in the Champlin No. 15 formula is carried over into the hardening-fixing bath, resulting in the complete breakdown of this last in a very short time; it was found that four was the maximum number of films that could be safely fixed in one quart of the solution.

At first an attempt was made to use a separate hardening bath, in the conventional manner, between the developing and fixing bath, but severe reticulation resulted; the procedure outlined above gave perfectly clear negatives of good contrast and satisfactory grain structures. On one occasion, the developer was used to develop nearly twice as many rolls as recommended and the last film remained in the solution for twenty minutes at a temperature of 80° F. but no damage or loss of quality was noticed.

It is interesting to note that the relatively slow Panatomic film appeared to have an emulsion more resistant to softening and reticulation than the fast panchromatic types. On several occasions what appeared to be an anti-scratch coating on the supersensitive film lifted in spots, making large irregular patches, certain to show in an enlargement. The whole of this coating was therefore peeled and rubbed off without damaging the emulsion. Several rolls of Agfa Ultra-speed Film were used but, at the temperatures at which development was carried out, fog and reticulation always resulted in a ruined negative.

In regard to the comparatively low temperature available for development here in a region almost on the

Equator, it may be remarked that equatorial temperatures are not so high as those observed during the summer in the temperate zones. An outdoor shade temperature of 90° F. in Amazonia is very exceptional.

Though not used in this book, a considerable number of Kodachrome pictures were made in Marajo. No attempt was made to keep these color films at lower than air temperature, though they were all sealed against moisture, of course. After exposure, the Kodachrome film was wrapped in dried paper, sealed, and sent to Rochester by air express for development. Excellent results were obtained and no signs of climatic damage observed. Between exposure and development, approximately a month elapsed, as a rule, and, on occasion, the color film stayed in the camera as much as a week. Presumably, this apparent immunity to damage while in the camera is due to the almost waterproof construction of the Leica.

The enlargements were made on Kodabrom in the Valoy enlarger. Almost without exception they are of sections rather than entire negatives; in several cases, where grain is noticeable, the enlargements have been made from a very small bit of negative. These are the exposure data:

Page	*Time*	*Light*	*Film*	*Stop*	*Speed*	*Filter*
22 *upper*	9.00 A.M.	Bright	Panatomic	f 6.3	1/100	2x yellow
22 *lower*	Noon	Dull	Panatomic	f 4.5	1/60	
23 *upper*	Noon	Bright	Panatomic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
23 *lower*	Noon	Bright	Panatomic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
38 *upper*	2.00 P.M.	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
38 *center*	2.00 P.M.	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
38 *lower*	9.00 A.M.	Dull	Panchromatic	f 4.5	1/60	
39 *upper*	8.00 A.M.	Bright	Panatomic	f 4.5	1/100	2x yellow
39 *center*	Noon	Cloudy-bright	Panatomic	f 6.3	1/60	2x yellow
39 *lower*	9.00 A.M.	Bright (interior)	Panatomic	f 3.5	1/30	
70	10.00 A.M.	Bright	Panatomic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
71 *upper*	8.00 A.M.	Bright	Panatomic	f 4.5	1/100	2x yellow
71 *lower*	11.00 A.M.	Cloudy-bright	Panatomic	f 9	1/60	
86	9.00 A.M.	Cloudy-bright	Panatomic	f 4.5	1/60	2x yellow
102	11.00 A.M.	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
103 *upper*	Noon	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
103 *lower*	Noon	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
118	3.00 P.M.	Cloudy-bright	Panatomic	f 6.3	1/60	2x yellow
119	6.30 A.M.	Bright	Panatomic	f 4.5	1/60	
134	3.00 P.M.	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
135	11.00 A.M.	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 3.5	1/100	

Page	*Time*	*Light*	*Film*	*Stop*	*Speed*	*Filter*
150	11.00 A.M.	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 9	1/100	2x yellow
151	Noon	Bright	Supersensitive Panchromatic	f 6.3	1/60	2x yellow
166 *upper*	3.00 P.M.	Dull	Panatomic	f 4.5	1/60	2x yellow
166 *lower*	9.00 A.M.	Bright	Panatomic	f 6.3	1/60	2x yellow
167 *upper*	Noon	Bright	Panatomic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
167 *lower*	4.00 P.M.	Dull	Panatomic	f 4.5	1/60	
182 *upper*	Noon	Bright	Panatomic	f 9	1/60	2x yellow
182 *center*	10.00 A.M.	Cloudy-bright	Panatomic	f 6.3	1/100	
182 *lower*	7.00 A.M.	Dull	Panatomic	f 4.5	1/60	
183	Noon	Cloudy-bright	Panatomic	f 6.3	1/60	2x yellow
206	5.00 P.M.	Dull	Panatomic	f 3.5	1/100	

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